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"WIRELESS" *

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F C YOHN

"IT'S a funny thing, this Marconi business, isn't it?" said Mr. Shaynor, coughing heavily "Nothing seems to make any difference, by what they tell me — storms, hills, or anything; but if that's true we shall know before morning."

"Of course it's true," I answered, stepping behind the counter. "Where's old Mr. Cashell?"

"He's had to go to bed on account of his influenza. He said you'd very likely drop in."

"Where's his nephew?"

"Inside, getting the things ready. He told me that the last time they experimented they put the pole on the roof of one of the big hotels here and the batteries electrified all the water-supply and" —he giggled—"the ladies got shocked when they took their baths."

"I never heard of that."

"The hotel wouldn't exactly advertise it, would it? Just now, by what young Mr. Cashell tells me, they're trying to signal from here to Poole, and they're using stronger batteries than ever. But, you see, he being the guvnor's nephew and all that (and it will be in the papers, too), it doesn't matter how they electrify things in this house. Are you going to watch?"

"Very much. I've never seen this game. Aren't you going to bed?"

"We don't close till ten on Saturdays. There's a good deal of influenza in town, too, and there'll be a dozen prescriptions coming in before morning. I generally sleep in the chair here It's warmer than jumping out of bed every time. Bitter cold, isn't it?"

"Freezing hard. I'm sorry your cough's worse."

"Thank you. I don't mind cold so much. It's this wind that fair cuts me to pieces." He coughed again, hard and hackingly, as an old lady came in for ammoniated quinine. "We've just run out of it in bottles, madam," said Mr. Shaynor, returning to the professional tone, "but if you will wait two minutes, I'll make it up for you, madam."

I had used the shop for some time, and my acquaintance with the proprietor had ripened into friendship. It was Mr. Cashell who revealed to me the purpose and power of Apothecaries' Hall what time a fellow-chemist had made an error in a prescription of mine, had lied to cover his sloth, and when error and lie were brought home to him had written vain letters.

"A disgrace to our profession," said the thin mild-eyed man, hotly, after studying the evidence. "You couldn't do a better service to the profession than report him to Apothecaries' Hall."

I did so, not knowing what djinns I should evoke; and the result was such an apology as one might make who had spent a night on the rack. I conceived great respect for Apothecaries' Hall and esteem for Mr. Cashell, a zealous craftsman who magnified his calling. Until Mr Shaynor came down from the North

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his assistants had by no means agreed with Mr. Cashell. "They forget," said he, "that first and foremost the compounder is a medicine-man. On him depends the physician's reputation. He holds it literally in the hollow of his hand, sir."

Mr. Shaynor's manners had not, perhaps, the polish of the grocery and Italian warehouse next door, but he knew and loved his dispensary work in every detail. For relaxation he seemed to go no farther afield than the romance of drugs—their discovery, preparation, packing, and export—but it led him to the ends of the earth, and on this subject, and the Pharmaceutical Formulary, and Nicholas Culpepper, most confident of physicians, we met.

Little by little I grew to know something of his beginnings and his hopes—of his mother, who had been a school-teacher in one of the northern counties, and of his red-headed father, a small jobbing master at Kirby Moors, who died when he was a child; of the examinations he had passed (Apothecaries' Hall is a hard master in this respect); of his dreams of a shop in London; of his hate for the price-cutting co-operative stores; and, most interesting, of his mental attitude toward customers.

"There's a way you get into," he told me, "of serving them quite carefully, and, I hope, politely, without stopping your own thinking. I've been reading Christie's 'New Commercial Plants' all this autumn, and that needs keeping your mind on it, I can tell you. So long as it isn't a prescription, of course, I can carry as much as half a page of Christie in my head, and at the same time I could sell out all that window twice over, and not a penny wrong at the end. As to prescriptions, I think I could make up the general run of 'em in my sleep, almost.

For reasons of my own, I was deeply interested in Marconi experiments at their outset in England; and it was of a piece with Mr. Cashell's unvarying thoughtfulness that, when his nephew the electrician appropriated the house for a long-range installation, he should, as I have said, invite me to see the result.

The old lady went away with her medicine, and Mr. Shaynor and I stamped on the tiled floor behind the counter to keep ourselves warm. The shop, by the light of the many electrics, looked like a Paris-diamond mine, for Mr. Cashell believed in all the ritual of his craft. Three superb glass jars—red, green, and blue—of the sort that led Rosamond to parting with her shoes, blazed in the broad plate-glass windows, and there was a confused smell of orris, Kodak films, vulcanite, tooth-powder, sachets, and almond-cream in the air. Mr. Shaynor fed the dispensary stove, and we sucked cayenne-pepper jujubes for our stomach's sake. The brutal east wind had cleared the streets, and the few passers-by were muffled to their puckered eyes. In the Italian warehouse next door some gay feathered birds and game, hung upon hooks, sagged to the wind across the left edge of our window-frame.

"They ought to take these poultry in—all knocked about like that," said Mr. Shaynor. "Doesn't it make you feel perishing? See that old hare! The wind's nearly blowing the fur off him."

I saw the belly-fur of the dead beast blown apart in ridges and streaks as the wind caught it, showing bluish skin underneath. "Bitter cold," said Mr. Shaynor, shuddering. "Fancy going out on a night like this! Oh, here's young Mr. Cashell."

The door of the inner office behind the dispensary opened, and an energetic, spade-bearded man stepped forth, rubbing his hands.

"I want a bit of tin-foil, Shaynor," he said. "Good-evening. My uncle told me you might be coming." This to me, as I began the first of a hundred questions.

"I've everything in order," he replied. "We're only waiting until Poole calls us up. Excuse me a minute. You can come in whenever you like—but I'd better be with the instruments. Give me that tin-foil. Thanks."

While we were talking, a girl—evidently no customer—had come into the shop, and the face and bearing of Mr. Shaynor changed. She leaned confidently across the counter.

"But I can't," I heard him whisper uneasily—the flush on his cheek was dull red, and his eyes shone like a drugged

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I can't. I tell you I'm alone in the place."—Page 132.

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moth's. "I can't. I tell you I'm alone in the place."

"No, you aren't. Who's *that?* Let him look after it for half an hour. A brisk walk will do you good. Ah, come now, John."

"But he isn't——"

"I don't care. I want you to; we'll only go round by the church. If you don't——"

He crossed to where I stood in the shadow of the dispensary counter, and began some sort of broken apology about a lady-friend.

"Yes," she interrupted. "You take the shop for half an hour—to oblige *me*, won't you?"

She had a singularly rich and promising voice that well matched her outline.

"All right," I said. "I'll do it—but you'd better wrap yourself up Mr. Shaynor."

"Oh, a brisk walk ought to help me. We're only going round by St. Agnes Church." I heard him cough grievously as they went out together.

I refilled the stove, and, after profligate expenditure of Mr. Cashell's coal, drove much warmth into the shop. I explored many of the glass-knobbed drawers that lined the walls, tasted some disconcerting drugs, and, by the aid of a few cardamoms, ground ginger, chloric-ether, and dilute alcohol, manufactured a new and wildish drink, of which I bore a glassful to young Mr. Cashell, busy in the back office. He laughed shortly when I told him that Mr. Shaynor had stepped out—but a frail coil of wire held all his attention, and he had no word for me bewildered among the batteries and rods. The noise of the sea on the beach began to make itself heard as the traffic in the street ceased. Then briefly, but very lucidly, he gave me the names and uses of the mechanism that crowded the tables and the floor.

"When do you expect to get the messages from Poole?" I demanded, sipping my liquor out of a graduated glass.

"About midnight, if everything is in order. We've got our installation-pole fixed to the roof of the house. I shouldn't advise you to turn on a tap or anything to-night. We've connected up with the plumbing, and all the water will be electrified." He repeated to me the history of the agitated ladies at the hotel at the time of the first installation.

"But what *is* it?" I asked. "Electricity is out of my beat altogether."

"Ah, if you knew *that* you'd know something nobody knows. It's just It—what we call Electricity, but the magic—the manifestations—the Hertzian waves—are all revealed by *this*. The coherer, we call it."

He picked up a glass tube not much thicker than a thermometer, in which, almost touching, were two tiny silver plugs and between them an infinitesimal pinch of metallic dust. "That's all," he said, proudly, as though himself responsible for the wonder. "That is the thing that will reveal to us the powers—whatever the powers may be—at work—through space—a long distance away."

Just then Mr. Shaynor returned alone and stood coughing his heart out on the mat.

"Serves you right for being such a fool," said young Mr. Cashell, as annoyed as myself at the interruption. "Never mind—we've all the night before us to see wonders."

Shaynor clutched the counter, his handkerchief to his lips. When he brought it away I saw two bright red stains.

"I—I've got a bit of a rasped throat from smoking cigarettes," he panted. "I think I'll try a cubeb."

"Better take some of this. I've been compounding while you've been away." I handed him the brew.

"'Twon't make me drunk, will it? I'm almost a teetotaller. My word! That's grateful and comforting."

He set down the empty glass to cough afresh.

"Brr! But it was cold out there! I shouldn't care to be lying in my grave a night like this. Don't *you* ever have a sore throat from smoking?" He pocketed his handkerchief after a furtive peep.

"Oh, yes, sometimes," I replied, wondering, while I spoke, into what agonies of terror I should fall if ever I saw those bright-red danger-signals under my nose. Young Mr. Cashell among the batteries coughed slightly to show that he was quite ready to continue his scientific explanations, but I was thinking still of the girl

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with the rich voice and the significantly cut mouth, at whose command I had taken charge of the shop. It flashed across me that she distantly resembled the seductive shape on a gold-framed toilet-water advertisement whose charms were unholily heightened by the glare from the red bottle in the window. Turning to make sure, I saw Mr. Shaynor's eyes bent in the same direction, and by instinct recognized that the flamboyant thing was to him a shrine. "What do you take for your—cough?" I asked.

"Well, I'm the wrong side of the counter to believe much in patent medicines. But there are asthma cigarettes and there are pastilles. To tell you the truth, if you don't object to the smell, which is very like incense, I believe, though I'm not a Roman Catholic, Blaudet's Cathedral Pastilles relieve me as much as anything."

"Let's try." My chances of raiding chemists' shops are few, and I make the most of them. We unearthed the pastilles—brown, gummy cones of benzoin—and set them alight under the toilet-water advertisement, where they fumed in thin blue spirals.

"Of course," said Mr. Shaynor, to my question, "what one uses in the shop for one's self comes out of one's own pocket. Why, stock-taking in our business is nearly the same as with jewellers—and I can't say more than that. But one gets them"—he pointed to the pastille-box—"at trade prices." Evidently this censing of the gay, seven-tinted wench was an established ritual which cost something.

"And when do we shut up shop?"

"We stay like this all night. The guv—old Mr. Cashell—doesn't believe in locks and shutters as compared with electric light. Besides it brings trade. I'll just sit here in the chair by the stove and doze off, if you don't mind. Electricity isn't my prescription."

The energetic young Mr. Cashell snorted within and Shaynor settled himself up in his chair over which he had thrown a staring red, black, and yellow Austrian jute blanket, rather like a table-cover. I cast about, amid patent-medicine pamphlets, for something to read, but finding little, returned to the manufacture of the new drink. The Italian warehouse took down its game and went to bed. Across the street blank shutters flung back the gaslight in cold smears; the dried pavement seemed to rough up in goose-flesh under the scouring of the savage wind, and we could hear, long ere he passed, the policeman flapping his arms to keep himself warm. Within, the flavors of cardamoms and chloric-ether disputed those of the pastilles and a score of drug and perfume and soap scents. Our electric lights, set low down in the windows before the tun-bellied Rosamond jars, flung inward three monstrous daubs of red, blue, and green, that broke into kaleidoscopic lights on the facetted knobs of the drug-drawers, the cut-glass scent flagons, and the bulbs of the sparklet bottles. They flushed the white tiled floor in gorgeous patches; splashed along the nickel-silver counter-rails and turned the polished mahogany counter-panels to the likeness of intricate grained marbles—slabs of porphyry and malachite. Mr. Shaynor unlocked a drawer and took out a meagre bundle of letters. From my place by the stove, I could see the scalloped edges of the paper with a flaring monogram in the corner and could even smell the reek of chypre. At each page he turned toward the toilet-water lady of the advertisement and devoured her with luminous eyes. He had drawn the Austrian blanket over his shoulders and among those warring lights he looked more than ever the incarnation of a drugged moth—a tiger moth as I thought.

He put his letter into an envelope, stamped it with stiff mechanical movements, and dropped it in the drawer. Then I became aware of the silence of a great city asleep—the silence that underlaid the even voice of the breakers along the sea-front—a thick, tingling quiet of warm life stilled down for its appointed time, and unconsciously I moved about the glittering shop as one moves in a sick-room. Young Mr. Cashell was adjusting some wire that crackled from time to time with the tense, knuckle-stretching sound of the electric spark. Upstairs, where a door shut and opened swiftly, I could hear his uncle coughing abed.

"Here," I said, when the drink was properly warmed, "take some of this, Mr. Shaynor."

He jerked in his chair with a start and

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a wrench, and held out his hand for the glass. The mixture, of a rich port-wine color, frothed at the top.

"It looks," he said, suddenly, "it looks —those bubbles—like a string of pearls winking at you—rather like the pearls round that young lady's neck." He turned again to the advertisement where the female in the dove-colored corset had seen fit to put on all her pearls before she cleaned her teeth.

"Not bad, is it?" I said.

"Eh?"

He rolled his eyes heavily full on me, and, as I stared, I beheld all meaning and consciousness die out of the swiftly dilating pupils. His figure lost its stark rigidity, softened into the chair, and, chin on chest, hands dropped before him, he rested open-eyed, absolutely still.

"I'm afraid I've rather cooked Shaynor's goose," I said, bearing the fresh drink to young Mr. Cashell. "Perhaps it was the chloric-ether."

"Oh, he's all right." The spade-bearded man glanced at him pityingly. "Consumptives go off in those sort of dozes very often. "It's exhaustion . . . I don't wonder. I daresay the liquor will do him good. It's grand stuff," he finished his share appreciatively. "Well, as I was saying—before he interrupted—about this little coherer. The pinch of dust, you see, is nickel-filings. The Hertzian waves, you see, come out of space from the station that despatches 'em and all these little particles are attracted together—cohere, we call it—for just so long as the current passes through them. Now, it's important to remember that the current is an induced current. There are a good many kinds of induction——"

"Yes, but what *is* induction?"

"That's rather hard to explain untechnically. But the long and the short of it is that when a current of electricity passes through a wire there's a lot of magnetism present round that wire; and if you put another wire parallel to, and within what we call its magnetic field—why then, the second wire will also become charged with electricity."

"On its own account?"

"On its own account."

"Then let's see if I've got it correctly. Miles off, at Poole, or wherever it is——"

"It will be anywhere in ten years."

"You've got a charged wire——"

"Charged with Hertzian waves which vibrate, say, two hundred and thirty million times a second." Mr. Cashell snaked his forefinger rapidly through the air.

"All right—a charged wire at Poole, giving out these waves into space. Then this wire of yours sticking out into space—on the roof of the house—in some mysterious way gets charged with those waves from Poole——"

"Or anywhere—it only happens to be Poole to-night."

"And those waves set the coherer at work, just like an ordinary telegraph-office ticker?"

"No! That's where so many people make the mistake. The Hertzian waves wouldn't be strong enough to work a great heavy Morse instrument like ours. They can only just make that dust cohere, and while it coheres (a little while for a dot and a longer time for a dash) the current from this battery—the home battery"—he laid his hand on the thing—"can get through to the Morse printing-machine to record the dot or dash. Let me make it clearer. Do you know anything about steam?"

"Very little. But go on."

"Well, the coherer's like a steam-valve. Any child can open a valve and start a steamer's engines, because a turn of the hand lets in the main steam, doesn't it? Now, this home battery here is the main steam, ready to print. The coherer is the valve, always ready to be turned on. The Hertzian wave is the child's hand that turns it."

"I see. That's marvellous."

"Marvellous, isn't it? And, remember, we're only at the beginning. There's nothing we sha'n't be able to do in ten years. I want to live—my God, how I want to live, and see things happen!" He looked through the door at Shaynor breathing lightly in his chair. "Poor beast! And he wants to keep company with Fanny Brand."

"Fanny *who?*" I said, for the name struck an obscurely familiar chord in my brain—something connected with a stained handkerchief, and the word "arterial."

"Fanny Brand—the girl you kept shop for!" He laughed. "That's all I know

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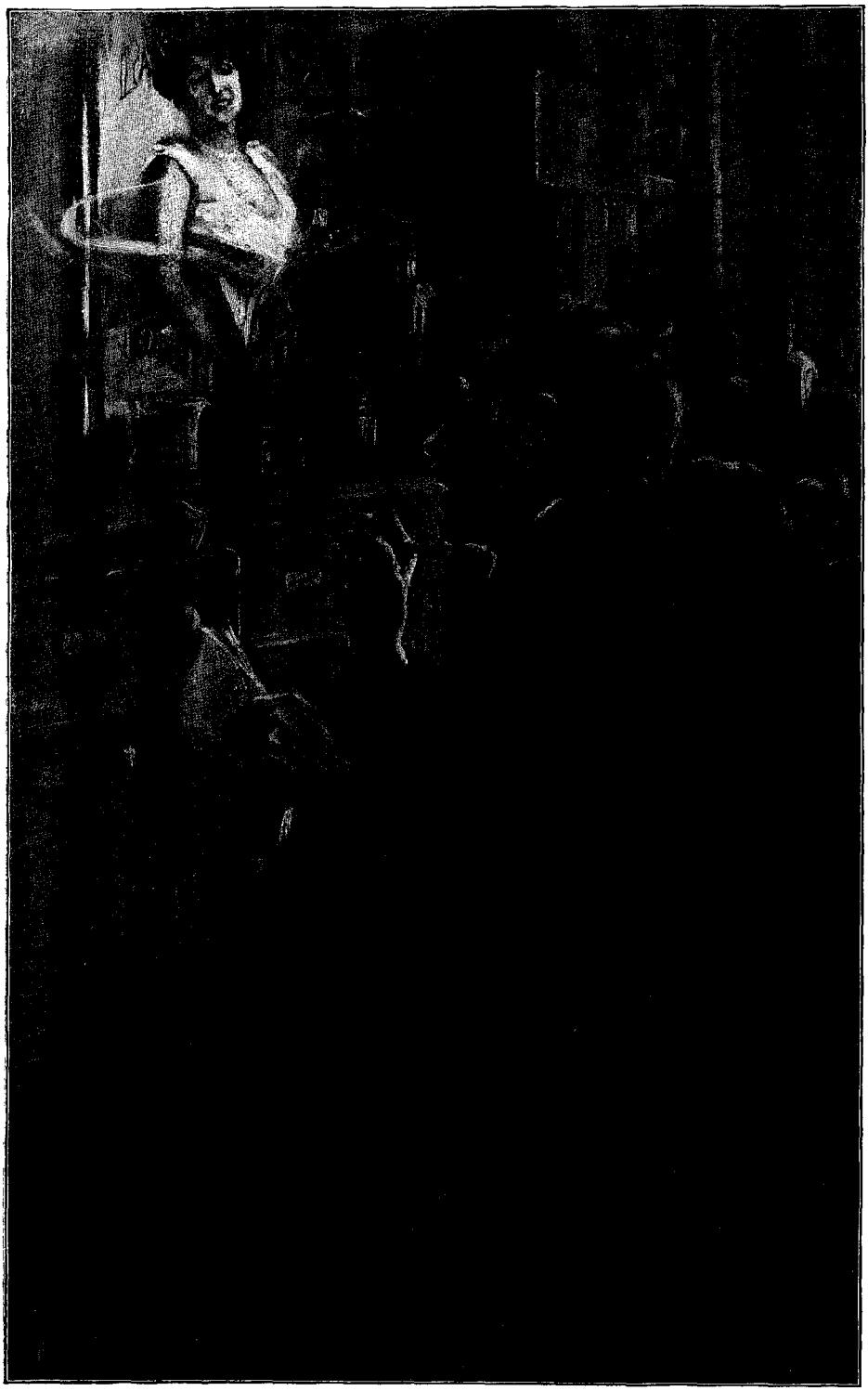

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Again he sought inspiration from the advertisement.—Page 140.

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about her, and for the life of me I can't see what Shaynor sees in her, or she in him."

"*Can't* you see what he sees in her?" I insisted.

"Oh, yes, if *that's* what you mean. She's a great big fat lump of a girl and so on—I suppose that's why he's so crazy after her. She isn't his sort. Well, it doesn't matter. My uncle says he's bound to die before the year's out. Your drink's given him a good sleep, at any rate." Young Mr. Cashell could not catch Mr. Shaynor's face, which was half turned to the advertisement.

I stoked the stove anew, for the room was growing cold, and lighted another pastille. Mr. Shaynor in his chair, never moving, looked through and over me with eyes as wide and lustreless as those of a dead hare.

"Poole's late," said young Mr. Cashell, when I stepped back. "I'll just send them a call."

He pressed a key in the semi-darkness and with a rending crackle there leaped between two brass knobs a spark, streams of sparks, and sparks again.

"Grand, isn't it? *That's* the Power—our unknown Power—kicking and fighting to be let loose," said young Mr. Cashell. "There she goes—kick—kick—kick into space. I never get over the strangeness of it when I work a sending-machine—waves going into space, you know. T. R. is our call. Poole ought to answer with L. L. L."

We waited two, three, five minutes. In that silence, of which the boom of the tide was an orderly part, I caught the clear "*kiss—kiss—kiss*" of the halliards on the roof, as they were blown against the installation-pole.

"Poole is not ready. I'll stay here and call you when he is."

I returned to the shop, and set down my glass on a marble slab with a careless clink. As I did so, Shaynor rose to his feet, his eyes fixed once more on the advertisement, where the young woman bathed in the light from the red jar simpered pinkly over her pearls. His lips moved without cessation. I stepped nearer to listen. "And threw—and threw—and threw," he repeated, his face all sharp with some inexplicable agony.

I moved forward astonished. But it was then he found words — delivered roundly and clearly. These:

> And threw warm gules on Madeleine's young breast.

The trouble passed off his countenance, and he returned lightly to his place, rubbing his hands.

It had never occurred to me, though we had many times discussed reading and prize-competitions as a diversion, that Mr. Shaynor ever read Keats, or could quote him at all appositely. There was, after all, a certain stained-glass effect of light on the high bosom of the highly polished picture which might, by stretch of fancy, suggest, as a vile chromo recalls some incomparable canvas, the line he had spoken. Night, my drink, and solitude were evidently turning Mr. Shaynor into a poet. He sat down again and wrote swiftly on his villanous note-paper, his lips quivering.

I shut the door into the inner office and moved up behind him. He made no sign that he saw or heard; I looked over his shoulder and read, amid half-formed words, sentences, and wild scratches:

> —very cold it was. Very cold
> The hare—the hare—the hare—
> The birds—

He raised his head sharply, and frowned toward the blank shutters of the poulterer's shop where they jutted out against our window. Then one clear line came:

> The hare, in spite of fur, was very cold——.

The head, moving machine-like, turned right to the advertisement where the Blaudet's Cathedral pastille reeked abominably. He grunted and went on:

> Incense in a censer—
> Before her darling picture framed in gold—
> Maiden's picture—angel's portrait——

"Hsh," said Mr. Cashell, guardedly, from the inner office as though in the presence of spirits. "There's something coming through from somewhere; but it isn't Poole." I heard the crackle of sparks as he depressed the keys of the transmitter. In my own brain, too, something crackled, or it might have been the hair on my head. Then I heard my own

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"I've had a bit of a doze," he said.—Page 142.

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voice in a harsh whisper: "Mr. Cashell, there is something coming through here, too. Leave me alone till I tell you."

"But I thought you'd come to see this wonderful thing—sir," indignantly at the end.

"Leave me alone till I tell you. Be quiet."

I watched—I waited. Under the blue-veined hand—the dry hand of the consumptive—came away clear, without erasure:

And my weak spirit fails
To think how the dead must freeze [he shivered as he wrote]
Beneath the churchyard mould.

Then he stopped, laid the pen down, and leaned back.

For an instant, that was half an eternity, the shop spun before me in a rainbow-tinted whirl, in and through which my own soul most dispassionately considered my own soul as that fought with an overmastering fear. Then I smelt the strong smell of cigarettes from Mr. Shaynor's clothing and heard, as though it had been the rending of trumpets, the rattle of his breathing. I was still in my place of observation, much as one would watch a rifle-shot at the butts, half bent, hands on my knees and head within a few inches of the black, red, and yellow blanket of his shoulder. I was whispering encouragingly, evidently to my other self, sounding sentences, such as men pronounce in dreams.

"If he has read Keats, it proves nothing. If he hasn't—like causes *must* beget like effects. There is no escape from this law. *You* ought to be grateful that you know 'St. Agnes' Eve' without the book; because, given the circumstances, such as Fanny Brand, who is the key of the enigma and approximately represents the latitude and longitude of Fanny Brawne; allowing also for the bright red color of the arterial blood upon the handkerchief, which was what you were puzzling over in the shop just now; and counting the effect of the professional environment, here almost perfectly duplicated—the result is logical and inevitable. As inevitable as induction."

Still the other half of my soul refused to be comforted. It was cowering in some minute and inadequate corner—at an immense distance.

Hereafter, I found myself one person again, my hands still gripping my knees and my eyes glued on the page before Mr. Shaynor. As dreamers accept and explain the upheaval of landscapes and the resurrection of the dead with excerpts from the evening hymn or the multiplication-table, so I had accepted the facts, whatever they might be, that I should witness, and had devised a theory, sane and plausible to my mind, that explained them all. Nay, I was even in advance of my facts, walking hurriedly before them, assured that they would fit my theory. And all that I now recall of that epoch-making theory are the lofty words: "If he has read Keats it's the chloric-ether. If he hasn't, it's the identical bacillus, or Hertzian wave of tuberculosis, *plus* Fanny Brand and the professional status which in conjunction with the main stream of subconscious thought, common to all mankind, has produced, temporarily, the induced Keats."

Mr. Shaynor returned to his work, erasing and rewriting as before, with incredible swiftness. Two or three blank pages he tossed aside. Then wrote, muttering:

"The little smoke of a candle that goes out."

"No," he muttered. "Little smoke—little smoke—little smoke. What else?" He thrust his chin forward toward the advertisement, whereunder the last of the Blaudet's Cathedral pastilles fumed in its holder. "Ah!" Then with relief:

The little smoke that dies in moonlight cold.

Evidently he was snared by the rhymes of his first verse, for he wrote and rewrote "gold — cold — mould" many times. Again he sought inspiration from the advertisement and set down, without erasure, the line I had overheard:

And threw warm gules on Madeleine's young breast.

As I remembered the original it is "fair"—a trite word—instead of "young," and I found myself nodding approval, though I admitted spaciously that the attempt to reproduce "its little smoke in pallid moonlight died" was a failure.

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Followed without a break, ten or fifteen lines of bald prose—the naked soul's confession of its physical yearning for its beloved—unclean as we count uncleanliness; unwholesome, but human exceedingly—the raw material, so it seemed to me in that hour and in that place, whence Keats wove the twenty-sixth, seventh, and eighth stanzas of his poem. Shame I had none in overseeing this revelation; and my fear had gone like the smoke of the pastille.

"That's it," I murmured. "That's how it's blocked out. Go on! Ink it in, man. Ink it in."

Mr. Shaynor returned to broken verse wherein "loveliness" was made to rhyme with a desire to look upon "her empty dress." He picked up a fold of the gay, soft blanket, spread it over one hand, caressed it with infinite tenderness, thought, muttered, traced some snatches which I could not decipher, shut his eyes drowsily, shook his head, and dropped the stuff. Here I found myself at fault, for I could not then see (as I do now) in what manner a red, black, and yellow Austrian blanket bore upon his dreams.

In a few minutes he laid aside his pen, and, chin on hand, considered the shop with intelligent and thoughtful eyes. He threw down the blanket, rose, passed along a line of drug-drawers, and read the names on the labels aloud. Returning, he took from his desk Christie's "New Commercial Plants" and the old Culpepper that I had given him; opened and laid them side by side with a clerkly air, all trace of passion gone from his face; read first in one and then in the other and paused with the pen behind his ear.

"What wonder of Heaven's coming now?" I thought.

"Manna—manna—manna," he said at last, under wrinkled brows. "That's what I wanted. Good! Now then! Now then! Good! Good! Oh, by God, that's good!" His voice rose and he spoke richly and fully without a falter:

> Candied apple, quince and plum and gourd,
> And jellies smoother than the creamy curd,
> And lucent sirups tinct with cinnamon,
> Manna and dates in Argosy transferred
> From Fez; and spiced dainties everyone
> From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

He repeated it once more, using "blander" for "smoother" in the second line:

then wrote it down without erasure, but this time (my set eyes missed no hairstroke of any word) he substituted "soother" for his atrocious second-thought, so that it came away under his hand as it is written in the book—as it is written in the book.

A wind went shouting down the street, and on the heels of the wind followed a spurt and rattle of rain.

After a smiling pause—and good right had he to smile—he began anew, always tossing the last sheet over his shoulder:

> The sharp rain falling on the window-pane,
> Rattling sleet—the windblown sleet.

Then prose: "It is very cold of mornings when the wind brings rain and sleet with it. I heard the sleet on the window-pane outside and thought of you, my darling. I am always thinking of you. I wish we could both run away like two lovers into the storm and get that little cottage by the sea which we were always thinking about, my own dear darling. We could sit and watch the sea beneath our windows. It would be a fairyland all of our own—a fairy sea—a fairy sea . . ."

He stopped, raised his head and listened. The steady drone of the Channel along the sea-front that had borne us company so long, leaped up a note to the sudden fuller surge that signals the change from ebb to flood. It beat in like the change of step throughout an army—this renewed pulse of the sea—and filled our ears till they, accepting it, marked it no longer.

> A fairyland for you and me
> Across the foam—beyond . . .
> A magic foam, a perilous sea.

He grunted again with effort and bit his underlip. My throat dried, but I dared not gulp to moisten it lest I should break the spell that was drawing him nearer and nearer to the high-water mark but two of the sons of Adam have reached. Remember that in all the millions permitted there are no more than five—five little lines—of which one can say: "These are the Magic. These are the Vision. The rest is only poetry." And Mr. Shaynor was playing hot and cold with two of them!

I vowed no unconscious thought of mine should influence the blindfold soul

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and pinned myself desperately to the other three, repeating and re-repeating :

A savage spot as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover.

But though I believed my brain thus occupied, my every sense hung upon the writing under the dry, bony hand, all brown-fingered with chemicals and cigarette smoke.

Our windows fronting on the dangerous foam,

(he wrote, after long, irresolute snatches) ; and then

Our open casements facing desolate seas
Forlorn—forlorn——

Here again his face grew peaked and anxious with that sense of loss I had first seen when the power snatched him. But this time the agony was tenfold keener. As I watched, it mounted like mercury in the tube. It lighted his face from within till I thought the visibly scourged soul must leap forth naked between his jaws, unable to endure. A drop of sweat trickled from my forehead down my nose and splashed on the back of my hand.

Our windows facing on the desolate seas
And perilous foam of magic fairyland—

" Not yet—not yet," he muttered, " wait a minute. *Please*, wait a minute. I shall get it then.

Our magic windows fronting on the sea,
The dangerous foam of desolate seas . .
for aye.

Ouh, my God ! "

From head to heel he shook—shook from the marrow of his bones outward—then leaped to his feet with raised arms, and slid the chair screeching across the tiled floor where it struck the drawers behind and fell with a jar. Mechanically, I stooped to recover it.

As I rose, Mr. Shaynor was stretching and yawning at leisure.

" I've had a bit of a doze," he said. " How did I come to knock the chair over ? You look rather——"

" The chair startled me," I answered. " It was so sudden in this quiet."

Young Mr Cashell behind his shut door was offendedly silent.

" I suppose I must have been dreaming," said Mr. Shaynor.

" I suppose you must," I said. " Talking of dreams—I—I noticed you writing —before—"

He flushed consciously.

" I meant to ask you if you've ever read anything written by a man called Keats."

" Oh ! I haven't much time to read poetry and I can't say that I remember the name exactly. Is he a popular writer? "

" Middling. I thought you might know him because he's the only poet who ever was a druggist. And he's rather what's called the lover's poet."

" Indeed ? I must look into him. What did he write about ? "

" A lot of things. Here's a sample that may interest you."

Then and there, carefully, I repeated the verse he had twice spoken and once written not ten minutes ago.

" Ah. Anybody could see he was a druggist from that line about the tinctures and sirups. It's a fine tribute to our profession."

" I don't know," said young Mr. Cashell, with icy politeness, opening the door one-half inch, " if you still happen to be interested in our trifling experiments. But, should such be the case——"

I drew him aside, whispering, " Shaynor seemed going off into some sort of fit when I spoke to you just now. I thought, even at the risk of being rude, it wouldn't do to take you off your instruments just as the call was coming through. Don't you see ? "

" Granted—granted as soon as asked," he said, unbending. " I *did* think it a shade odd at the time. So that was why he knocked the chair down ? "

" I hope I haven't missed anything," I said.

" I'm afraid I can't say that but you're just in time for a rather curious performance. You can come in, too, Mr. Shaynor. Listen, while I read it off."

The Morse instrument was ticking furiously. Mr. Cashell interpreted : " '*K. K. V. Can make nothing of your signals.*' " A pause. " '*M. M. V. M. M. V. Signals unintelligible. Purpose anchor Sandown Bay. Examine instruments to-morrow.*' Do you know what that means ? It's a couple of men-o'-war working Marconi

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signals off the Isle of Wight. They are trying to talk to each other. Neither can read the other's messages, but all their messages are being taken in by our receiver here. They've been going on for ever so long, I wish you could have heard it."

"Good heavens!" I said. "Do you mean we're overhearing Portsmouth ships trying to talk to each other—that we're eavesdropping across half South England?"

"Just that. Their transmitters are all right, but their receivers are out of order, so they only get a dot here and a dash there. Nothing clear."

"Why is that?"

"God knows—and Science will know to-morrow. Perhaps the induction is faulty; perhaps the receivers aren't tuned to receive just the number of vibrations per second that the transmitter sends. Only a word here and there. Just enough to tantalize."

Again the Morse sprang to life.

"That's one of 'em complaining now. Listen: '*Disheartening—most disheartening.*' It's quite pathetic. Have you ever seen a spiritualistic seance? It reminds me of that sometimes—odds and ends of messages coming out of nowhere—a word here and there. No good at all."

"But mediums are all impostors," said Mr. Shaynor, in the doorway, lighting an asthma-cigarette. "They only do it for the money they can make. I've seen 'em."

"Here's Poole, at last—clear as a bell. L. L. L. *Now* we sha'n't be long." Mr. Cashell rattled the keys merrily. "Anything you'd like to tell 'em?"

"No, I don't think so," I said. "I'll go home and get to bed. I'm feeling a little tired."

OVER THE BRINK

By Edith M. Thomas

I SHUDDERED when but now, again, I thought
(As oft before, till I no more could think)
Of all the myriads passed beyond Time's brink,
No longer to be found—scarce longer sought—
Since they who for their loss with grief were fraught
So soon, themselves, of Lethe's wave did drink,
And out of mortal ken forever sink—
Vanished alike in the abysmal Nought!

Why did I shudder? 'Tis an ancient tale.
They mused on this in Tyre, in Nineveh,
And the Pelasgic Cities longer gone.
'Tis no strange theme. Why did I shudder?—Ah!
Methought I felt the ground beneath us fail—
As toward that Gulf of Silence we were drawn!

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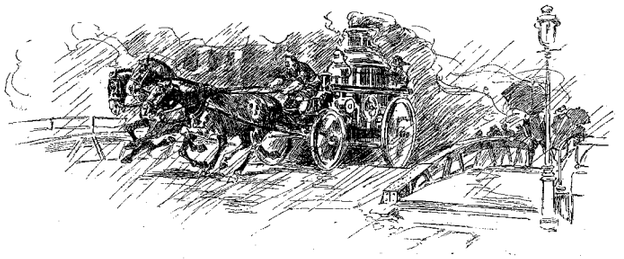


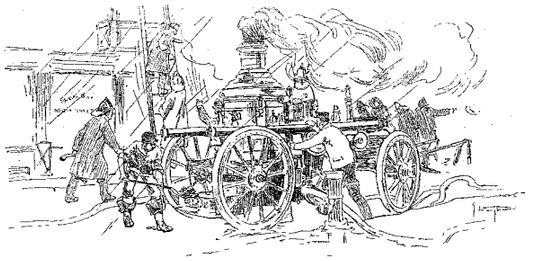
ENGINE NO. 8

By Caroline Duer

FIRE!
Over the bridge, through the steam of the trains,
Through the mist and the rains
And the black, oily street—
With the sound, hoarse and shrill, of the whistle blown first,
And the sudden wild burst
Of the galloping feet—

A swerve round the corner, a shout to the horses,
The clamor and clang of the sharp-swinging bell—
Ahead, streams of traffic stopped short in their courses;
Behind, hurried footsteps that follow pell-mell—

Far down the street, rolling wide in its track,
With the smoke floating back
And the sparks flying fast—
With the red trail of coals and the jolt and the jar
Dying dully afar,
So the engine goes past!
Fire!



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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

The boat and I went by him with a rush.

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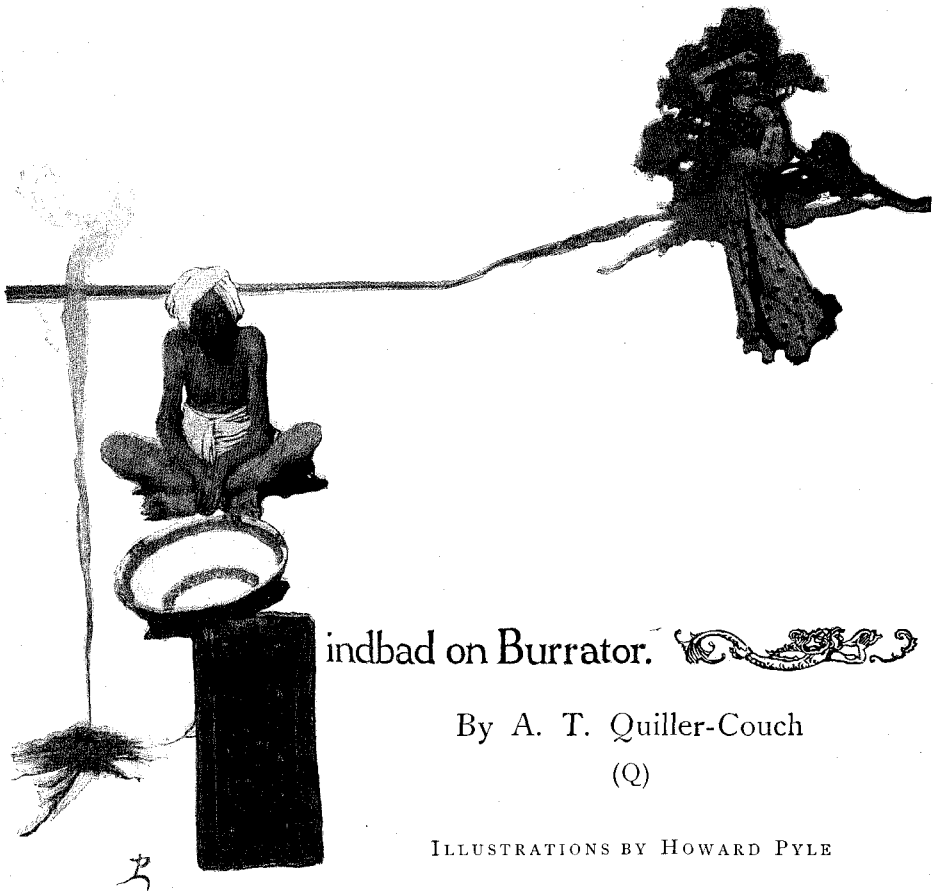

indbad on Burrator.

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD PYLE

I HEARD this story in a farm-house upon Dartmoor, and I give it in the words of the local doctor who told it. We were a reading-party of three undergraduates and a Christ Church don. The don had slipped on a bowlder two days before, while fishing the river Meavy, and sprained his ankle; hence Doctor Miles's visit. The two had made friends over the don's fly-book and the discovery that what the Doctor did not know about Dartmoor trout was not worth knowing; hence an invitation to extend his visit over dinner. At dinner the talk diverged from sport to the ancient tin-works, stone circles, camps, and cromlechs on the tors about us, and from there to touch speculatively on the darker side of the old religions; hence, at length, the Doctor's story, which he told over the pipes and whiskey, leaning his arms upon the table and gazing at it rather than at us, as though drawing his memories out of depths below its polished surface.

It must be thirty—yes, thirty—years ago (he said) since I met the man, on a bright November morning, when the Dartmoor hounds were drawing Burrator Wood. Burrator House in those days belonged to the Rajah Brooke—Brooke of Sarawak—who had bought it from Harry Terrell, or, rather it had been bought for him by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and other admirers in England. Harry Terrell—a great sportsman in his day—had been loth enough to part with it, and when the bargain was first proposed had named at random a price which was about double what he had given for the place. The Rajah closed with the sum at once, asked him to make a list of everything in the house and put a price on whatever he cared to sell. Terrell made a full list, putting what seemed to him fair prices on most of the furniture and high ones—prohibitive, he thought—on the sticks he had a fancy to keep. The Rajah glanced over the paper in his grand manner, and says he, "I'll take it all." "Stop! stop!" cried Terrell, "I hain't going to let you have the bed I was married in!" "As you please; we'll strike

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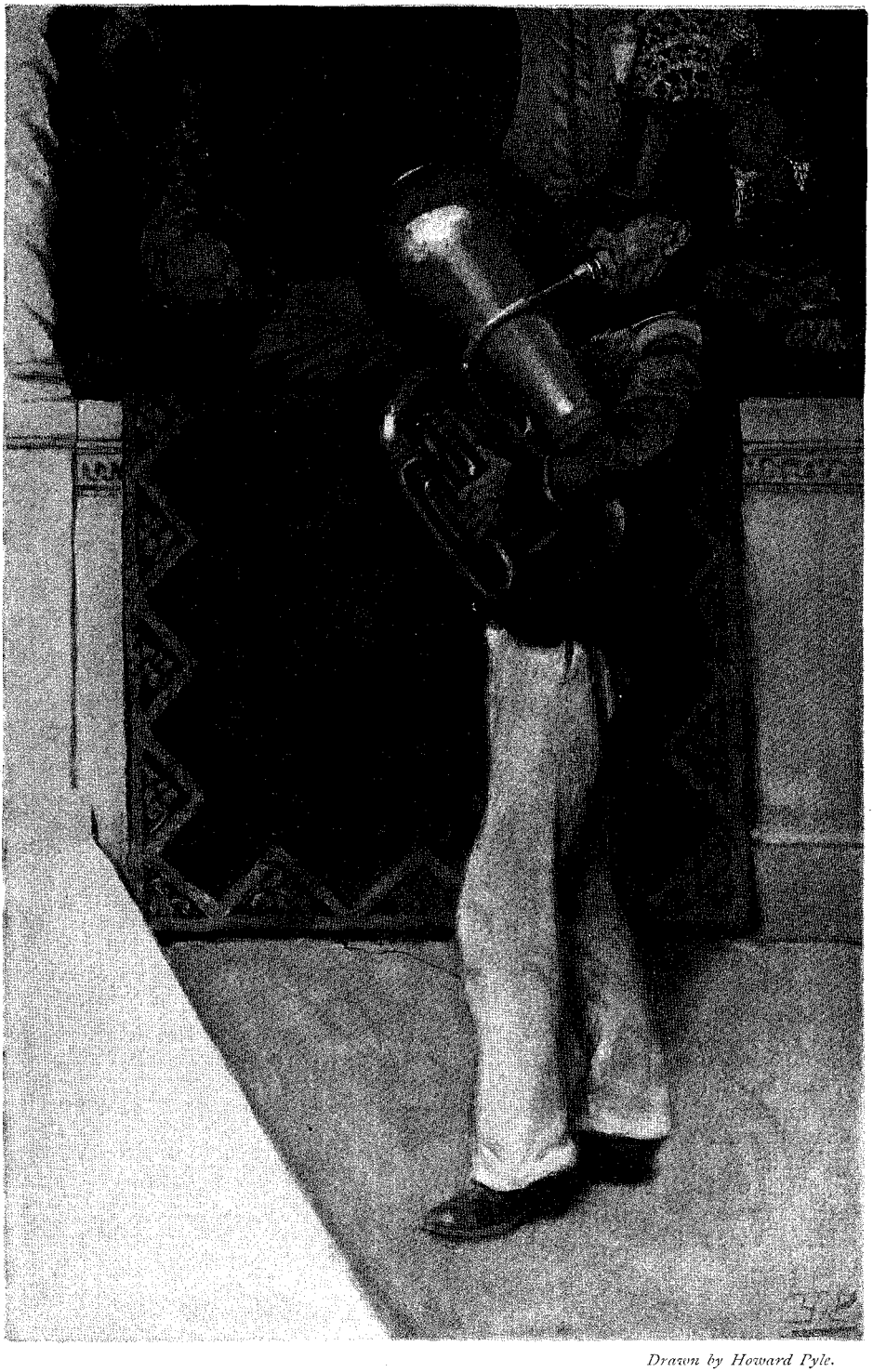

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

I began to play.

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out the bed, then," the Rajah answered. That is how he took possession.

Burrator House, as I daresay you know, faces across the Meavy upon Burrator Wood; and the wood, thanks to Terrell, had always been a sure draw for a fox. I had tramped over from Tavistock on this particular morning—for I was new to the country, a young man looking around me for a practice, and did not yet possess a horse—and I sat on the slope above the house, at the foot of the tor, watching the scene on the opposite bank. The fixture, always a favorite one, and the Rajah's hospitality—which was noble like everything about him—had brought out a large and brightly dressed field; and among them, in his black coat, moved Terrell on a horse twice as good as it looked. He had ridden over from his new home, and I daresay, in the rush of old associations had forgotten for the while that the familiar place was no longer his.

The Rajah, a statue of a man, sat on a tall gray at the covert's edge, directly below me; and from time to time I watched him through my field-glass. He had lately recovered from a stroke of paralysis and was (I am told) the wreck of his old self; but the old fire lived in the ashes. He sat there, tall, lean, upright as a ramrod, with his eyes turned from the covert and gazing straight in front, over his horse's ears, on the rushing Meavy. He had forgotten the hounds; his care for his guests was at an end; and I wondered what thoughts, what memories of the East, possessed him. There is always a loneliness about a great man, don't you think? But I have never felt one to be so terribly—yes, terribly—alone as the Rajah was that morning among his guests and the Devonshire tors.

"Every inch a king," said a voice at my elbow, and a little man settled himself down on the turf beside me. I set down my glasses with a start. He was a spare, dry fellow of about fifty, dressed in what I took for the working-suit of a mechanic. Certainly he did not belong to the moor. He wore no collar, but a dingy yellow handkerchief knotted about his throat, and both throat and face were seamed with wrinkles—so thickly seamed that at first glance you might take them for tattoo-marks; but I had time for a second, for, without troubling to meet my eyes, he nodded toward the Rajah.

"I've cut a day's work and travelled out from Plymouth to get a sight of him; and I've a wife will pull my hair out when I get home and she finds I haven't been to the docks to-day; and I've had no breakfast but thirty grains of opium; but he's worth it."

"Thirty grains of opium! I stared at him, incredulous. He did not turn, but, still with his eyes on the valley below us, stretched out a hand. Its fingers were gnarled, hooked like a bird's claw, and on the little finger a ruby flashed in the morning sunlight—not a large ruby, but of the purest pigeon's blood shade, and in any case a stone of price.

"You see this? My wife thinks it a sham one, but it's not. And some day, when I'm drunk or in low water, I shall part with it—but not yet. You've an eye for it, I see,"—and yet he was not looking toward me—"but the Rajah, yonder, and I are the only two within a hundred miles that can read what's in the heart of it."

He gazed for a second or two at the stone, lifted it to his ear as if listening, and, lowering his hand to the turf, bent over it and gazed again. "Ay, *he* could understand and see into you, my beauty! *He* could hear the little drums tum-a-rumbling, and the ox-bells and bangles tinkling, and the shuffle of the elephants going by: *he* could read the lust in you, and the blood and the sun flickering and licking round the *kris* that spilt it—for it's the devil you have in you, my dear. But we know you—he and I—he and I. Ah! there you go," he muttered, as the hounds broke into cry, and the riders swept round the edge of the copse toward the sound of a view-halloo. "There you go," he nodded after the Rajah; "but, ride as you will, the East is in you, great man—its gold in your blood, its dust in your eyelids, its own stink in your nostril; and, ride as you will, you can never escape it."

He clasped his knees and leaned back against the slope, following the gray horse and its rider with idolatrous gaze; and I noted that one of the clasped hands lacked the two middle fingers.

"You know him?" I asked. "You have seen him out there, at Sarawak?"

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"I never saw him, but I heard of him" He smiled to himself. "It's not easy to pass certain gates in the East without hearing tell of Rajah Brooke."

For a while he sat nursing his knee, while I filled and lit a pipe. Then he turned abruptly, and over the flame of the match I saw his eyes, the pupils clouded around the iris, and, as it were, withdrawn inward and away from the world. "Ever heard of Cagayan Sulu?" he asked.

"Never," said I. "Who or what is it?"

"It's an island," said he. "It lies a matter of eighty miles off the northeast corner of Borneo—facing Sandakan, as you might say."

"Who owns it?"

He seemed to be considering the question. "Well," he answered, slowly, "if you asked the Spanish Government, I suppose they'd tell you the King of Spain; but that's a lie. If you asked the natives—the Hadji Hamid for instance—you'd be told it belonged to them; and that's half a lie. And if you asked the Father of Lies, he might tell you the truth, and call me for witness. I lost two fingers there—the only English flesh ever buried in those parts—so I've bought my knowledge."

"How did you come there?" I asked; "if it's a fair question."

He chuckled, without mirth. "As it happens, that's *not* a fair question. But I'll tell you this much, I came there with a brass band."

I began to think the man out of his mind.

"With the instruments, that is. I'd dropped the bandmaster on the way. Look here," he went on sharply, "the beginning is funny enough, but I'm telling you no lies. We'll suppose there was a ship, a British man-of-war—name not necessary just now."

"I think I understand," I nodded.

"Oh, no, you don't," said he. "I'm not a deserter—at least not exactly—or I shouldn't be telling this to you. Well, we'll suppose this ship bound from Labuan to Hongkong, with orders to keep along the north side of Borneo, to start with, and to do a little exploring by the way. This would be in 'forty-nine, when the British Government had just taken over Labuan *Very* good. Next we'll suppose the captain puts in at Kudat, in Marudu Bay, to pay a polite call on the Rajah there, or some understrapper of the Sultan's, and takes his ship's band ashore by way of compliment, and that the band gets too drunk to play 'Annie Laurie.'" He chuckled again. "I never saw such a band as we were, down by the water's edge, and O'Hara, the bandmaster, took on and played the fool to such a tune, while we waited for the boat to take us aboard, that for the very love I bore him I had to knock him down and sit on him in a quiet corner.

"While I sat keeping guard on him I must have dropped asleep myself; for the next I remember was waking up to find the beach deserted and the boat gone. This put me in a sweat, of course; but after groping some while about the foreshore (which was as dark as the inside of your hat), I tripped over a rope and so found a native boat. O'Hara wouldn't wake, so I just lifted him on board like a sack, tossed in his cornet and my bombardon, tumbled in on top of them, and started to row for dear life toward the ship's light in the offing.

"But the Rajah, or rather his servants, had filled us up with a kind of sticky drink that only begins to work when you think it about time to leave off. I must have pulled miles toward that ship, and every time I cast an eye over my shoulder her light was shining just as far away as ever. At last I remember feeling sure I was bewitched, and with that I must have tumbled off the thwart in a sound sleep.

"When I awoke I had both arms round the bombardon; there wasn't a sight of land, or of the ship, anywhere; and, if you please, the sun was near sinking. This time I managed to wake up O'Hara. We had splitting headaches, the pair of us: but we snatched up our instruments and started to blow on them like mad. Not a soul heard, though we blew till the sweat poured down us, and kept up the concert pretty well all through the night. You may think it funny, and I suppose we did amount to something like a joke—we two bandsmen booming away at the Popular Airs of Old England and the Huntsmen's Chorus under those everlasting stars. You wouldn't say so, if

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you had been the audience when O'Hara broke down and began to confess his sins.

"Luckily the sea kept smooth, and next morning I took the oars in earnest. We had no compass, and I was famished; but I stuck to it, steering by the sun and pulling in the direction where I supposed land to lie. O'Hara kept a look-out. We saw nothing, however, and down came the night again.

"Though the hunger had been gnawing and griping me for hours, yet—dog-tired as I was—I curled myself at the bottom of the boat and slept and dreamed I was on board ship again and in my hammock. A sort of booming in my ears awoke me. Looking up I saw daylight around—clear morning light and blue sky—and right overhead, as it were, a great cliff standing against the blue. And there in the face of day O'Hara sat on the thwart, tugging like mad, now cricking his neck almost to stare up at the cliff, and now grinning down at me in silly triumph.

"With that I caught at the meaning of the sound in my ears. 'You infernal fool!' I shouted staggering up and making to snatch the paddles from him. 'Get her nose round to it and back her!' For it was the noise of breaking water.

"But I was too late. Our boat, I must tell you, was a sort of Dutch pram, about twelve feet long and narrowing at the bows, which stood well out of water; handy enough for beaching, but not to be taken through breakers, by reason of its sitting low in the stern. O'Hara, as I yelled at him, pulled his starboard paddle and brought her (for these prams spin round easily) almost broadside-on to a tall comber. As we slid up the side of it and hung there, I had a glimpse of a steep clean fissure straight through the wall of rock ahead; and in that instant O'Hara sprawled his arms and toppled overboard. The boat and I went by him with a rush. I saw a hand and wrist lifted above the foam, but when I looked back for them they were gone—gone as I shot over the bar and through the cleft into smooth water. I shouted and pulled back to the edge of the breakers; but he was gone, and I never saw him again.

"I suppose it was ten minutes before I took heart to look about me. I was floating on a lake of the bluest water I ever set eyes on, and as calm as a pond except by the entrance where the spent waves, after tumbling over the bar, spread themselves in long ripples, widening and widening until the edge of them melted and they were gone. The banks of the lake rose sheer from its edge, or so steeply that I saw no way of climbing them—walls, you might call them, a good hundred feet high, and widening gradually toward the top but in a circle as regular as ever you could draw with a pair of compasses. Any fool could see what had happened—that here was the crater of a dead volcano one side of which had been broken into by the sea: but the beauty of it, sir, coming on top of my weakness, fairly made me cry. For the walls at the top were fringed with palms and jungle trees and hung with creepers like curtains that trailed over the face of the cliff and down among the ferns by the shore. I leaned over the boat and stared into the water. It was clear, clear—you've no notion how clear; but no bottom could I see. It seemed to sink right through and into the sea on the other side of the world!

"Well, all this was mighty pretty, but it didn't tell me where to find a meal, so I baled out the boat and paddled along the eastern edge of the lake searching the cliffs for a path, and after an hour or so I hit on what looked to me like a foot-track, zig-zagging up through the creepers and across the face of the rock. I determined to try it, made the boat fast to a clump of fern, slung O'Hara's cornet on my side-belt and began to climb.

"I saw no marks of footsteps; but the track was a path, all right, though a teaser. A dozen times I had to crawl on hands and knees under the creepers—creepers with stems as thick as my two wrists—and once, about two-thirds of the way up, I was forced to push sideways through a crevice dripping with water and so steep under foot that I slid twice and caked myself with mud. I very nearly gave out here; but it was do or die, and after ten minutes more of scratching, pushing, and scrambling, I reached the top and sat down to mop my face and recover.

"I dare say it was another ten minutes before I fetched breath enough and looked about me; and as I turned my head,

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there, close behind me, lay another crater, with another lake smiling below, all blue and peaceful as the one I had left. I gazed from one to the other. This new crater had no opening on the sea; its sides were steeper, though not quite so tall; and either my eyes played me a trick, or its water stood at a higher level. I stood there, comparing the two, when suddenly, against the sky-line and not two hundred yards away, I caught sight of a man.

"He was walking toward me around the edge of the crater, and halting every now and then to stare down at my boat. He might be a friend, or he might be a foe; but, any way, it was not for me, in my condition, to choose which, so I waited for him to come up. And, first, I saw that he carried a spear and wore a pair of wide, dirty-white trousers, and a short coat embroidered with gold; and, next, that he was a true Malay, pretty well on in years, with a grayish beard falling over his chest. He had no shirt, but a scarlet sash wrapped about his waist and holding a kris, and two long pistols handsomely inlaid with gold. In spite of his weapons he seemed a benevolent old boy.

"He pointed toward my boat and tried me with a few questions, first in his own language, then in Spanish, of which I know very little beyond the sound. But I spread out my hands toward the sea, by way of explaining our voyage, and then pointed to my mouth. If he understood, he seemed in no hurry. He tapped O'Hara's cornet gingerly, with two fingers. I unstrung it and made shift to play 'Home, Sweet Home.' This delighted him: he nodded, rubbed his hands and stepped a few paces from me, then turned and began fingering his spear in a way I did not like at all. 'It's a matter of taste, sir,' said I, or words to that effect, dropping the cornet like a hot potato; but he pointed toward it, and then over a ridge inland, and I gathered I must pick it up and follow him—which I did, and pretty quick.

"From the top of this ridge we faced across a small plain, bounded on the north with a tier of hills, most of which seemed, by their shape, to be volcanoes, and out of action—for the sky lay quite blue and clear above them. The way down into this plain led through jungle, but the plain itself had been cleared of all but small clumps dotted here and there, which gave it, you might say, the look of an English park; and about half-way across, in a clear stretch of lalang grass, stood a village of white huts huddling round a larger and much taller house.

The old man led me straight toward this, and, coming closer, I saw that the large house had a rough glacis about it and a round wall, pierced with loopholes. A number of goats were feeding here and a few small cattle; also, the ground about the village had been cleared and planted with fruit-trees—mangoes, bananas, limes and oranges, but as yet I saw no inhabitants. The old Malay, who had kept ahead of me all the way, walking at a fair pace, here halted and once more signed to me to blow on the cornet. I obeyed, of course, this time with 'The British Grenadiers.' I declare to you it was like starting a swarm of bees. You wouldn't believe the troops that came pouring out of those few huts—the women in loose trousers pretty much like the men's, but with arms bare and loose *sarongs* flung over their right shoulders, the children with no more clothes than a pocket-handkerchief apiece. I can't tell you what first informed me of my guide's rank among them—whether the salaams they offered him or the richness of his dress—he was the only one with gold lace and the only one who carried pistols—or the air with which he paraded me through the crowd, waving the people back to right and left and leaving a way to a narrow door in the wall around the great house. A man, armed with a long fowling-piece, saluted him at the entry; and, once inside, he pointed from the house to his own breast, as much as to say, 'I am the Chief, and this is mine.' I saluted him humbly.

"A veranda ran around the four sides of the house, with a trench between it and the fortified wall. A plank bridge led across the trench to the veranda-steps where my master—or, to call him by his right name, Hadji Hamid—halted again and clapped his hands. A couple of young Malay women, dressed like those I had met in the street, ran out in answer and were

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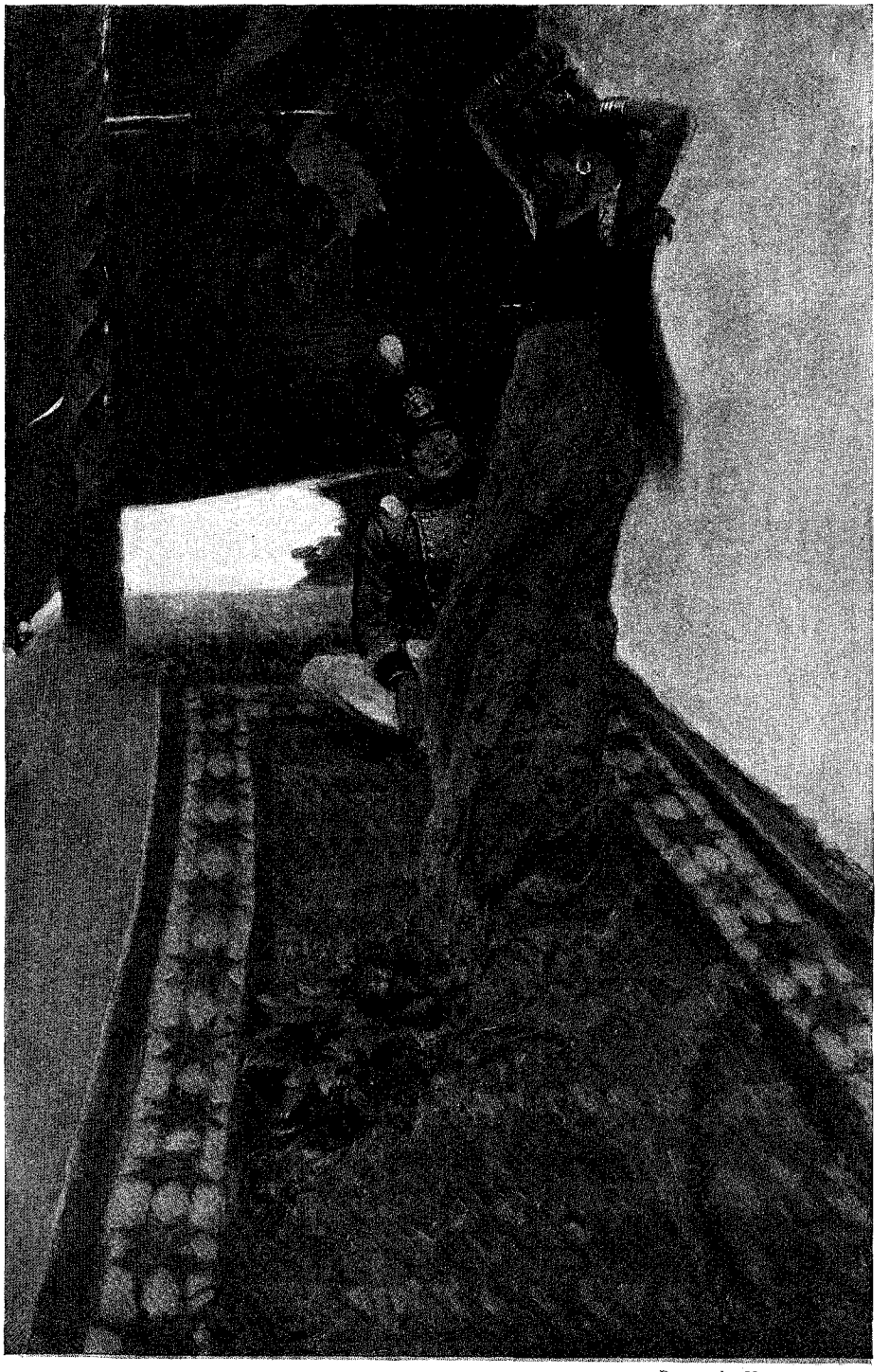

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

I sat at her feet while she drilled the island language into me.

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ordered to bring me food. While it was preparing I rested on a low chair, blinking at the sunlight on the fortified wall. It had been pierced, on the side of the house, for eleven guns, but six of the embrasures were empty and of the five pieces standing no two were alike in size, age, or manufacture, and the best seemed to be a nine-pounder, strapped to its carriage with rope. Hadji Hamid saw what I was looking at, and chuckled to himself solemnly. All through the meal—which began with a mess of nice chopped fowl and ended with bananas—he sat beside me, chewing betel, touching this thing and that, naming it in his language and making me repeat the words after him. He smiled at every mistake, but never lost his patience; indeed it was clear that my quickness delighted him, and I did my best, wondering all the while what he meant to do with me.

"Well, to be short, sir, he intended to keep me. I believe he would have done it for the sake of the cornet: but before I had finished eating, up stepped a sentry escorting a man with my bombardon under his arm. I had left it, as you know, in the boat; and had heard no order given: but the boat I never saw again and here was my bombardon. Hadji Hamid took it in both hands, felt it all over, patted it and ended by turning it over to me and calling in dumb show for a tune. I tell you, my performance was a success. At the first blast he leaned back suddenly in his chair; at the second he turned a kind of purple under his yellow skin; but at the third he caught hold of his stomach and began to roll in his seat and laugh. You never saw a man laugh like it. He made scarcely any sound; he was too near apoplexy to speak; but the tears ran down his face, and one minute his hand would be up waving feebly to me to stop, the next he'd be signalling to go on again. I wanted poor O'Hara; he used to give himself airs and swear at my playing, but among these people he and his cornet would have had to stand down.

"They gave me a bed that night in a corner of the veranda, and next morning my master came himself to wake me and took me down to the village bathing-pool, just below the fortifications. It hurt my modesty to find the whole mob of inhabitants gathered there and waiting, and it didn't set me at ease, exactly, to notice that each man carried his spear. For one nasty moment I pictured a duck-hunt with me playing duck. But there was no cause for alarm. At a signal from Hamid, who stripped and led the way, in we tumbled together—men, women, and children—the men first laying their spears on the bank beside their clothes. Six remained on shore to keep guard and were relieved after five minutes by another six from the pool. There was a good deal of splashing and horse-play, but nothing you could call immodest, though my fair skin came in for an amount of attention I had to get used to.

"My breakfast was served to me alone; and soon after I was summoned to attend my master in one of the state-rooms of the house. I found him on a shaded platform seated opposite an old native as well-dressed and venerable-looking as himself, but stouter. The pair lolled on cushions at either end of the platform, smoking and smoothing their gray beards. I understood that the visitor was a personage and (somehow) that he had been sent for expressly to hear and be astonished by my performance.

"The two instruments were brought in upon cushions, and I began to play. The visitor—who had less sense of humor than Hamid—did not laugh at all. Instead, he took the mouthpiece of his *tchibouk* slowly from his lips and held it at a little distance, while his mouth and eyes opened wider and wider. Hamid eyed him keenly, with a kind of triumph under his lids; and the triumph grew as the old man's stare lit up with a jealousy there was no mistaking.

"This, too, passed as I wound up with a flourish and stood at attention, waiting for orders. The visitor put out his hand, but, as I offered him the bombardon, he waved it aside impatiently and pointed to the cornet. I passed it up to him; he patted and examined it for a while, laid it on his knee, and the two men began talking in low voices.

"I could see that compliments were passing; but you'll guess I wasn't prepared for what followed. Hamid stood up suddenly and whispered to one of his six guards stationed below the platform. The man went out, and returned in five minutes, followed by a girl. Now that the

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island girls were beautiful, I had already discovered that morning, and this one was no exception—a small thing, about five feet, with glossy black hair and the tiniest feet and hands. She seemed to me to walk nervously, as if brought up for punishment: and a thought took me—and I shall be glad of it when I come to die—that if they meant to ill-use her I might do worse than assault that venerable pair with my bombardon and end my adventures with credit.

"My eyes were so taken up with the girl that for a full minute I paid no attention to my master. She had come to a halt under the platform, a couple of paces from me, with her eyes cast down upon the floor; and he on the platform was speaking. By and by he stopped, and glancing up I saw that he was motioning me to leave the room. Well, they had made no show as yet of ill-treating her; so I flung her one more look and obeyed, feeling pretty mean. I went out into the veranda, walked the length of it and turned—and there stood the girl right before me! Her little feet had followed me so softly that I had heard nothing; and now, as I stared at her, she crept close with a sort of sidelong motion, and knelt at my feet, at the same moment drawing her *sarong* over her head to hide it. Then the truth came upon me—I was married!

"Aoodya was her name. What else can I tell you about her, to describe her? She was a child, and all life came as play to her, yet she understood love to the tips of her little madder-brown fingers. She was my teacher, too, and I sat at her feet day after day and learned while she drilled the island language into me; learned by the hour while she untwisted her hair and rubbed it with grated cocoanut, and broke off her toilet to point to this thing and that and tell me its name, laughing at my mistakes or flipping bits of betel at me by way of reward. I had no wife at home to vex my conscience at all. All day we played about Hamid's veranda like two children, and Hamid watched us with a sort of twinkle in his eye, seemingly well content. It was plain he had taken a fancy to me, and I thought, as time passed, he grew friendlier.

"I blessed the old fellow, too. Had he not given me Aoodya? I puzzled my head over this favor, until Aoodya explained. 'You see,' she said, 'it was done to oblige the Hadji Hassan'—this was the old man who had listened to my performance on the bombardon. He lived in a stockaded house on the far side of the island, the chieftancy of which he and Hamid shared between them and without dispute.

"'How should it oblige Hassan?' I asked.

"'Because Hassan could not see or hear my lord and lover without longing to possess such a man for his very own. As who could?' And here she blew me a kiss.

"'Thank you, jewel of my heart,' said I: 'but yet I don't see. Was it me he wanted, or the bombardon?'

"'I fancy he thought of you together; but, of course, he did not ask for the big thing—that would have been greedy. He would be content with the little one, the what-you-call cornet; and—don't you see?'

"'No doubt it's stupid of me, my dear,' said I, 'but I'll be shot if I do.'

"She was sitting with a lapful of pandanus leaves, blue and green, weaving a mat of them while we talked, and had just picked out a beater from the tools scattered round her—a flat piece of board with a bevelled edge, and shaped away to a handle. 'Stupid!' says she to me, 'just like so,' and at the same time raps me over the hand smartly. 'He thought—if peradventure there came to us a little one——'

"'*With* a what-you-call cornet?'—I clapped my hand to my mouth over a guffaw: and, with that, she—who had started laughing too, came to a stop with her eyes fastened on the back of it. I saw them stiffen and the pretty round pupils draw in and shrink to narrow slits like a cat's, and her arm went back slowly behind her, and her bosom leaned nearer and nearer. I thought she was going to spring at me, and as my silly laugh died out I turned my hand and held it palm outward, to fend her off. On the back of it was a drop of blood where the bevelled edge of the beater had by accident broken the skin.

"Somehow this movement of mine seemed to fetch her to bearings. Her hand came slowly forward again, hesitated, seemed to hover for a moment at her

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throat, then went swiftly down to her bosom between bodice and flesh and came up again tugging after what looked to me like a piece of coarse thread. She tossed it into my lap as I still sat there crossed-legged, and with that sprang up and raced away from me, down to the veranda. There was no chance of catching her, and I was (to tell the truth) a bit too much taken aback to try. I picked up the string. On it was threaded a silk purse, no bigger than a shilling, and from this I shook into my palm a small stone like an opal. I turned it over once or twice, put it back in the purse, and stowed string purse and all in my breeches' pocket.

"I strolled down the veranda to our quarters in search of Aoodya, but the room was empty; and after that I'm afraid I smoked and sulked for the rest of the day until nightfall, after playing the Hadji Hamid through his meal, I went out to our favorite seat on the edge of the dry ditch, when she came to me out of nowhere across the withered grass of the compound.

"'Have you the charm, O beloved?' she whispered.

"'Oh, it's a charm, is it?' said I, partly sulky yet.

"'Yes, and you must never lose it—never part with it—never, above all, give it back to me. Promise me that, beloved; and I, who have wept much, am happy again.'

"So I promised, and she snuggled close to me, and all was as before. No more was said between us, and by next morning she seemed to have clean forgotten the affair. But I thought of it at times, and it puzzled me.

"Now, as I said, my master had taken a fancy to me quite apart from the bombardon, and a token of it was his constantly taking me out as companion on his walks. You may think it odd that he never troubled about my being an unbeliever — for of course he held by the prophet, and so did all the islanders, Aoodya included. But in fact, though his people called themselves Mohammedans, each man treated his religion much as he chose, and Hamid talked to me as freely as if I had been his son.

"In this way I learned a deal of the island and its customs, and of the terms by which Hamid and Hassan between them shared its rule. But that any others laid claim to it I had no idea until one day as we were walking on the coast and not far from the crater where he had found me first, my master asked, suddenly, 'Was I happy?'

"'Quite happy,' I answered.

"'You would not leave us if you could?' he went on, and began to laugh quiet-like, behind his beard. 'Oho! Love, love! I that am old have been merry in my day.' We walked for another mile, maybe, without speaking, and came to the edge of a valley, 'Look down yonder,' said he.

"Below us, and in the mouth of the valley, which grew broad and shallow as it neared the sea, I saw a hill topped by a round wall and compound. There might have been half-a-dozen houses within the compound, all thatched, and above them stood up a flag painted in red and yellow stripes and so stiff in the breeze that with half an eye you could tell it was no bunting but a sheet of tin.

"'Hullo!' said I. 'Spaniards?'

"'Puf!' Hamid grinned at the flag and spat. 'A Captain Marquinez inhabits there, with four Manila men and their wives. He is a sensible fellow and does no harm, and if it pleases him to hoist that toy on a bamboo, he is welcome.'

"'They claim the island, then?'

"'What matters it if they claim? There was a letter once came to us from the Spanish Governor in Tolo. That man was a fool. He gave us warning that by order of the government at Manila he would send a hundred men to build a fort island and set up a garrison. Hassan and I took counsel together. 'He is a fool,' said Hassan, 'but we must answer him.' So we answered him thus: 'Send your men. To-day they come; to-morrow they die—yet trouble not: *we* will bury them.'

"'Were they sent?' I asked.

"'They were not sent. He was a fool, yet within bounds. Nevertheless a time may come for us—not for Hassan and me: we shall die in our beds—but for our sons. Even for this we are prepared.' He would have said more, but checked himself. (I learned later on that the islanders kept one of the craters fortified for emergency, to make a last stand there;

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but they never allowed me to see the place.) 'We have gods of our own,' said Hamid, slyly, 'who will be helpful—the more so that we do not bother them over trifles. Also there are—other things: and the lake Sinquan and another which you have not seen are full of crocodiles.' He stamped his foot. 'My son, beneath this spot there has been fire, and still the men of Cagayan walk warily and go not without their spears. For you it is different: yet when you come upon aught that puzzles you, it were well to put no questions even to yourself.'

"'Not even about this?' I asked, and showed him the purse and stone which Aoodya had tossed to me.

"'You are in luck's way,' said he, 'whoever gave you that.' He pulled a small pouch from his breast, opened it, and showed me a stone exactly like mine. "It is a cocoa-nut pearl. Keep it near to your hand and forget not to touch it, if you hear noises in the air, or a man meets you with eyes like razors.'

"I wanted to ask him more, but he started to walk back hastily, and when I caught him up would talk of nothing but the sugar and sweet-potato crops, and the yield of cocoa-nut oil to be carried to Kudat at the next northeast monsoon. I noticed that the fruit-trees planted along the shore were old and that scores of them had ceased bearing. 'They will last my day,' said he. 'Let my sons plant others if they so will.' He always spoke in this careless way of his children, and I believe he had many, for an islander keeps as many wives as he can afford; but they lived about the villages and could not be told from the other inhabitants by any sign of rank or mark of favor he showed them.

"For a long while I believed that Aoodya must be a daughter of his. She always denied it, but owned that she had never known her mother and had lived in Hamid's house ever since she could remember. Anyhow he took the greatest care of me and never allowed me to join the expeditions which sailed twice a year from the island—to Palawan for paddy, and to the north of Borneo with oil and nuts and pandanus mats. He may have mistrusted me, but more likely he forbade it out of care for me and the music I played, for the *prahus* regularly came back with three or four of their number missing—either capsized on the voyage or blown away toward Tawi-Tawi, where the pirates accounted for them.

"Though I might not sail abroad he allowed me to join the 'tuburing' parties off the shore. We would work along the reefs there in rafts of bamboo, towing with us two or three dug-outs filled with mashed *tubur*-roots. At the right spot the dug-outs would be upset, and after a while the fish came floating up on their sides or belly-uppermost to be speared by us: for the root puddles the water like milk and stupefies them somehow without hurting the flesh, which in an hour or so is fit to eat.

"We had been tuburing one afternoon, and put back with our baskets filled to a split of the shore where we had left an old islander, Kotali by name, alone and tending a fire for our meal. Coming near we saw him stretched on the sand by his cooking-pots, and shouted to wake him, for his fire was low. Kotali did not stir. I was one of the first to jump ashore and run to him. He lay with his legs drawn up, his hands clinched, his eyes wide open and staring at us horribly. The man was as dead as a nail.

"I never saw people worse frightened. 'The Berbalangs!' said someone in a dreadful sort of whisper, and we started to run back to the raft for our lives—I with the rest, for the panic had taken hold of me, though I could see no sign of an enemy. I supposed these Berbalangs, named with such awe, to be pirates or marauders from Tawi-Tawi, or some neighboring island, and the first hint that reached me of anything worse was a wailing sound, which grew as we ran, and overhauled us until the air was filled with roaring, so that I swung round to defend myself, yet could see nothing. To my surprise, a man who had been running beside me dropped on the sand, pulled a sigh of relief and began to mop his face—and this in the very worst of the racket. 'They are gone by,' he shouted; 'the worse the noise, the farther off they are. They have taken their fill to-day on poor old Kotali.'

"Suddenly the noise ceased altogether and we picked up courage to return and bury the body. We had a basket of limes on the raft, and these were fetched and

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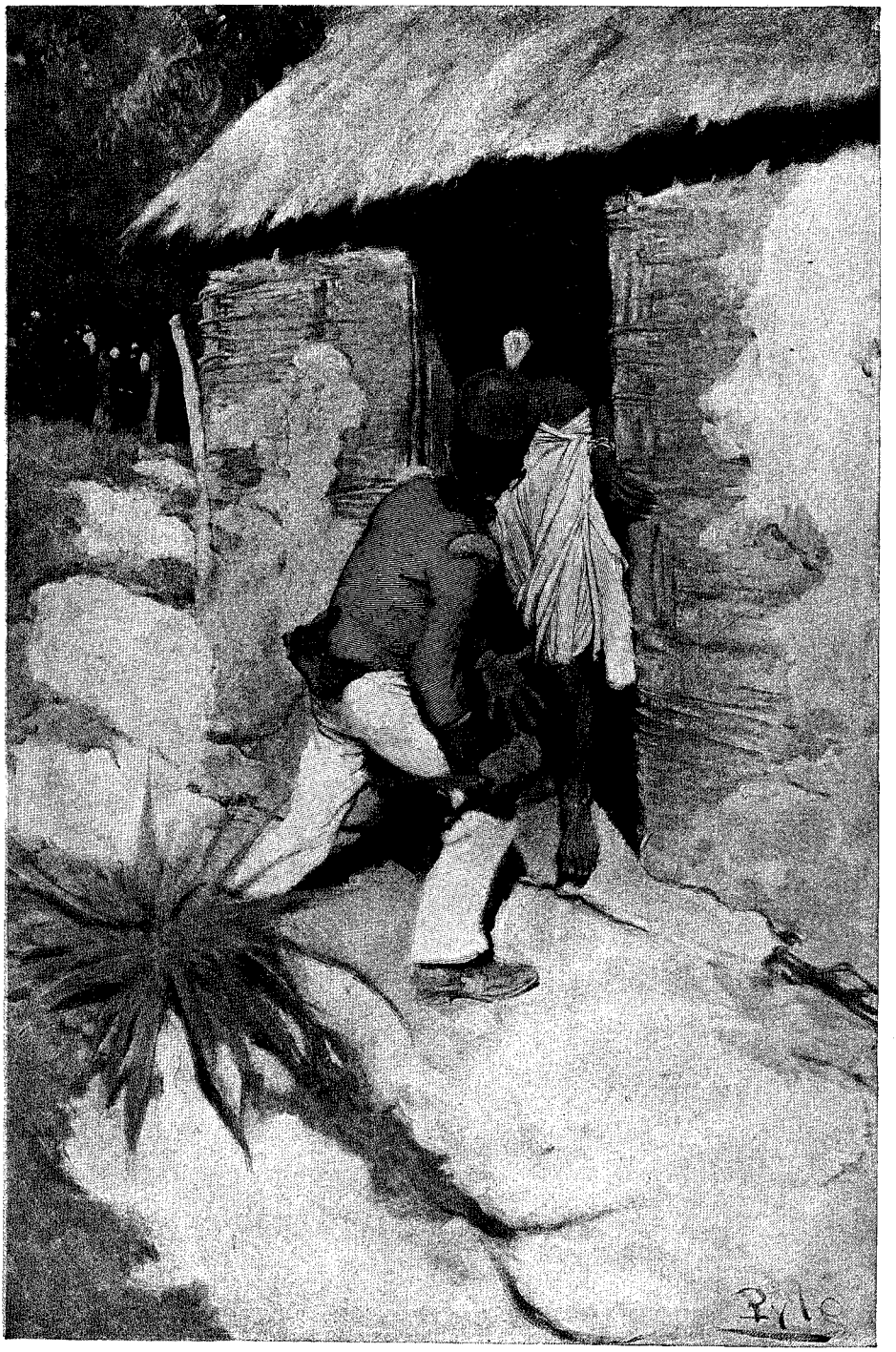

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

"If I catch you here again you'll need someone to sew you up."

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the juice squeezed over the grave; but no one seemed inclined to answer the questions I put about these Berbalangs. It seemed that unless they were close at hand, there was ill-luck even in mentioning them, and I walked back to the village in a good deal of perplexity.

"I should tell you, sir, that by this time I was the father of a fine boy; and that Aoodya doted on him. When she was not feeding him or calling on me to admire his perfections, from the cleverness of his smile to the beautiful shape of his toes, he lay and slept or kicked in a basket slung on a long bamboo fastened across the rafters. Aoodya would give the basket a pull, and this set it bobbing up and down on the spring of the bamboo for minutes at a time.

"Now when I reached home with my string of fish, I walked round to the back of the house to clean them before going in. This took me past the window of our room, and glancing inside—the window was unglazed, you understand—I saw Aoodya standing before the cradle and talking, quick and angry, with a man posted in the doorway opening on the veranda.

"I was not jealous. The thought never entered my head. But I dropped my fish and whipped round to the doorway in time to catch him as he turned to go, having heard my footstep belike.

"'Who the something-or-other are you?' I asked. 'And what's your business in my private house?'

"The man—a yellow-faced fellow but young in figure—muttered something in a gibberish new to me, and made as if excusing himself. It gave me an ugly start to see that his eyes were yellow too, with long slits for pupils; but I saw too that he was afraid of me, and being in a towering rage myself, I out with my *kris*.

"'Now look here,' I said; 'I don't understand what you say, but maybe you understand this. Walk. And if I catch you here again, you'll need someone to sew you up.'

"I watched him as he went across the compound. The guard at the gate scarcely looked up, and if the thing hadn't been impossible, there, in the broad daylight, I could have fancied he saw no one. I turned to Aoodya and took her hands, for she was trembling from head to foot. At my touch she burst out sobbing, clung to my shoulder, and begged me to protect her.

"'Why, of course I will,' said I, more cheerfully than I felt by a long sight. 'If I'd known you were frightened like this, I'd have slit his body to match his eyes. But who is he, at all?'

"'He—he said he was my brother!' she wailed, and clung to me again. 'I cannot—I cannot!'

"'I'll brother him!' cried I. 'But what is it he wants?'

"'I cannot—I cannot!' was all she would say; and now her sobs were so loud that the child woke up screaming and had to be soothed. And this seemed to do her good.

"Well, I got her to bed and asleep early that night; but before morning I had a worse fright than ever. Somehow in my dream I had a feeling come to me that the bed was empty, and sat up suddenly, half awake and scared. Aoodya had risen and was standing by the cradle, with one hand on its edge: in the other was the lamp—a clam-shell fastened in a split handle of bamboo, and holding a pith wick and a little oil. The flame wavered against her eyes as she held it up and peered into the baby's face—and her eyes were such as I had seen them once before, such as I had seen in another face that afternoon.

"A man never knows what he can do till the call comes. There, betwixt sleep and waking, I knew that happiness had come to an end for us. Yet I slipped out of bed very softly, took the lamp from her as gentle as you please, set it on a stool and, turning, reached out for her two wrists and held them—for how long I cannot say. She did not resist at all, and not a word did I utter, but stood holding her—the babe asleep beside us—and listened to her breathing, until it grew easier and she leaned to me, weak as water.

"Then I let go, and lifting the child's head from the pillow pulled Aoodya's charm, the cocoa-nut pearl, from my neck and hung it about his. 'That's for you, sonny,' said I, 'and if the Berbalangs come along you can pass them on to your father.' I faced round on Aoodya with a smile which no doubt was thin enough, though honestly meant to hearten her. 'It's all right, old girl. Come back to

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bed,' said I, and held her in my arms until I fell asleep in the dawn.

"But of course it was not all right; and after two days spent with this miserable secret between us, and Aoodya all the while play-acting at her old tricks of love for me and the babe—as if, God knows, I doubted they and not the horror were her real self—I could stand it no longer I did what I ought to have done before, sought out my master and made a clean breast of it.

"I could see that it took the old man between wind and water. When I had done he sat for some time pulling his beard and eying me once or twice rather queerly, as I thought.

"'My friend,' said he at last, 'I suppose you will be suspecting me: yet I give you my word—and the Hadji Hamid is no liar—that if Aoodya is a Berbalang, or a daughter of Berbalangs, the same was unknown to me when I married you.'"

"'I'll believe that,' I answered: 'the more by token that I never suspected you.'"

"'She had no known father, which (as you know) is held a disgrace among us; so much a disgrace that she grew up without suitors in spite of her looks and my favor. Therefore I seized my chance of giving her a husband, and in that I am not guiltless toward you: but of anything worse I was ignorant, and for proof I am going to help you if I can.' He frowned to himself still tugging at his beard. 'Her mother was of good family, on this side of the island. Therefore she cannot be pure Berbalang, and most likely the Berbalangs have no more than a fetch upon her'—he used a word new to me, but 'fetch' I took to be the meaning of it. 'If so, we must go to them and persuade them to take it off. They owe me something: for though, as we value peace and quiet, Hassan and I leave them alone in their own dirty village and ask no tax nor homage, we could make things uncomfortable if we chose. Yes, yes,' said he, 'I think it can be done: but it will be dangerous. You are wearing your cocoa-nut pearl, of course?"

"I told him that I had given it up to the baby.

"He nodded. 'Yes, that was well done: but you must borrow it for the day. Run and fetch it at once: we have a long walk before us.

"So I ran back and without telling Aoodya, who was washing her linen behind the house, slipped the pearl off the child's neck and returned to Hamid. I found him with two spears in his hand, waiting for me. He gave me one and forth we set.

"The Berbalangs' village stands on a sort of table-land in the hills which rise all the way to Mount Tebulian near the centre of the island. After the first two miles I found myself in a strange country and Hamid kept silence and signed to me to do the same. In this way we plodded up the slopes until, a little after noon, we reached a pass and saw the roofs of the village over the edge of a broad step, as it were, half a mile above us. Here we sat down, and Hamid, drawing a couple of limes from his pocket, explained that I must on no account taste any food the Berbalangs set before us unless I first sprinkled it with lime-juice. It might look like curried fish, but would as likely as not be human flesh disguised, the taste of which would destroy my soul and convert me into a Berbalang: a touch of the lime-juice would turn such food back to its proper shape and show me what I was being asked to eat.

"We now moved forward again, very cautiously, and soon came to the village. The houses, perhaps a dozen in all, were scandalously dirty, otherwise pretty much like those in Hamid's own village. But not a living creature could be seen. Hamid, I could tell, was puzzled and even a bit frightened. He put a good face on it, all the same, and began to walk from house to house, keeping his spear handy as he peered in at the doors. Still not a soul could we find, barring an old goat tethered and a few roaming fowls. The stink of the place sickened us, and I wanted to run, though we came across no actual horrors. In one room we found a pan of rice lately boiled and still smoking, and sprinkled it with lime-juice. It remained good rice. Out into the street we went and Hamid, growing bolder, raised a loud halloo. The noise of it sent the fowls scudding and the hills around took it up and echoed it.

"He looked at me. 'They must be out on the hunt,' said he.

"'Good Lord!' I gasped. 'And the child at home—without the pearl!' I

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turned and plunged for it down the slope like a madman.

"What to do I had no idea; but I hadn't a doubt that the Berbalangs were after Aoodya or the child, or both, and I headed for home with the wind singing by my ears. At the foot of the pass I looked back. Hamid was following, skipping from one lava stone to another at a pace that did credit to his old legs. He waved a hand and called, as I thought, to encourage me: and away down I pounded.

"I must have reached the edge of the plain in twenty minutes (the climb had taken us more than two hours) and, once there, I squeezed my elbows into my sides and settled into stride. Luckily the season was dry, and a fire, three weeks before, had swept over the tall talang grass, leaving a thin layer of ash, which made running easy. For all that, I was pretty near dead beat when I reached the compound and ran past the sentry. The man cried out at sight of me as I went by; but I thought he was just pattering out his challenge, being taken unawares; and, knowing that he would not let off his musket if he recognized me, I paid no attention.

"I had prepared myself (as I thought) for anything—to find Aoodya dead beside the child, or to find them both unharmed and flourishing as I had left them. But what happened was that I burst in and stared around an empty room. *That* knocked the wind out of my sails. I called twice, leaned my head against the doorpost and panted—called again, and, getting no answer, walked stupidly back across the compound to the gate.

"The sentry there was pointing. I believe he was telling me, too, that Aoodya, with the child in her arms, had passed out some while before. But, as he waved a hand toward the plain, I saw a figure running there, and recognized Hamid. The old man was heading, not toward us, but for the sea-shore; and, plain as daylight, he was heading there with a purpose. I remembered now his cry to me from the head of the pass. So I pressed elbows to side again and lit out after him.

"He was making for a thick patch of jungle between us and the sea; and, though I had run at least a mile out of the way I soon began to overhaul him. But long before I reached the clump he had found an opening in it and dived out of sight; and I overtook him only when the growth thinned suddenly, by the edge of a crater plunging down to a lake so exactly like Singnan that I had to look about me and take my bearings before making sure that this was another, and one I had never yet seen.

"I caught him by the arm, and we peered down the slope together. At the foot of it, and by the edge of the lake, there ran a strip of white beach; and there, and almost directly below us, were gathered the Berbalangs.

"They stood in a rough circle around a small bundle, which at first sight I took for a heap of clothes. At that distance they seemed harmless enough, and, barring the strangeness of the spot, might have been an ordinary party of islanders forming up for a dance. But when, all of a sudden, the ring came to a standstill, and a figure stepped out of it toward the bundle in the centre, my wits came back to me, and I flung up both arms, shouting, 'Aoodya! Aoodya!'

"She must have made three paces in the time my voice took to reach her. She was close to the child. Then she halted and stood for a moment gazing up at me. I saw something bright drop from her. And with that she stooped, caught up the child, and was racing up the slope toward us.

"'Steady!' muttered Hamid, as a man broke from the circle, plucked up the knife from the sand and rushed after her. 'Steady!' he said again.

"Aoodya had a start of twenty yards or more, and in the first half-minute she actually managed to increase it. Hamid beside me rubbed a bullet quickly on the rind of one of his lime-fruits and rammed it home. He took an eternal time about it, and below, now, the man was gaining. Unluckily their courses brought them into line, and twice the old man cursed softly and lowered his piece.

"Flesh and blood could not stand this. I let out a groan and sprang down the cliff. It was madness, and at the third step all foothold slipped from under me: but my clutch was tight on a fistful of creepers and their tendrils were tough as a ship's rope. So down I went, now touching earth, now fending off from the rock with my feet, now missing hold and

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sprawling into a mass of leaves and roots among which I clutched wildly and checked myself by the first thing handy —until, with the crack of Hamid's musket above, the vine, or whatever it was to which I clung for the moment, gave way as if shorn by the bullet, and I pitched a full twenty feet with a rush of loose earth and dust.

"I fell almost at the heels of Aoodya's enemy, upon a ledge along which he was swiftly running her down. Hamid's bullet had missed him, and before I could make the third in the chase he was forty yards ahead. I saw his bare shoulders parting the creepers—threading their way in and out like a bobbin, and jogging as the pace fell slower; for now we were all three in difficulties. Perhaps Aoodya had missed the track; at any rate the ledge we were now following grew shallower as it curved over the corner of the beach and ran sheer over the water of the lake. A jungle-tree leaned out here, with a clear drop of a hundred feet. As I closed on my man, he swerved and began to clamber out along the trunk; and over his shoulder I saw Aoodya, with the babe in the crick of her arm, upon a bough which swayed and sank beneath her.

"I clutched at his ankle. He reached back with a hiss of his breath and jabbed his knife down on my left hand, cutting across the two middle fingers and pinning me through the small bones to the trunk. I tell you, sir, I scarcely felt it. My right went down to my waist and pulled out the *kris* there. He was the man I had caught within the veranda three days before; those were the same eyes, shining, like a cat's, back into mine; and what I had promised him then I gave him now. But it was Hamid who killed him. For as my *kris* went into the flank of him, above the hip, Hamid's second shot cut down through his neck. His face at the moment rested sideways against the branch; and I suppose the bullet passed through to the bough and cost me Aoodya. For as the Berbalang fell the bough seemed to rip away from where his cheek had rested, and Aoodya, with my child in her arms swung back under my feet and dropped like a stone into the lake.

"I can't tell you, sir, how long I lay stretched out along that trunk, with the Berbalang's knife still pinned through my hand. I was staring down into the water. Aoodya and my child never rose again; but the Berbalang came to the surface at once and floated, bobbing for a while on the ripple, his head thrown back, his brown chest shining up at me and the blood spreading on the water around it.

"It was Hamid who unpinned me and led me away. He had made shift to climb down, and while binding up my wounded hand, pointed toward the beach. It was empty. The crowd of Berbalangs had disappeared.

"He found the track which Aoodya had missed, and as he led me up and out of the crater, I heard him talking—talking. I suppose he was trying to comfort me—he was a good fellow; but at the top I turned on him and 'Master,' I said, 'you have tried to do me much kindness, but to-day I have bought my quittance.' With that I left him standing and walked straight over the brow of the hill. I never looked behind me until I reached the Spaniards' compound, and called out at the gate to be let pass.

"Captain Marquinez was lying in a hammock in the cool of his veranda when the gate-keeper took me to him. He was, I think, the weariest man I ever happened on. 'So you want to leave the island?' said he when my tale was out. 'Yes, yes, I believe you; I've learnt to believe anything of those devils up yonder. But you must wait a fortnight, till the relief-boat arrives from Jola'——"

Here the story-teller broke off as a rider upon a gray horse came at a foot-pace round the slope of Burrator below us and passed on without seeing. It was the Rajah, returning solitary from the hunt, and his eyes were still fastened ahead of him.

"Ah, great man! England is a weary hole for the likes of you and me. It's here they talk of the East, but we have loved it and hated it and known it, and remember. Our eyes have seen—our eyes have seen."

He stood up, pulled himself together with a kind of shiver, and suddenly shambled away across the slope, having said no good-by, leaving me there at gaze.

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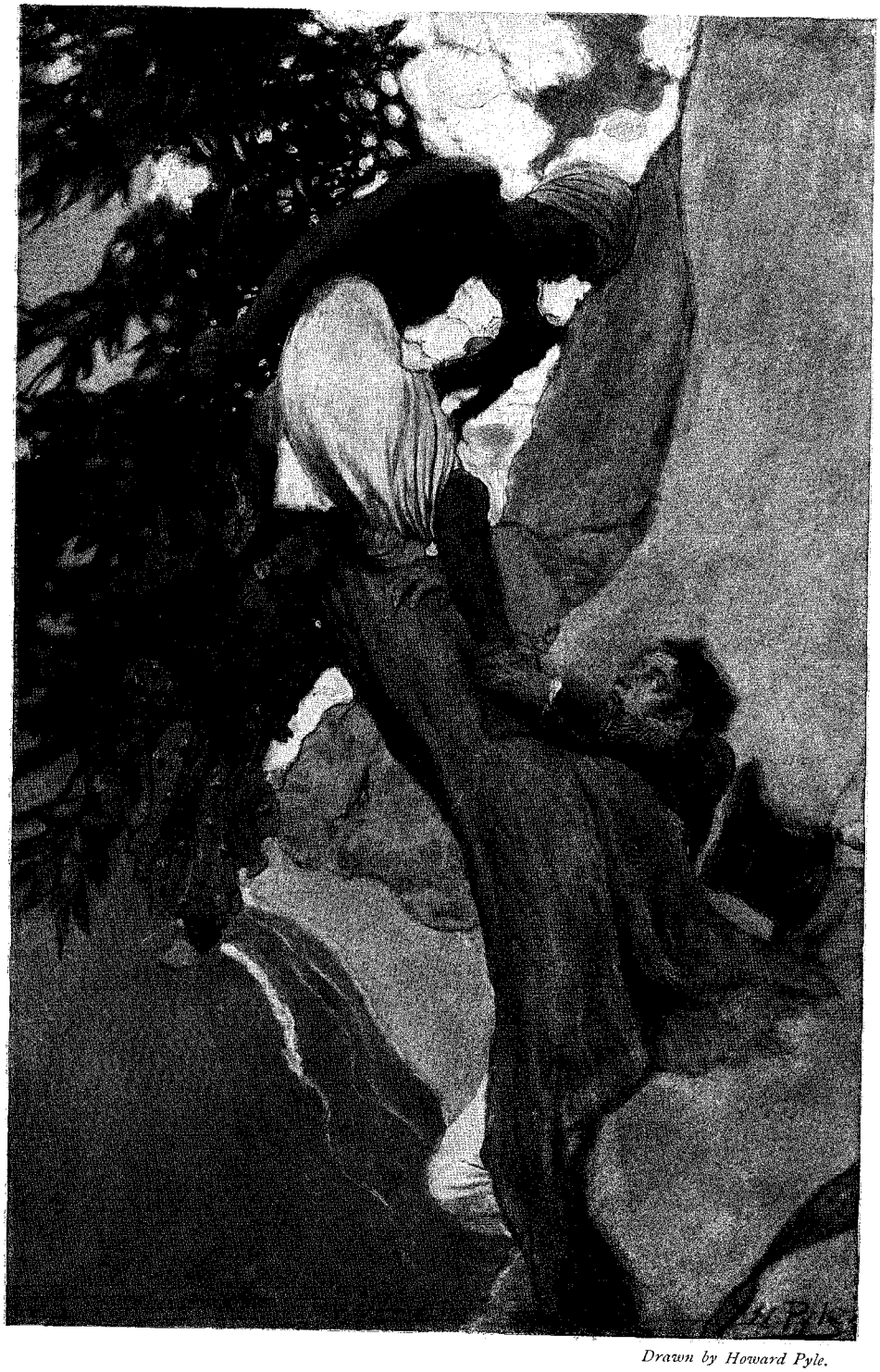

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

I clutched at his ankle.

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THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD

OR, ADVENTURES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

BY J. M. BARRIE

I

DAVID AND I SET FORTH UPON A JOURNEY

SOMETIMES the little boy who calls me father brings me an invitation from his mother: "I shall be so pleased if you will come and see me," and I always reply in some such words as these: "Dear madam, I decline." And if David asks why I decline, I explain that it is because I have no desire to meet the woman.

"Come this time, father," he urged lately, "for it is her birthday, and she is twenty-six," which is so great an age to David, that I think he fears she cannot last much longer.

"Twenty-six, is she, David?" I replied. "Tell her I said she looks more."

I had my delicious dream that night. I dreamt that I too was twenty-six, which was a long time ago, and that I took train to a place called my home, whose whereabouts I see not in my waking hours, and when I alighted at the station a dear lost love was waiting for me, and we went away together. She met me in no ecstacy of emotion, nor was I surprised to find her there; it was as if we had been married for years and parted for a day. I like to think that I gave her some of the things to carry.

Were I to tell my delightful dream to David's mother, to whom I have never in my life addressed one word, she would droop her head and raise it bravely, to imply that I make her very sad but very proud, and she would be wishful to lend me her absurd little pocket handkerchief. And then, had I the heart, I might make a disclosure that would startle her, for it is not the face of David's mother that I see in my dreams.

Has it ever been your lot, reader, to be persecuted by a pretty woman who thinks, without a tittle of reason, that you are bowed down under a hopeless partiality for her? It is thus that I have been pursued for several years now by the unwelcome sympathy of the tender-hearted and virtuous Mary A——. When we pass in the street the poor deluded soul subdues her buoyancy, as if it were shame to walk happy before one she has lamed, and at such times the rustle of her gown is whispered words of comfort to me, and her arms are kindly wings that wish I was a little boy like David. I also detect in her a fearful elation, which I am unaware of until she has passed, when it comes back to me like a faint note of challenge. This note, I remember, sits airily on her least estimable and indeed slightly tilted feature, to which, nevertheless, I feel the greatest drawing. Eyes that say you never must, nose that says why don't you? and a mouth that says I rather wish you could —that is the portrait of Mary A—— as she and I pass by.

Once she dared to address me, so that she could boast to David that I had spoken to her. I was in the Kensington Gardens, and she asked would I tell her the time please, just as children ask, and forget as they run back with it to their nurse. But I was prepared even for this, and raising my hat I pointed with my staff to a clock in the distance. She should have been overwhelmed, but as I walked on listening intently, I thought with displeasure that I heard her laughing.

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Her laugh is very like David's, whom I could punch all day in order to hear him laugh. I dare say she put this laugh into him. She has been putting qualities into David, altering him, turning him forever on a lathe since the day she first knew him, and indeed long before, and all so deftly that he is still called a child of nature. When you release David's hand he is immediately lost like an arrow from the bow. No sooner do you cast eyes on him than you are thinking of birds. It is difficult to believe that he walks to the Kensington Gardens; he always seems to have alighted there: and were I to scatter crumbs I opine he would come and peck. This is not what he set out to be; it is all the doing of that timid-looking lady who affects to be greatly surprised by it. He strikes a hundred gallant poses in a day; when he tumbles, which is often, he comes to the ground like a Greek god; so Mary A—— has willed it. But how she suffers that he may achieve! I have seen him climbing a tree while she stood beneath in unutterable anguish; she had to let him climb, for boys must be brave, but I am sure that, as she watched him, she fell from every branch.

David admires her prodigiously; he thinks her so good that she will be able to get him into heaven, however naughty he is. Otherwise he would trespass less light-heartedly. Perhaps she has discovered this; for, as I learn from him, she warned him lately that she is not such a dear as he thinks her.

"I am very sure of it," I replied.

"Is she such a dear as you think her?" he asked me.

"Heaven help her," I said, "if she be not dearer than that."

Heaven help all mothers if they be not really dears, for their boy will certainly know it in that strange short hour of the day when every mother stands revealed before her little son. That dread hour ticks between six and seven; when children go to bed later the revelation has ceased to come. He is lapt in for the night now and lies quietly there, madam, with great, mysterious eyes fixed upon his mother. He is summing up your day. Nothing in the revelations that kept you together and yet apart in play time can save you now; you two are of no age, no experience of life separates you; it is the boy's hour, and you have come up for judgment. "Have I done well to-day, my son?" You have got to say it, and nothing may you hide from him; he knows all. How like your voice has grown to his, but more tremulous, and both so solemn, so unlike the voice of either of you by day.

"You were a little unjust to me to-day about the apple. Were you not, mother?"

Stand there, woman, by the foot of the bed and cross your hands and answer him.

"Yes, my son, I was. I thought——"

But what you thought will not affect the verdict.

"Was it fair, mother, to say that I could stay out till six, and then pretend it was six before it was quite six?"

"No, it was very unfair. I thought—"

"Would it have been a lie if *I* had said it was quite six?"

"Oh, my son, my son! I shall never tell you a lie again."

"No, mother, please don't."

"My boy, have I done well to-day on the whole?"

Suppose he were unable to say yes.

These are the merest peccadilloes, you may say. Is it then a little thing to be false to the agreement you signed when you got the boy? There are mothers who avoid their children in that hour, but this will not save them. Why is it that so many women are afraid to be left alone with their thoughts between six and seven? I am not asking this of you, Mary. I believe that when you close David's door softly there is a gladness in your eyes, and the awe of one who knows that the God to whom little boys say their prayers has a face very like their mother's.

I may mention here that David is a stout believer in prayer, and has had his first fight with another young Christian who challenged him to the jump and prayed for victory, which David thought was taking an unfair advantage.

"So Mary is twenty-six! I say, David, she is getting on. Tell her that I am coming in to kiss her when she is fifty-two."

He told her, and I understand that she pretended to be indignant. When I pass her in the street now she pouts. Clearly

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preparing for our meeting. She has also said, I learn, that I shall not think so much of her when she is fifty-two, meaning that she will not be so pretty then. So little does the sex know of beauty. Surely a spirited old lady may be the prettiest sight in the world. For my part, I confess that it is they, and not the young ones, who have ever been my undoing. Just as I was about to fall in love I suddenly found that I preferred the mother. Indeed, I cannot see a likely young creature without impatiently considering her chances for, say, fifty-two. Oh, you mysterious girls, when you are fifty-two we shall find you out; you must come into the open then. If the mouth has fallen sourly yours the blame: all the meannesses your youth concealed have been gathering in your face. But the pretty thoughts and sweet ways and dear, forgotten kindnesses linger there also, to bloom in your twilight like evening primroses.

Is it not strange that, though I talk thus plainly to David about his mother, he still seems to think me fond of her? How now, I reflect, what sort of bumpkin is this, and perhaps I say to him cruelly: "Boy, you are uncommonly like your mother."

To which David: "Is that why you are so kind to me?"

I suppose I am kind to him, but if so it is not for love of his mother, but because he sometimes calls me father. On my honor as a soldier, there is nothing more in it than that. I must not let him know this, for it would make him conscious, and so break the spell that binds him and me together. Oftenest I am but Captain W—— to him, and for the best of reasons. He addresses me as father when he is in a hurry only, and never have I dared ask him to use the name. He says, "Come, father," with an accursed beautiful carelessness. So let it be, David, for a little while longer.

I like to hear him say it before others, as in shops. When in shops he asks the salesman how much money he makes in a day, and which drawer he keeps it in, and why his hair is red, and does he like Achilles, of whom David has lately heard, and is so enamoured that he wants to die to meet him. At such times the shopkeepers accept me as his father, and I cannot explain the peculiar pleasure this gives me. I am always in two minds then, to linger that we may have more of it, and to snatch him away before he volunteers the information, "He is not really my father."

When David meets Achilles I know what will happen. The little boy will take the hero by the hand, call him father, and drag him away to some Round Pond.

One day, when David was about five, I sent him the following letter: "Dear David: If you really want to know how it began, will you come and have a chop with me to-day at the club?"

Mary, who, I have found out, opens all his letters, gave her consent, and, I doubt not, instructed him to pay heed to what happened so that he might repeat it to her, for despite her curiosity she knows not how it began herself. I chuckled, guessing that she expected something romantic.

He came to me arrayed as for a mighty journey, and looking unusually solemn, as little boys always do look when they are wearing a great coat. There was a shawl round his neck. "You can take some of them off," I said, "when we come to summer."

"Shall we come to summer?" he asked, properly awed.

"To many summers," I replied, "for we are going away back, David, to see your mother as she was in the days before there was you."

We hailed a hansom. "Drive back six years," I said to the cabby, "and stop at the Junior Old Fogies' Club."

He was a stupid fellow, and I had to guide him with my umbrella.

The streets were not quite as they had been in the morning. For instance, the bookshop at the corner was now selling fish. I dropped David a hint of what was going on.

"It doesn't make me littler, does it?" he asked, anxiously; and then, with a terrible misgiving: "It won't make me too little, will it, father?" by which he meant that he hoped it would not do for him altogether. He slipped his hand nervously into mine, and I put it in my pocket.

You can't think how little David looked as we entered the portals of the club.

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II

THE LITTLE NURSERY GOVERNESS

AS I enter the club smoking-room you are to conceive David vanishing into nothingness, and that it is any day six years ago at two in the afternoon. I ring for coffee, cigarette, and cherry brandy, and take my chair by the window, just as the absurd little nursery governess comes tripping into the street. I always feel that I have rung for her.

While I am lifting the coffee-pot cautiously lest the lid fall into the cup, she is crossing to the post-office; as I select the one suitable lump of sugar she is taking six last looks at the letter; with the aid of William I light my cigarette, and now she is re-reading the delicious address. I lie back in my chair, and by this time she has dropped the letter down the slit. I toy with my liqueur, and she is listening to hear whether the postal authorities have come for her letter. I scowl at a fellow-member who has disturbed me by entering the smoking-room, and her two little charges are pulling her away from the post-office. When I look out at the window again she is gone, but I shall ring for her to-morrow at two sharp.

She must have passed the window many times before I noticed her. I know not where she lives, though I suppose it to be hard by. She is taking the little boy and girl, who bully her, to the St. James's Park, as their hoops tell me, and she ought to look crushed and faded. No doubt her mistress overworks her. It must enrage the other servants to see her deporting herself as if she were quite the lady.

I noticed that she had sometimes other letters to post, but that the posting of the one only was a process. They shot down the slit, plebeians all, but it followed pompously like royalty. I have even seen her blow a kiss after it.

Then there was her ring, of which she was as conscious as if it rather than she was what came gayly down the street. She felt it through her glove to make sure that it was still there. She took off the glove and raised the ring to her lips, though I doubt not it was the cheapest trinket. She viewed it from afar by stretching out her hand; she stooped to see how it looked near the ground; she considered its effect on the right of her and on the left of her and through one eye at a time. Even when you saw that she had made up her mind to think hard of something else, the little silly would take another look.

I give anyone three chances to guess why Mary was so happy.

No and no and no. The reason was simply this, that a lout of a young man loved her. And so, instead of crying because she was the merest nobody, she must, forsooth, sail jauntily down Pall Mall, very trim as to her tackle and ticketed with the insufferable air of an engaged woman. At first her complacency disturbed me, but gradually it became part of my life at two o'clock with the coffee, the cigarette, and the liqueur. Then comes the tragedy.

Thursday is her great day. She has from two to three every Thursday for her very own; just think of it, this girl, who is probably paid several pounds a year, gets a whole hour to herself once a week. And what does she with it? Attend classes for making her a more accomplished person? Not she. This is what she does: sets sail for Pall Mall, wearing all her pretty things, including the blue feathers, and with such a sparkle of expectation on her face that I stir my coffee quite fiercely. On ordinary days she at least tries to look demure, but on a Thursday she has had the assurance to use the glass door of the club as a mirror in which to see how she likes her engaging trifle of a figure to-day.

In the meantime a long-legged oaf is waiting for her outside the post-office, where they meet every Thursday, a fellow who always wears the same suit of clothes, but has a face that must always make him free of the company of gentlemen. He is one of your lean, clean Englishmen, who strip so well, and I fear me he is handsome—I say fear, for your handsome men have always annoyed me, and had I lived in the duelling days I swear I would have called every one of them out. He seems to be quite unaware that he is a pretty fellow, but Lord, how obviously Mary knows it. I conclude that he belongs to the artistic classes, he is so easily elated and depressed; and because he

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carries his left thumb curiously, as if it were feeling for the hole of a palette, I have entered his name among the painters. I find pleasure in deciding that they are shocking bad pictures, for obviously no one buys them. I feel sure Mary says they are splendid, she is that sort of woman. Hence the rapture with which he greets her. Her first effect upon him is to make him shout with laughter. He laughs suddenly *haw* from an eager exulting face, then *haw* again, and then, when you are thanking heaven that it is at last over, comes a final *haw*, louder than the others. I take them to be roars of joy because Mary is his, and they have a ring of youth about them that is hard to bear. I could forgive him everything save his youth, but it is so aggressive that I have sometimes to order William testily to close the window.

How much more deceitful than her lover is the little nursery governess. The moment she comes into sight she looks at the post-office and sees him. Then she looks straight before her, and now she is observed, and he rushes across to her in a glory, and she starts—positively starts—as if he had taken her by surprise. Observe her hand rising suddenly to her wicked little heart. This is the moment when I stir my coffee violently. He gazes down at her in such rapture that he is in everybody's way, and as she takes his arm she gives it a little squeeze, and then away they strut, Mary doing nine-tenths of the talking. I fall to wondering what they will look like when they grow up.

What a ludicrous difference do these two nobodies make to each other. You can see that they are to be married when he has twopence.

Thus I have not an atom of sympathy with this girl, to whom London is famous only as the residence of a young man who mistakes her for someone else, but her happiness had become part of my repast at two P. M., and when one day she walked down Pall Mall without gradually posting a letter I was most indignant. It was as if William had disobeyed orders. Her two charges were as surprised as I, and pointed questioningly to the slit, at which she shook her head. She put her finger to her eyes, exactly like a sad baby, and so passed from the street.

Next day the same thing happened, and I was so furious that I bit through my cigarette. Thursday came, when I prayed that there might be an end of this annoyance, but no, neither of them appeared on that acquainted ground. Had they changed their post-office? No, for her eyes were red every day, and heavy was her foolish little heart. Love had put out his lights, and the little nursery governess walked in darkness.

I felt I could complain to the committee.

Oh, you selfish young zany of a man, after all you have said to her, won't you make it up and let me return to my coffee? Not he.

Little nursery governess, I appeal to you. Annoying girl, be joyous as of old during the five minutes of the day when you are anything to me, and for the rest of the time, so far as I am concerned, you may be as wretched as you list. Show some courage. I assure you he must be a very bad painter; only the other day I saw him looking longingly into the window of a cheap Italian restaurant, and in the end he had to crush down his aspirations with two penny scones.

You can do better than that. Come, Mary.

All in vain. She wants to be loved; can't do without love from morning till night; never knew how little a woman needs till she lost that little. They are all like this.

Zounds, madam, if you are resolved to be a drooping little figure till you die, you might at least do it in another street.

Not only does she maliciously depress me by walking past on ordinary days, but I have discovered that every Thursday from two to three she stands afar off, gazing hopelessly at the romantic post-office where she and he shall meet no more. In these windy days she is like a homeless leaf blown about by passers-by.

There is nothing I can do except thunder at William.

At last she accomplished her unworthy ambition. It was a wet Thursday, and from the window where I was writing letters I saw the forlorn soul taking up her position at the top of the street: in a blast of fury I rose with the one letter I had completed, meaning to write the others in my chambers. She had driven me from the club.

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I had turned out of Pall Mall into a side street, when whom should I strike against but her false swain! It was my fault, but I hit out at him savagely, as I always do when I run into anyone in the street. Then I looked at him. He was hollow-eyed; he was muddy; there was not a *haw* left in him. I never saw a more abject young man; he had not even the spirit to resent the testy stab I had given him with my umbrella. But this is the important thing: he was glaring wistfully at the post-office and thus in a twink I saw that he still adored my little nursery governess. Whatever had been their quarrel he was as anxious to make it up as she, and perhaps he had been here every Thursday while she was round the corner in Pall Mall, each watching the post-office for an apparition. But from where they hovered neither could see the other.

I think what I did was quite clever. I dropped my letter unseen at his feet, and sauntered back to the club. Of course, a gentleman who finds a letter on the pavement feels bound to post it, and I presumed that he would naturally go to the nearest office.

With my hat on I strolled to the smoking-room window, and was just in time to see him posting my letter across the way. Then I looked for the little nursery governess. I saw her as woe-begone as ever; then, suddenly—oh, you poor little soul, and has it really been as bad as that!

She was crying outright, and he was holding both her hands. It was a disgraceful exhibition. The young painter would evidently explode if he could not make use of his arms. She must die if she could not lay her head upon his breast. I must admit that he rose to the occasion; he hailed a hansom.

"William," said I gayly, "coffee, cigarette, and cherry brandy."

As I sat there watching that old play David plucked my sleeve to ask what I was looking at so deedily; and when I told him he ran eagerly to the window, but he reached it just too late to see the lady who was to become his mother. What I told him of her doings, however, interested him greatly; and he intimated rather shyly that he was acquainted with the man who said, "Haw-haw-*haw*." On the other hand, he irritated me by betraying an idiotic interest in the two children, whom he seemed to regard as the hero and heroine of the story. What were their names? How old were they? Had they both hoops? Were they iron hoops, or just wooden hoops? Who gave them their hoops?

"You don't seem to understand, my boy," I said tartly, "that had I not dropped that letter, there would never have been a little boy called David A——." But instead of being appalled by this he asked, sparkling, whether I meant that he would still be a bird flying about in the Kensington Gardens.

David knows that all children in our part of London were once birds in the Kensington Gardens; and that the reason there are bars on nursery windows and a tall fender by the fire is because very little people sometimes forget that they have no longer wings, and try to fly away through the window or up the chimney.

Children in the bird stage are difficult to catch. David knows that many people have none, and his delight on a summer afternoon is to go with me to some spot in the Gardens where these unfortunates may be seen trying to catch one with small pieces of bun.

That the birds know what would happen if they were caught, and are even a little undecided about which is the better life, is obvious to every student of them. Thus, if you leave your empty perambulator under the trees and watch from a distance, you will see the birds boarding it and hopping about from pillow to blanket in a twitter of excitement; they are trying to find out how babyhood would suit them.

Quite the prettiest sight in the Gardens is when the babies stray from the tree where the nurse is sitting and are seen feeding the birds, not a grown-up near them. It is first a bit to me and then a bit to you, and all the time such a jabbering and laughing from both sides of the railing. They are comparing notes and inquiring for old friends, and so on; but what they say I cannot determine, for when I approach they all fly away.

The first time I ever saw David was on the sward behind the Baby's Walk. He was a missel-thrush, attracted thither that hot day by a hose which lay on the ground sending forth a gay trickle of

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water, and David was on his back in the water, kicking up his legs. He used to enjoy being told of this, having forgotten all about it, and gradually it all came back to him, with a number of other incidents that had escaped my memory, though I remember that he was eventually caught by the leg with a long string and a cunning arrangement of twigs near the Round Pond. He never tires of this story, but I notice that it is now he who tells it to me rather than I to him, and when we come to the string he rubs his little leg as if it still smarted.

So when David saw his chance of being a missel-thrush again he called out to me quickly: "Don't drop the letter!" and there were tree-tops in his eyes.

"Think of your mother," I said, severely.

He said he would often fly in to see her. The first thing he would do would be to hug her. No, he would alight on the water-jug first, and have a drink.

"Tell her, father," he said with horrid heartlessness, "always to have plenty of water in it, 'cos if I had to lean down too far I might fall in and be drownded."

"Am I not to drop the letter, David? Think of your poor mother without her boy!"

It affected him, but he bore up. When she was asleep, he said, he would hop on to the frilly things of her night-gown and peck at her mouth.

"And then she would wake up, David, and find that she had only a bird instead of a boy."

This shock to Mary was more than he could endure. "You can drop it," he said with a sigh. So I dropped the letter, as I think I have already mentioned, and that is how it all began.

III

HER MARRIAGE, HER CLOTHES, HER APPETITE, AND AN INVENTORY OF HER FURNITURE

A WEEK or two after I dropped the letter I was in a hansom on my way to certain barracks when loud above the city's roar I heard that accursed haw-haw-*haw*, and there they were, the two of them, just coming out of a shop where you may obtain pianos on the hire system. I had the merest glimpse of them, but there was an extraordinary rapture on her face, and his head was thrown proudly back, and all because they had been ordering a piano on the hire system.

So they were to be married directly. It was all rather contemptible, but I passed on tolerantly, for it is only when she is unhappy that this woman disturbs me, owing to a clever way she has at such times of looking more fragile than she really is.

When next I saw them, they were gazing greedily into the window of the sixpenny-halfpenny shop, which is one of the most deliciously dramatic spots in London. Mary was taking notes feverishly on a slip of paper while he did the adding up, and in the end they went away gloomily without buying anything. I was in high feather. "Match abandoned, ma'am," I said to myself; "outlook hopeless; another visit to the Governesses' Agency inevitable; can't marry for want of a kitchen shovel."

But I was imperfectly acquainted with the lady.

A few days afterwards I found myself walking behind her. There is something artful about her skirts by which I always know her, though I can't say what it is. She was carrying an enormous parcel that might have been a bird-cage wrapped in brown paper, and she took it into a bric-a-brac shop and came out without it. She then ran rather than walked in the direction of the sixpenny-halfpenny shop. Now mystery of any kind is detestable to me, and I went into the bric-a-brac shop, ostensibly to look at the cracked china; and there, still on the counter, with the wrapping torn off it, was the article Mary had sold in order to furnish on the proceeds. What do you think it was? It was a wonderful doll's house, with dolls at tea downstairs and dolls going to bed upstairs, and a doll showing a doll out at the front door. Loving lips had long ago licked most of the paint off, but otherwise the thing was in admirable preservation; obviously the joy of Mary's childhood, it had now been sold by her that she might get married.

"Lately purchased by us," said the shopwoman, seeing me look at the toy,

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" from a lady who has no further use for it."

I think I have seldom been more indignant with Mary. I bought the doll's house, and as they knew the lady's address (it was at this shop that I first learned her name) I instructed them to send it back to her with the following letter, which I wrote in the shop : " Dear madam, don't be ridiculous. You will certainly have further use for this. I am, etc., the Man Who Dropped the Letter."

It pained me afterward, but too late to rescind the order, to reflect that I had sent her a wedding present ; and when next I saw her she had been married for some months. The time was nine o'clock of a November evening, and we were in a street of shops that has not in twenty years decided whether to be genteel or frankly vulgar ; here it minces in the fashion, but take a step onward and its tongue is in the cup of the ice-cream man. I usually rush this street, which is not far from my rooms, with the glass down, but to-night I was walking. Mary was in front of me, leaning in a somewhat foolish way on the haw-er, and they were chatting excitedly. She seemed to be remonstrating with him for going forward, yet more than half admiring him for not turning back, and I wondered why.

And after all what was it that Mary and her painter had come out to do? To buy two pork chops. On my honor. She had been trying to persuade him, I decided, that they were living too lavishly. That was why she sought to draw him back. But in her heart she loves audacity, and that is why she admired him for pressing forward.

No sooner had they bought the chops than they scurried away like two gleeful children to cook them. I followed, hoping to trace them to their home, but they soon out-distanced me, and that night I composed the following aphorism : It is idle to attempt to overtake a pretty young woman carrying pork chops. I was now determined to be done with her. First, however, to find out their abode, which was probably within easy distance of the shop. I even conceived them lured into taking their house by the advertisement, " Conveniently situated for the Pork Emporium."

Well, one day—now this really is romantic and I am rather proud of it. My chambers are on the second floor, and are backed by an anxiously polite street between which and mine are little yards called, I think, gardens. They are so small that if you have the tree your neighbor has the shade from it. I was looking out at my back window on the day we have come to when whom did I see but the whilom nursery governess sitting on a chair in one of these gardens. I put up my eye-glass to make sure, and undoubtedly it was she. But she sat there doing nothing, which was by no means my conception of the jade, so I brought a field-glass to bear and discovered that the object was merely a lady's jacket. It hung on the back of a kitchen chair, seemed to be a furry thing, and, I must suppose, was suspended there for an airing.

I was chagrined, and then I insisted stoutly with myself that, as it was not Mary, it must be Mary's jacket. I had never seen her wear such a jacket, mind you, yet I was confident, I can't tell why. Do clothes absorb a little of the character of their wearer, so that I recognized this jacket by a certain coquetry ? If she has a way with her skirts that always advertises me of her presence, quite possibly she is as cunning with jackets. Or perhaps she is her own seamstress, and puts in little tucks of herself.

Figure it what you please ; but I beg to inform you that I put on my hat and five minutes afterward saw Mary and her husband emerge from the house to which I had calculated that garden belonged. Now am I clever, or am I not ?

When they had left the street I examined the house leisurely, and a droll house it is. Seen from the front it appears to consist of a door and a window, though above them the trained eye may detect another window, the air-hole of some apartment which it would be just like Mary's grandiloquence to call her bedroom. The houses on each side of this bandbox are tall, and I discovered later that it had once been an open passage to the back gardens. The story and a half of which it consists had been knocked up cheaply, by carpenters I should say rather than masons, and the general effect is of a brightly colored van that has

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stuck for ever on its way through the passage.

The low houses of London look so much more homely than the tall ones that I never pass them without dropping a blessing on their builders, but this house was ridiculous; indeed it did not call itself a house, for over the door was a board with the inscription "This space to be sold," and I remembered, as I rang the bell, that this notice had been up for years. On avowing that I wanted a space, I was admitted by an elderly, somewhat dejected looking female, whose fine figure was not on scale with her surroundings. Perhaps my face said so, for her first remark was explanatory.

"They get me cheap," she said, "because I drink."

I bowed, and we passed on to the drawing-room. I forget whether I have described Mary's personal appearance, but if so you have a picture of that sunny drawing-room. My first reflection was, How can she have found the money to pay for it all! which is always your first reflection when you see Mary herself a-tripping down the street.

I have no space (in that little room) to catalogue all the whim-whams with which she had made it beautiful, from the hand-sewn bell-rope which pulled no bell to the hand-painted cigar-box that contained no cigars. The floor was of a delicious green with exquisite oriental rugs, green and white, I think, was the lady's scheme of color, something cool, you observe, to keep the sun under. The window-curtains were of some rare material and the color of the purple clematis; they swept the floor grandly and suggested a picture of Mary receiving visitors. The piano we may ignore, for I knew it to be hired, but there were many dainty pieces, mostly in green wood, a sofa, a corner cupboard, and a most captivating desk, which was so like its owner that it could have sat down at her and dashed off a note. The writing paper on this desk had the word Mary printed on it, implying that if there were other Marys they didn't count. There were many oil-paintings on the walls, mostly without frames, and I must mention the chandelier, which was obviously of fabulous worth, for she had encased it in a holland bag.

"I perceive, ma'am," said I to the stout maid, "that your master is in affluent circumstances."

She shook her head emphatically, and said something that I failed to catch.

"You wish to indicate," I hazarded, "that he married a fortune."

This time I caught the words. They were "Tinned meats," and having uttered them she lapsed into gloomy silence.

"Nevertheless," I said, "this room must have cost a pretty penny."

"She done it all herself," replied my new friend, with concentrated scorn.

"But this green floor, so beautifully stained——"

"Boiling oil," said she, with a flush of honest shame, "and a shillingsworth o' paint."

"Those rugs——"

"Remnants," she sighed, and showed me how artfully they had been pieced together.

"The curtains——"

"Remnants."

"At all events the sofa——"

She raised its drapery, and I saw that the sofa was built of packing cases.

"The desk——"

I really thought that I was safe this time, for could I not see the drawers with their brass handles, the charming shelf for books, the pigeon-holes with their coverings of silk?

"She made it out of three orange boxes," said the lady, at last a little awed herself.

I looked around me despairingly, and my eye alighted on the holland covering. "There is a fine chandelier in that holland bag," I said coaxingly.

She sniffed and was raising an untender hand, when I checked her. "Forbear, ma'am," I cried with authority, "I prefer to believe in that bag. How much to be pitied, ma'am, are those who have lost faith in everything." I think all the pretty things that the little nursery governess had made out of nothing squeezed my hand for letting the chandelier off. They had been crying: "We thought ourselves so smart until you lifted the covers and showed us our ribs."

"But, good God, ma'am," said I to madam, "what an exposure."

She intimated that there were other exposures upstairs.

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"So there is a stair," said I, and then, suspiciously, "did she make it?"

No, but how she had altered it.

The stair led to Mary's bedroom, and I said I would not look at that, nor at the studio, which was a shed in the garden.

"Did she build the studio with her own hands?"

No, but how she had altered it.

"How she alters everything," I said. "Do you think you are safe, ma'am?"

She thawed a little under my obvious sympathy and honored me with some of her views and confidences. The rental paid by Mary and her husband was not, it appeared, one on which any self-respecting domestic could reflect with pride. They got the house very cheap on the understanding that they were to vacate it promptly if anyone bought it for building purposes, and because they paid so little they had to submit to the indignity of the notice-board. Mary A—— detested the words "This space to be sold," and had been known to shake her fist at them. She was as elated about her house as if it were a real house, and always trembled when any possible purchaser of spaces called.

As I have told you my own aphorism I feel I ought in fairness to record that of this aggrieved servant. It was on the subject of art. "The difficulty," she said, "is not to paint pictures, but to get frames for them." A home thrust this.

She could not honestly say that she thought much of her master's work. Nor, apparently, did any other person. Result, tinned meats.

Yes, one person thought a deal of it, or pretended to do so; was constantly flinging up her hands in delight over it; had even been caught whispering fiercely to a friend, "Praise it, praise it, praise it!" This was when the painter was sunk in gloom. Never, as I could well believe, was such a one as Mary for luring a man back to cheerfulness.

"A dangerous woman," I said, with a shudder, and fell to examining a painting over the mantelshelf. It was a portrait of a man, and had impressed me favorably because it was framed.

"A friend of hers," my guide informed me, "but I never seed him."

I would have turned away from it, had not an inscription on the picture drawn me nearer. It was in a lady's handwriting, and these were the words: "Fancy portrait of our dear unknown." Could it be meant for me? I cannot tell you how interested I suddenly became.

It represented a very fine-looking fellow, indeed, and not a day more than thirty.

"A friend of hers, ma'am, did you say?" I asked quite shakily. "How do you know that, if you have never seen him?"

"When master was painting of it," she said, "in the studio, he used to come running in here to say to her such like as, 'What color would you make his eyes?'"

"And her reply, ma'am?" I asked eagerly.

"She said, 'Beautiful blue eyes.' And he said, 'You wouldn't make it a handsome face, would you?' and she says, 'A very handsome face.' And says he, 'Middle-aged?' and says she, 'Twenty-nine.' And I mind him saying, 'A little bald on the top?' and she says, says she, 'Not at all.'"

The dear, grateful girl, not to make me bald on the top.

"I have seed her kiss her hand to that picture," said the maid.

Fancy Mary kissing her hand to me! Oh, the pretty love!

Pooh!

I was staring at the picture, cogitating what insulting message I could write on it, when I heard the woman's voice again. "I think she has known him since she were a babby," she was saying, "for this here was a present he give her."

She was on her knees drawing the doll's house from beneath the sofa, where it had been hidden away; and immediately I thought, "I shall slip the insulting message into this." But I did not, and I shall tell you why. It was because the engaging toy had been redecorated by loving hands; there were fresh gowns for all the inhabitants, and the paint on the furniture was scarcely dry. The little doll's house was almost ready for further use.

I looked at the maid, but her face was expressionless. "Put it back," I said, ashamed to have surprised Mary's pretty secret, and I left the house dejectedly, with a profound conviction that the little nursery governess had hooked on to me again.

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IV

A NIGHT-PIECE

THERE came a night when the husband was alone in that street waiting. He can do nothing for you now, little nursery governess, you must fight it out by yourself; when there are great things to do in the house the man must leave. Oh, man, selfish, indelicate, coarse-grained at the best, thy woman's hour has come; get thee gone.

He slouches from the house, always her true lover I do believe, chivalrous, brave, a boy until to-night; but was he ever unkind to her? It is the unpardonable sin now; is there the memory of an unkindness to stalk the street with him to-night? And if not an unkindness, still might he not sometimes have been a little kinder?

Shall we make a new rule of life from to-night: always to try to be a little kinder than is necessary?

Poor youth, she would come to the window if she were able, I am sure, to sign that the one little unkindness is long forgotten, to send you a reassuring smile till you and she meet again; and, if you are not to meet again, still to send you a reassuring, trembling smile.

Ah, no, that was for yesterday; it is too late now. He wanders the street thinking of her to-night, but she has forgotten him. In her great hour the man is nothing to the woman; their love is trivial now.

He and I were on opposite sides of the street, now become familiar ground to both of us, and divers pictures rose before me in which Mary A—— walked. Here was the morning after my only entry into her house. The agent had promised me to have the obnoxious notice-board removed, but I apprehended that as soon as the letter announcing his intention reached her she would remove it herself, and when I passed by in the morning there she was on a chair and a foot-stool pounding lustily at it with a hammer. When it fell she gave it such a vicious little kick.

There were the nights when her husband came out to watch for the postman. I suppose he was awaiting some letter big with the fate of a picture. He dogged the postman from door to door like an assassin or a guardian angel; never had he the courage to ask if there was a letter for him, but almost as it fell into the box he had it out and tore it open, and then if the door closed despairingly the woman who had been at the window all this time pressed her hand to her heart. But if the news was good they might emerge presently and strut off arm in arm in the direction of the pork emporium.

One last picture. On summer evenings I had caught glimpses of them through the open window, when she sat at the piano singing and playing to him. Or while she played with one hand, she flung out the other for him to grasp. She was so joyously happy, and she had such a romantic mind. I conceived her so sympathetic that she always laughed before he came to the joke, and I am sure she had filmy eyes from the very start of a pathetic story.

And so, laughing and crying, and haunted by whispers, the little nursery governess had gradually become another woman, glorified, mysterious. I suppose a man soon becomes used to the great change, and cannot recall a time when there were no babes sprawling in his Mary's face.

I am trying to conceive what were the thoughts of the young husband on the other side of the street. "If the barrier is to be crossed to-night may I not go with her? She is not so brave as you think her. When she talked so gayly a few hours ago, O my God, did she deceive even you?"

Plain questions to-night. "Why should it all fall on her? What is the man that he should be flung out into the street in this terrible hour? You have not been fair to the man."

Poor boy, his wife has quite forgotten him and his trumpery love. If she lives she will come back to him, but if she dies she will die triumphant and serene. Life and death, the child and the mother, are ever meeting as the one draws into harbor and the other sets sail. They exchange a bright "All's well" and pass on.

But afterwards?

The only ghosts, I believe, who creep into this world, are dead young mothers, returned to see how their children fare.

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There is no other inducement great enough to bring the departed back. They glide into the acquainted room when day and night, their jailers, are in the grip, and whisper, "How is it with you, my child?" but always, lest a strange face should frighten him, they whisper it so low that he may not hear. They bend over him to see that he sleeps peacefully, and replace his sweet arm beneath the coverlet, and they open the drawers to count how many little vests he has. They love to do these things.

What is saddest about ghosts is that they may not know their child. They expect him to be just as he was when they left him, and they are easily bewildered, and search for him from room to room, and hate the unknown boy he has become. Poor, passionate souls, they may even do him an injury. These are the ghosts that go wailing about old houses, and foolish wild stories are invented to explain what is all so pathetic and simple. I know of a man who, after wandering far, returned to his early home to pass the evening of his days in it, and sometimes from his chair by the fire he saw the door open softly and a woman's face appear. She always looked at him very vindictively, and then vanished. Strange things happened in this house. Windows were opened in the night. The curtains of his bed were set fire to. A step on the stair was loosened. The covering of an old well in a corridor where he walked was cunningly removed. And when he fell ill the wrong potion was put in the glass by his bedside, and he died. How could the pretty young mother know that this grizzled interloper was the child of whom she was in search?

All our notions about ghosts are wrong. It is nothing so petty as lost wills or deeds of violence that brings them back, and we are not nearly so afraid of them as they are of us.

One by one the lights of the street went out, but still a lamp burned steadily in the little window across the way. I know not how it happened, whether I had crossed first to him or he to me, but, after being for a long time as the echo of each other's steps, we were together now. I can have had no desire to deceive him, but some reason was needed to account for my vigil, and I may have said something that he misconstrued, for above my words he was always listening for other sounds. But however it came about he had conceived the idea that I was an outcast for a reason similar to his own, and I let his mistake pass, it seemed to matter so little and to draw us together so naturally. We talked together of many things, of worldly ambition. For long ambition has been like an ancient memory to me, some glorious day recalled from my springtime, so much a thing of the past that I must make a railway journey to revisit it as to look upon the pleasant fields in which that scene was laid. But he had been ambitious yesterday.

I mentioned worldly ambition. "Good God!" he said with a shudder.

There was a clock hard by that struck the quarters, and one o'clock passed and two. What time is it now? Twenty past two. And now? It is still twenty past two.

I asked him about his relatives, and neither he nor she had any. "We have a friend—" he began and paused, and then rambled into a not very understandable story about a letter and a doll's house and some unknown man who had bought one of his pictures, or was supposed to have done so, in a curiously clandestine manner. I could not quite follow the story.

"It is she who insists that it is always the same person," he said. "She thinks he will make himself known to me if anything happens to her." His voice suddenly went husky. "She told me," he said, "if she died and I discovered him, to give him her love."

At this we parted abruptly, as we did at intervals throughout the night, to drift together again presently. He tried to tell me of some things she had asked him to do should she not get over this, but what they were I know not, for they engulfed him at the first step. He would draw back from them as ill-omened things, and next moment he was going over them to himself like a child at lessons. A child! In that short year she had made him entirely dependent on her. It is ever thus with women: their first deliberate act is to make their husband helpless. There are few men happily married who can knock in a nail.

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But it was not of this that I was thinking. I was wishing I had not degenerated so much.

Well, as you know, the little nursery governess did not die. At eighteen minutes to four we heard the rustle of David's wings. He boasts about it to this day, and has the hour to a syllable as if the first thing he ever did was to look at the clock.

An oldish gentleman had opened the door and waved congratulations to my companion, who immediately butted at me, drove me against a wall, hesitated for a second with his head down as if in doubt whether to toss me, and then rushed away. I followed slowly. I shook him by the hand, but by this time he was haw-haw-*haw*ing so abominably that a disgust of him swelled up within me, and with it a passionate desire to jeer once more at Mary A——.

"It is little she will care for you now," I said to the fellow; "I know the sort of woman; her intellectuals (which are all she has to distinguish her from the brutes) are so imperfectly developed that she will be a crazy thing about that boy for the next three years. She has no longer occasion for you, my dear sir; you are like a picture painted out."

But I question whether he heard me. I returned to my home. Home! As if one alone can build a nest. How often as I have ascended the stairs that lead to my lonely, sumptuous rooms, have I paused to listen to the hilarity of the servants below. That morning I could not rest: I wandered from chamber to chamber, followed by my great dog, and all were alike empty and desolate. I had nearly finished a cigar when I thought I heard a pebble strike the window, and looking out I saw David's father standing beneath. I had told him that I lived in this street, and I suppose my lights had guided him to my window.

"I could not lie down," he called up hoarsely, "until I heard your news. Is it all right?"

For a moment I failed to understand him. Then I said sourly: "Yes, all is right."

"Both doing well?" he inquired.

"Both," I answered, and all the time I was trying to shut the window. It was undoubtedly a kindly impulse that had brought him out, but I was nevertheless in a passion with him.

"Boy or girl?" persisted the dodderer with ungentlemanlike curiosity.

"Boy," I said, very furiously.

"Splendid," he called out, and I think he added something else, but by that time I had closed the window with a slam.

V

THE FIGHT FOR TIMOTHY

MARY'S poor pretentious babe screamed continually, with a note of exultation in his din, as if he thought he was devoting himself to a life of pleasure, and often the last sound I heard as I got me out of the street was his haw-haw-*haw*, delivered triumphantly as if it were some entirely new thing, though he must have learned it like a parrot. I had not one tear for the woman, but Poor father, thought I; to know that every time your son is happy you are betrayed. Phew, a nauseous draught.

I have the acquaintance of a deliciously pretty girl, who is always sulky, and the thoughtless beseech her to be bright, not witting wherein lies her heroism. She was born the merriest of maids, but, being a student of her face, learned anon that sulkiness best becomes it, and so she has struggled and prevailed. A woman's history. Brave Margaret, when night falls and thy hair is down, dost thou return, I wonder, to thy natural state, or, dreading the shadow of indulgence, sleepest thou even sulkily?

But will a male child do as much for his father? This remains to be seen, and so, after waiting several months, I decided to buy David a rocking-horse. My St. Bernard dog accompanied me, though I have always been diffident of taking him to toy-shops, which over-excite him. Hitherto the toys I had bought had always been for him, and as we durst not admit this to the saleswoman we were both horribly self-conscious when in the shop. A score of times I have told him that he had much better not come, I have

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announced fiercely that he is not to come. He then lets go of his legs, which is how a St. Bernard sits down, making the noise of a sack of coals suddenly deposited, and, laying his head between his front paws, stares at me through the red haws that make his eyes so mournful. He will do this for an hour without blinking, for he knows that in time it will unman me. My dog knows very little, but what little he does know he knows extraordinarily well. One can get out of my chambers by a back way, and I sometimes steal softly—but I can't help looking back, and there he is, and there are those haws asking sorrowfully, "Is this worthy of you?"

"Curse you," I say, "get your hat," or words to that effect.

He has even been to the club, where he waddles up the stairs so exactly like some respected member that he makes everybody most uncomfortable. I forget how I became possessor of him. I think I cut him out of an old number of *Punch*. He costs me as much as an eight-roomed cottage in the country.

He was a full-grown dog when I first, most foolishly, introduced him to toys. I had bought a toy in the street for my own amusement. It represented a woman, a young mother, flinging her little son over her head with one hand and catching him in the other, and I was entertaining myself on my hearth-rug with this pretty domestic scene when I heard an unwonted sound from Porthos, and, looking up, I saw that noble and melancholic countenance on the broad grin. I shuddered and was for putting the toy away at once, but he sternly struck down my arm with his, and signed that I was to continue. The unmanly chuckle always came, I found, when the poor lady dropped her babe, but the whole thing entranced him; he tried to keep his excitement down by taking huge draughts of water; he forgot all his niceties of conduct; he sat in holy rapture with the toy between his paws, took it to bed with him, ate it in the night, and searched for it so longingly next day that I had to go out and buy him the man with the scythe. After that we had everything of note, the bootblack boy, the toper with bottle, the woolly rabbit that squeaks when you hold it in your mouth; they all vanished as inexplicably as the lady, but I dared not tell him my suspicions, for he suspected also and his gentle heart would have mourned had I confirmed his fears.

The dame in the temple of toys which we frequent thinks I want them for a little boy and calls him "the precious" and "the lamb," the while Porthos is standing gravely by my side. She is a motherly soul, but over-talkative.

"And how is the dear lamb to-day?" she begins, beaming.

"Well, ma'am, well," I say, keeping tight grip of his collar.

"This blighty weather is not affecting his darling appetite?"

"No, ma'am, not at all." (She would be considerably surprised if informed that he dined to-day on a sheepshead, a loaf, and three cabbages, and is suspected of a leg of mutton.)

"I hope he loves his toys?"

"He carries them about with him everywhere, ma'am." (Has the one we bought yesterday with him now, though you might not think it to look at him.)

"What do you say to a box of tools this time?"

"I think not, ma'am."

"Is the deary fond of digging?"

"Very partial to digging." (We shall find the leg of mutton some day.)

"Then perhaps a weeny spade and a pail?"

She got me to buy a model of Canterbury Cathedral once, she was so insistent, and Porthos gave me his mind about it when we got home. He detests the Kindergarten system, and as she is absurdly prejudiced in its favor we have had to try other shops. We went to the Lowther Arcade for the rocking horse. Dear Lowther Arcade! Ofttimes have we wandered agape among thy enchanted palaces, Porthos and I, David and I, David and Porthos and I. I have heard that thou art vulgar, but I cannot see how, unless it be that tattered children haunt thy portals, those awful yet smiling entrances to so much joy. To the Arcade there are two entrances, and with much to be sung in laudation of that which opens from the Strand I yet on the whole prefer the other as the more truly romantic, because it is there the tattered ones congregate, waiting to see the Davids emerge with the

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magic lamp. We have always a penny for them, and I have known them, before entering the Arcade with it, retire (but whither ?) to wash ; surely the prettiest of all the compliments that are paid to the home of toys.

And now, O Arcade, so much fairer than thy West End brother, we are told that thou art doomed, anon to be turned into an eatinghouse or a hive for usurers, something rankly useful. All thy delights are under notice to quit. The Noah's arks are packed one within another, with clockwork horses harnessed to them ; the soldiers, knapsack on back, are kissing their hands to the dear foolish girls, who, however, will not be left behind them ; all the four-footed things gather round the elephant, who is overful of drawing-room furniture; the birds flutter their wings ; the man with the scythe mows his way through the crowd ; the balloons tug at their strings ; the ships rock under a swell of sail, everything is getting ready for the mighty exodus into the Strand. Tears will be shed.

So we bought the horse in the Lowther Arcade, Porthos, who thought it was for him, looking proud but uneasy, and it was sent to the bandbox house anonymously. About a week afterward I had the ill-luck to meet Mary's husband in Kensington, so I asked him what he had called his little girl.

" It is a boy," he replied, with intolerable good-humor, " we call him David."

And then with a singular lack of taste he wanted the name of my boy.

I flicked my glove. " Timothy," said I.

I saw a suppressed smile on his face, and said hotly that Timothy was as good a name as David. " I like it," he assured me, and expressed a hope that they would become friends. I boiled to say that I really could not allow Timothy to mix with boys of the David class, but I refrained, and listened coldly while he told me what David did when you said his toes were pigs going to market or returning from it, I forget which. He also boasted of David's weight (a subject about which we are uncommonly touchy at the club), as if children were for throwing forth for a wager.

But no more about Timothy. Gradually this vexed me. I felt what a forlorn little chap Timothy was, with no one to say a word for him, and I became his champion and hinted something about teething, but withdrew it when it seemed too surprising, and tried to get on to safer ground, such as bibs and general intelligence, but the painter fellow was so willing to let me have my say, and knew so much more about babies than is fitting for men to know, that I paled before him and wondered why the deuce he was listening to me so attentively.

You may remember a story he had told me about some anonymous friend. " His latest," said he now, " is to send David a rocking-horse !"

I must say I could see no reason for his mirth. " Picture it," said he, " a rocking-horse for a child not three months old !"

I was about to say fiercely : " The stirrups are adjustable," but thought it best to laugh with him. But I was pained to hear that Mary had laughed, though heaven knows I have often laughed at her.

" But women are odd," he said unexpectedly, and explained. It appears that in the middle of her merriment Mary had become grave and said to him quite haughtily, " I see nothing to laugh at." Then she had kissed the horse solemnly on the nose and said, " I wish he was here to see me do it." There are moments when one cannot help liking Mary.

But moments only, for the next thing he said put her in a particularly odious light. He informed me that she had sworn to hunt Mr. Anon down.

" She won't succeed," I said, sneering, but nervous.

" Then it will be her first failure," said he.

" But she knows nothing about the man."

" You would not say that if you heard her talking of him. She says he is a gentle, whimsical, lonely old bachelor."

" Old ? " I cried.

" Well, what she says is that he will soon be old if he doesn't take care. He is a bachelor at all events, and is very fond of children, but has never had one to play with."

" Could not play with a child though there was one," I said brusquely ; " has forgotten the way ; could stand and stare only."

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"Yes, if the parents were present. But he thinks that if he were alone with the child he could come out strong."

"How the deuce——" I began.

"That is what she says," he explained, apologetically. "I think she will prove to be too clever for him."

"Pooh," I said, but undoubtedly I felt a dizziness, and the next time I met him he quite frightened me. "Do you happen to know any one," he said, "who has a St. Bernard dog?"

"No," said I, picking up my stick.

"He has a St. Bernard dog."

"How have you found that out?"

"She has found it out."

"But how?"

"I don't know."

I left him at once, for Porthos was but a little way behind me. The mystery of it scared me, but I armed promptly for battle. I engaged a boy to walk Porthos in Kensington Gardens, and gave him these instructions: "Should you find yourself followed by a young woman wheeling a second-hand perambulator, instantly hand her over to the police on the charge of attempting to steal the dog."

Now then, Mary.

"By the way," her husband said at our next meeting, "that rocking horse I told you of cost three guineas."

"She has gone to the shop to ask?"

"No, not to ask that, but for a description of the purchaser's appearance."

Oh, Mary, Mary.

Here is the appearance of purchaser, as supplied at the Arcade:—looked like a military gentleman; tall, dark, and rather dressy; fine Roman nose (quite so), carefully trimmed mustache going gray (not at all); hair thin and thoughtfully distributed over the head like fiddlestrings, as if to make the most of it (pah!); dusted chair with handkerchief before sitting down on it, and had other old-maidish ways (I should like to know what they are); tediously polite, but no talker; bored face; age forty-five if a day (a lie); was accompanied by an enormous yellow dog with sore eyes. (They always think the haws are sore eyes.)

"Do you know anyone who is like that?" Mary's husband asked me innocently.

"My dear man," I said, "I know almost no one who is not like that," and it was true, so like each other do we grow at the club. I was pleased, on the whole, with this talk, for it at least showed me how she had come to know of the St. Bernard, but anxiety returned when one day from behind my curtains I saw Mary in my street with an inquiring eye on the windows. She stopped a nurse who was carrying a baby and went into pretended ecstasies over it. I was sure she also asked whether by any chance it was called Timothy. And if not, whether that nurse knew any other nurse who had charge of a Timothy.

Obviously Mary suspicioned me, but nevertheless, I clung to Timothy, though I wished fervently that I knew more about him; for I still met that other father occasionally, and he always stopped to compare notes about the boys. And the questions he asked were so intimate, how Timothy slept, how he woke up, how he fell off again, what we put in his bath. It is well that dogs and little boys have so much in common, for it was really of Porthos I told him; how he slept (peacefully), how he woke up (supposed to be subject to dreams), how he fell off again (with one little hand on his nose), but I glided past what we put in his bath (carbolic and a mop).

The man had not the least suspicion of me, and I thought it reasonable to hope that Mary would prove as generous. Yet was I straitened in my mind. For it might be that she was only biding her time to strike suddenly, and this attached me the more to Timothy, as if I feared she might soon snatch him from me. As was indeed to be the case.

(To be continued.)

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A BREAK IN TRAINING

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

THE Elder Halloway was speaking fast, and looking very hard at a white figure sweeping down the straightaway across the field.

"But, my dear Sherwood," he snapped, turning squarely at the trainer, "it's the only thing! If you don't——"

The Elder Halloway had held the record for his distance for seven years after he left college, and though he was old enough to see a young Halloway try in vain to get nearer than a second and two-fifths to his father's time, yet he still cared just as much as though at any moment he could throw off some thirty years as easily as he might his clothes, and jump again into the running. He was the sort of man who saw nothing to smile about when each spring he buckled about his straw hat his old track-team band. He could size up a flat-footed freshman just as a horseman sizes up a bandy-legged colt, and he knew more in a minute about the connotative and denotative significance of the word "fit" than this particular trainer would know in a lifetime.

The Elder Halloway was very enthusiastic and effervescent, and when he stopped talking it meant that he was perplexed. When he twirled his watch-chain it meant that he was worried. On this occasion, as the figure rounded the lower turn, so that the moving limbs were thrown out clean and sharp against the dark green of the trees, the Elder Halloway stopped talking, took his watch from the outside pocket of his Norfolk jacket, and, with much vigor, yet quite abstractedly, began to whirl the chain round and round his right forefinger. The cause of the Elder Halloway's agitation was young Mr. Davis, who ran the half-mile.

Davis was rounding the lower turn of a "three-eighths" trial, and performing badly. For a youth who had occasionally been known as the "Great," who had a faded initial on his shirt, and the prospect of running, within four days, what was to be, in all human likelihood, the last race of his life, he was doing very badly indeed. Every eye was on him. He could see the fielders, on the green inside the cinder-path, pause, and he noticed that the crack of the cricket-bat from the practice-crease over beneath the Willows ceased as he swept by. Away up at the finish-line he could see the trainer standing, watch in hand; near him a pole-vaulter leaned on his pole, his clothing a chalk-white in the sunlight; and all about, the half-dressed men, who had run or were waiting for their trials, stared down toward him with the same critical and deferential gaze that they would have bestowed on the action of a coach-horse, or the wake of a racing yacht. Most of this he saw out of the corner of his eye, and the rest he felt, because he had been there so many times before; yet, though he went through the motions of his beautiful stride, young Mr. Davis knew—and gritted his teeth at the horrid truth of it—that he hated that track, hated his task, and had in him that moment no more of the spirit of the race than a mule in a dusty treadmill.

The spring and lift were all gone out of him. Even the turn, with his body leaning inward and his legs eating up twenty-three feet of the track a second, thrilled him no more than the lazy gait of a two-mile jog. He couldn't get his back into it. Running only from his legs down, he seemed to be carrying his body as he would an over-loaded knapsack. As he bore down to the finish of the quarter, and knew that from where the trainer stood, on to the last "two-twenty," he must spurt, he shrank inwardly, as a tired man shrinks from bracing up to an ice-cold plunge.

The apathetic "Move up a little, now!"

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in the trainer's irritating voice, rasped him as he passed between the rows of eyes, and, squeezing his pace up another notch, he pounded on. Theoretically, he was merely "letting out" a bit—this wasn't a race—but he realized, only too sickeningly, that his arms were coming up; that there was a weakish bending in the small of his back; that his head was crooking over to one shoulder, with the cords of his neck drawn taut on the other side—that, to put it straight, he was "finishing on what he had left." Too far gone to ease his legs gradually to a walk, he stopped short as he passed the stone mark. And as he walked slowly back across the field to get his sweater, a nasty sort of headachy pain began to creep up the back of his head and over his eyes.

Now, when a half-miler goes back on a three-eighths trial, something is out of joint. It is so alluring a distance. When you're sent over a quarter you must, for the moment, become a sprinter, and your red-hot fifty-four seconds or so looks dufferish enough beside the "fifty flat," or better, of the racing quarter-miler. A whole half-mile trial comes too seldom, and is too stupendous an event to be considered lightly. But when you do a three-eighths trial in 1.27, with the last furlong slipped out in 28 seconds, it looks like mere play to finish out those last 220 yards in 30 seconds more, and—*voila!* You've beaten even time! And here was young Davis stumping back to his trainer, the Tantalus-tremble all gone out of him, and the black thought of what would have come had *this* been a race, and had he finished it out, grinding hard in his brain.

"That was all right," said the trainer, in that slow, grieved, forbearing tone of his that was enough to demagnetize a storage battery, and that said a heap sight plainer than any words that it wasn't at all all right. "Don't–a–be afraid of letting yourself out, you know. Only four days more." He was a good trainer in some ways, but he knew nothing of fourth dimensions. "Going to give you some good stiff work tomorrow."

"But I—" Davis started quickly to speak in the nervous irritation at the thought of bracing up to another trial under the watch, then wheeled about and moved away toward the "gym," his spiked slippers dangling in his hand. As he tiptoed up the stone steps in his bare feet, the baseball squad—bronzed, bare-armed, rank with vigor and the zest of sport—clattered out upon him. He drew aside, grinning wanly as a man he knew, blatant in his coppery bloom, made a pass at him with a cleated shoe.

"Pish!" chirped the man, sweetly.

"Go *wan!*" grunted Davis, in a raucous voice, just as though he felt that way. And going a bit hollow inside as he thought how his words lied, he pattered into the empty, lonely "gym," where the sweet day was smothered in a thick atmosphere of oily leather and sweaty clothes.

The cold shower only irritated him. On the way to the training-table he caught sight of his room-mate, Longacre, and the rest of the crew-men, loafing across the square, in their flannels, fairly lazy with strength and saturated with the salt air and sunshine of their six-mile pull along the Charles. That rather rubbed it in. Pretending not to see, he turned sharply to the left and walked on toward Beck alone.

For dinner, in the lifeless sultry June twilight, there was warm tomato-soup and warm roast-beef and warm rice-pudding. And the plates were thick. And the freshman "miler" with the black wiry hair and the horse-teeth crunched and gnawed and licked his chops, and neighed for very joy of feeding. Over the unpadded jangling table glimmered a vision of a green arbor, from which one saw trees and a quiet river, of a snowy cloth, and things crisp, fruity, and cold—glimmered and vanished in the jangle. Davis sniffed, nibbled, and pushed away.

With nerves a bit on edge, very alert, sleepless, yet with the feverish stubbornness of the stale athlete sticking to his rules, he turned into bed as the clocks were tolling ten. It was very hot in the room, the straw matting smelled of heat, and over from the Square came the rising and the falling whirr of the trolley-cars as they swept toward and out from town. On the ceiling was a patch of yellow thrown there from the Yard lamp, and through the door as he lay there he could see, out beyond the open study window, the moonshine in the elms. Somewhere below Longacre—

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy

He felt that he must take her in his arms and run away with her —Page 182

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the crew hadn't begun strict training yet—and the rest were singing :

I ha-a-ve to go to be-e-ed by day—
And does—it not—seem hard—to you,
When all—the sky—is clear—and bloo-oo—

He stood it for a while, and then leaping out of bed he tiptoed to the front window and dashed out the contents of a water-pitcher. The torturers scattered, laughing, and with arms about each other's shoulders loafed away.

But after he had flung himself down again he could hear them, from far across the yard, mockingly fling back :

Hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me on the street—
And I—should like—so—so—o much—to play.
I have—to go—to be-e-ed—by day.

Davis didn't know that he had slept at all, until he noticed that the whirr of the trolley-cars had grown to the locust-like insistence of day. As he slouched out into the study he saw, on the carpet beneath the letter-slot, a small envelope, pale gray and blatantly feminine. He turned it over to see the writing. That Halloway girl! Wouldn't he come out that afternoon to do eighteen holes—yes, thirty-six if he had time—and spend the night, of course. He could run in the morning. He didn't deserve to be asked, but the family were going to sail in a week and—well, next year who could tell where he would be?

Young Davis got up and began to pace the floor. He put a cigarette in his mouth and lit a match before he caught himself. The last time he had seen that Halloway girl had been at three o'clock of a certain morning in the preceding February when, with the orchestra playing the tenth extra and her partner buttoning and unbuttoning his gloves on the sidelines, he had whirled her sixteen laps around the hall without a breathing space, and not surrendered her until the orchestra was half way through "Home, Sweet Home." He hadn't so much as written since. That was only because he was discreet.

Young Davis stared out at the Yard, and the robins and the sunlight now pouring over the roofs of the dormitories, and thought very hard. Then he walked into his room, and glared into the glass. It seemed that he looked very thin and old, and drawn and hollow about the eyes. He was still, you see, at that Grecian period when straightness of limb and bloom and what is vaguely known as a just-off-the-yacht air are deemed as quite the most important social assets. He dipped his head in a bowl of water, and brushed his hair, and looked again. Then he went into Longacre's room, where the great babe lay sleeping.

"Bob," said he, "wake up! Do you hear! Wake up!"

Longacre opened his sleepy eyes.

"Tell Sherwood," said he, "that I've run this morning; that I've been called into town; that I can't come out at four-thirty; that it's—it's very important."

"Uh!" grunted Longacre. "Get out—go along!" And he turned to the wall. Young Davis watched him for a moment, running his hands slowly through his hair. Then he scribbled a note, which he pinned on his room-mate's coat. That afternoon, a good hour before the first runner came down to the field, young Davis, first-string man in the half-mile, was alighting from a train at a station in the woods, with Cambridge twenty miles away.

She awaited him at the station, sitting alone in a yellow Hempstead cart, and hanging on for dear life to a bob-tailed cob, who declined uproariously to stand on more than two of his legs at a time. That eased matters.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "I do wish you'd hurry and take these reins! He wasn't meant for the road. He ought to have been born an equestrian statue!"

Davis took the reins. His knowledge of handling horses and driving elephants was about equally extensive, but he took them. Clop-clop-clop-clop they went spanking along the country road, with the hot summer air blown to coolness as it whizzed past their ears.

On this particular afternoon, contrary to her usual habit of going bare-headed, Miss Halloway wore some sort of filmy, pictury, hattish thing. The sun glimmered through it into little lights in her hair just the way it glimmers through leaves into the water. There was a light-blue-and-gold band of Persian embroidery which crossed her fawn-colored crash

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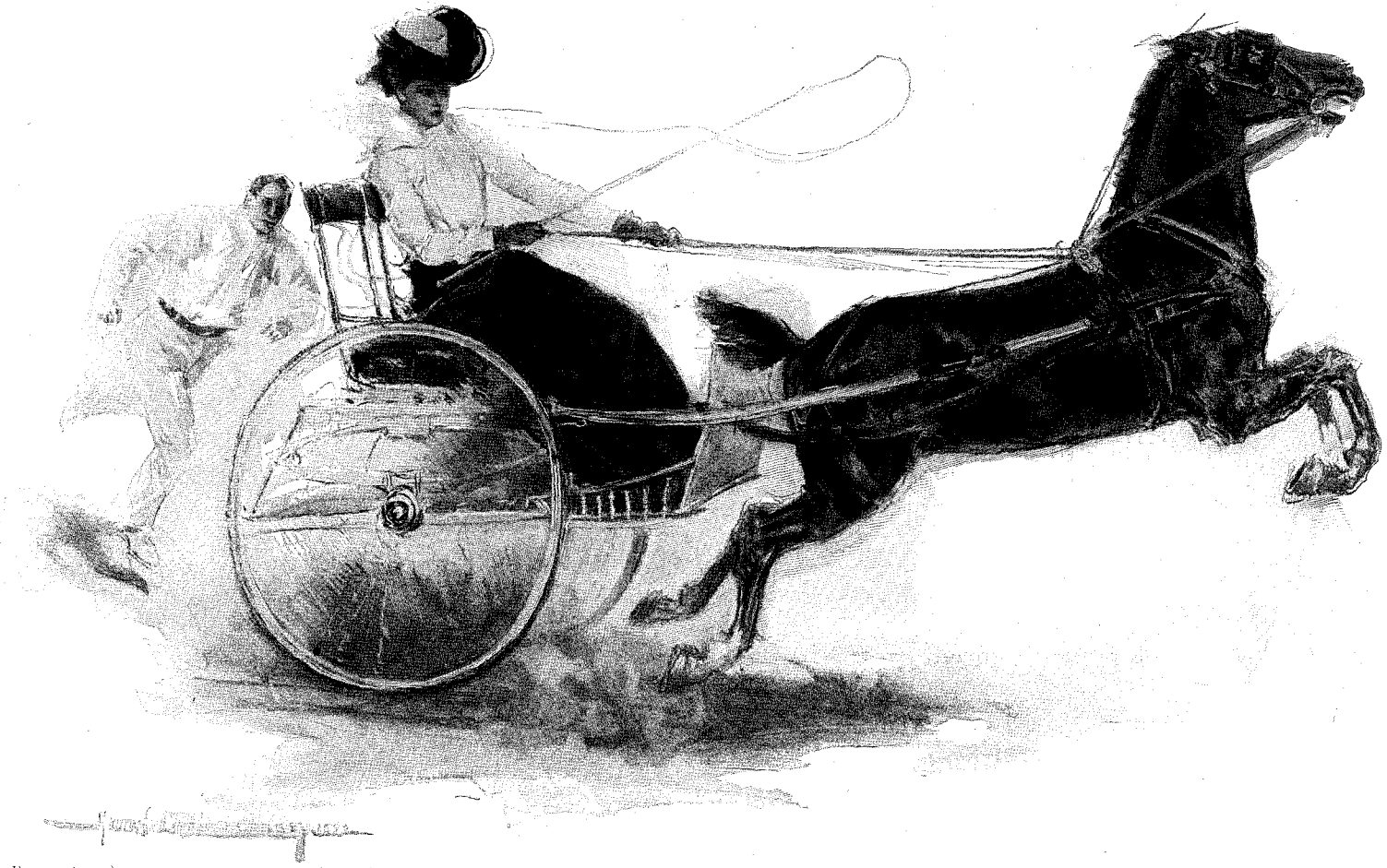

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

He leaped into his stride.—Page 185.

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waist just at the shoulders, and that looked as though it felt at home beneath the sun-pierced hat brim. From this band upward to the low, loose knot at the nape of Miss Halloway's neck was, as near as is humanly possible, a straight line. These and other details there were of a sort which no man, and particularly a very young man, who hadn't stayed out of bed later than strict training hours, danced, or been to a theatre for a couple of months, and who was rather hungry, could afford to neglect. And so, as they whirled round the gateway into the country-club grounds, the near wheel rasped against the gate-stone.

"Gracious!" remarked Miss Halloway, "You're as reckless as Uncle Jimmy!"

Davis laughed lightly, and turned his eyes to the front. Was it because he held the reins? He had a feeling—one that he had lost in those last few weeks—that he had the whip-hand,

"Tidy little beast," he observed, and he knew less of horses than he did of driving them. "Like 'em lively!"

When they walked down to the first tee everybody at the club-house followed to see the younger Miss Halloway drive off. It was, as Davis was well aware, generally regarded in the light of an event. Addressing with her usual precision, she swung freely, and, topping, sliced the ball a scant dozen yards, almost under the skirts of the gallery. The look which she tossed back to Davis would have been sufficient to send him alone through half a dozen Balaclavas. With the unerring skill of a man who had never had a driver in his hands but twice before, he proceeded to drive clean away over the bunker and within a dozen yards of the green. When he had run down a fifteen-foot put, and taken the hole in three to Miss Halloway's five, she leaned on the flag a moment and looked at him.

"You know Teddy Battell," she said. Davis knew Teddy Battell very well indeed.

"I had him out here the other day, and they all came down to watch us drive off. He was—well, *mine*, you understand? And I made about one hundred and fifty on the drive off the first tee. And he missed two strokes—and then—he broke a window in the basement of the club-house!"

"Teddy Battell," observed Davis, "has generally been very lucky." Miss Halloway's eyes flashed. In the ethics of the out-of-doors, a girl's guest has no right to be a duffer.

"There are some things," said Miss Halloway, "which can never be forgiven." Teddy Battell, it happened, was the chap who had waited that night until the orchestra had begun to play slowly on the last bars of "Home, Sweet Home."

They walked on in the warm sunshine. Young Davis had known the girl only as she sweetly reigned in that upper air where lights dazzled and music was playing. He had never seen her as he saw her now—so near, so real, so touchable, and then all at once so thrillingly Diana-like, as she swung for the drive with the rhythm-line sweeping down through her uplifted arms, across her breast, and out and away with a swirl from the tip of her wind-blown skirt. And even as his heart was leaping at the swift beauty of it he would drive—as only one can when one forgets—far, far beyond her best. It was rankly brutal. He could not seem to help it. And along with the masculine fun of it, as they strode on and on, there began to well up within him a sudden tremulous, half-tolerant tenderness.

On the home-stretch, as the afternoon was waning, he lost his ball. He began stamping back and forth through the dusty timothy and clover outside the fair-green, wondering what the girl would do. What she did was to drop her club and, up and back, swish-swish, come tramping after him. She wasn't merely strolling, or pecking at the grass, but trudging on and on as though she were a brother. And when he had given it up and started back to pick up his club, she just straightened up with the queerest look of half-quizzical appeal, aud brushed the hair from her eyes. He approached her. They had been together, it seemed to him, a long while now, and they somehow knew each other very well. The girl had unloosed her stock, and crumpled it in her golf-bag. She was warm, a wisp of hair brushed her cheek, and the timothy-seeds were on her neck and arms. It came over him very quickly. He felt that he must take her in his arms and run away with her—away and away and away over infinite velvet meadows walled with

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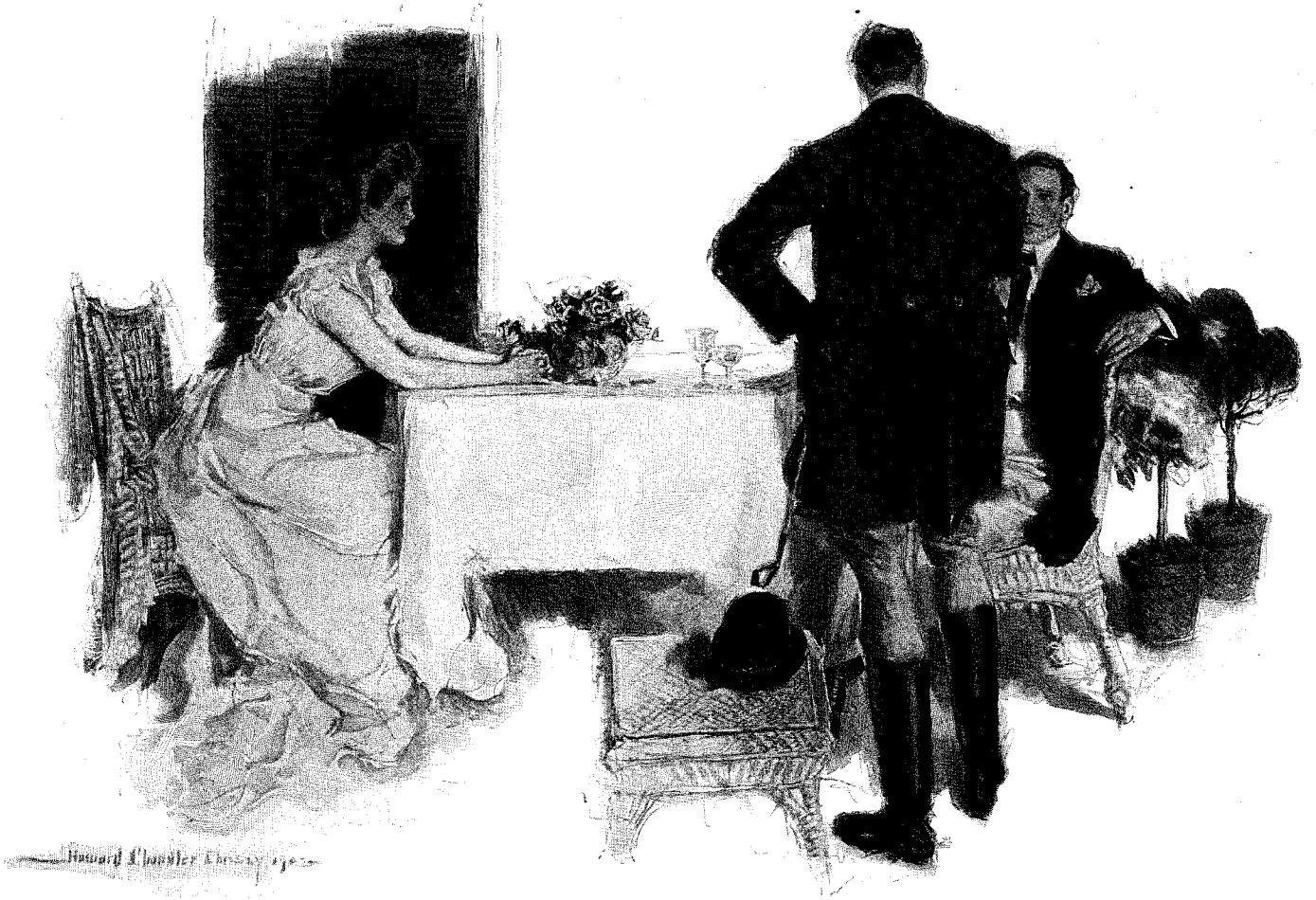

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Here he was caught red-handed—a traitor.—Page 186.

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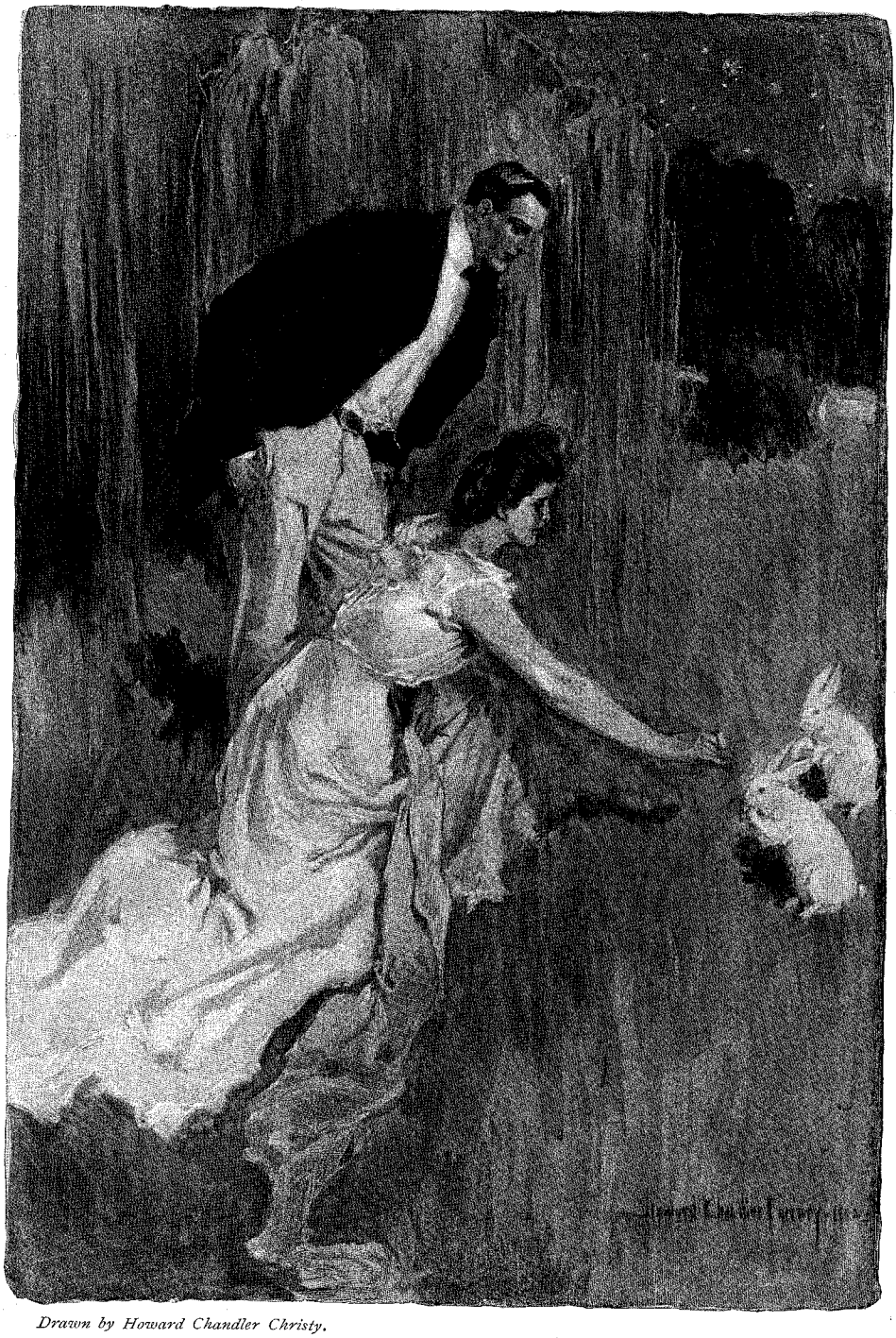

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Quaint white bundles in the moonlight.—Page 187.

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dark shadowy woodlands, all in the air and sunshine.

"Miss Halloway—" he said.

They were standing in the long grass, face to face—she in the shadow, he to sun. The girl looked hastily to the ground.

"I'm afraid—you've lost it," said she.

"Yes! I have! I know I have!" said Davis, looking straight at Miss Halloway. She lifted her eyes as quickly as they had fallen.

"It's a pity," she said, a little helplessly. Then, running on, "People don't often beat me. You have—" She moved to where her golf-bag lay. "You've done it so well that I hate to have you lose the hole because we can't find—" But she unbuckled the pocket, and moving away just the least bit breathlessly she tossed back a new ball.

The sun was reaching horizontally through the elm branches when the cart rolled out upon the road home. They were just coming to a bit of the way where for a good half-mile the road was level as a floor, when Miss Halloway dropped her score-card. Davis was out after it so promptly that the restless horse pirouetted ahead a dozen yards or so before he picked it up. Just as he stooped Miss Halloway gave a quick little cry, and there was the sudden clatter of hoofs. The cob had bolted. Davis saw the cart bounding away from him, the girl's shoulders swaying as she sawed on the reins. He leaped into his stride. With his flannels and sneakers he was—except for the lack of spikes—for all practical purposes, in his racing clothes. The glory of his strength, of having strength and speed and wind that another man in his place wouldn't have had, swept him on in a whirlwind of fierce joy. A desperate two-twenty, and he had the cart almost in hand; another forty yards, and swinging over the back of the seat he seized the reins. The girl sat up very straight with her fists clenched.

"My!" said she.

"It's—all—right," gasped Davis, pulling the cob back on his haunches. Then they went on, the reins very tight, young Davis grandly silent.

"How did he do it?" said Davis presently. Miss Halloway's eyes came round very slowly—just the least crinkle in their corners.

"Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive?" echoed Davis.

"I—I gave him the whip," said Miss Halloway very quickly. "He isn't used to it." She gave him a look which she might have bestowed on an Academician, who had tossed off for her a sketch, or to a poet, who had sighed her out a song, and said, simply: "I wanted to see you run!"

They drove presently up the winding driveway and under the porte-cochère. The elderly Jenkins, the Halloway house servant since the memory of man, awaited them. The family were gone. They were in town, and could not get in for dinner. Not without appreciation of the formidable nature of the situation and yet serenely withal, Jenkins announced that dinner was ready to be served.

"Mrs. Halloway said not to wait, ma'am," said he. "That Mr. Davis would not *want* to wait, ma'am."

"To be sure," replied Miss Halloway, and she turned to Davis. "You won't mind, will you, or think it queer? You must—that is, we must dine alone. You know you must expect—things to be different—in the country?"

Davis bowed. It appealed to him as more discreet than shouting.

The table was set on the rear porch, whence the lawn rolled gently down to the river. The sun was very low, and the cool smell of grass dampening with dew breathed in with the coming twilight. They sat down with the square of soft linen between them and regarded each other.

"I wonder," began Miss Halloway, "what we'll have."

"I don't remember," said Davis, grinning, "to have been so excited in years."

"And besides," continued Miss Halloway, "it's so important. Jenkins says that he has his orders, but I'm so afraid that they aren't right—that it may—don't you know—put you all out of condition——"

The vision of a certain other table clouded Davis's sight for just an instant, and then the picture came true.

"It doesn't make much difference, does it," said he, tentatively, his eyes loitering away toward the river, "about that? This is pretty nearly enough—just this."

"O, no; it isn't," said Miss Halloway, briskly. "*I* know. You have to have steaks and red beef—the red beef of Old

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England, tum-titi-tum-tum—and—and r-r-raw, carnivorous things. I know *that.*"

As she spoke the self-contained Jenkins, gravely solicitous, set down before her and Davis grape-fruit—cold as the snows of the Sierras, ambrosial with sherry and ice. Davis stared as one whose dreams come true. He wished that it were polite to ask how somebody had known.

. . . . Afterward came tiny pink clams—piquant, tantalizingly evanescent.

. . . . And then a steak—such a steak—with mushrooms and hashed potatoes in cream, and crisp melting rolls, and——

"Uncle Cyrus, he was Uncle Jimmy's father," said Miss Halloway, gazing at Davis very gravely, "spent six months in Andersonville in war time, and they lived on biscuits and old bones. I remember hearing Uncle Cyrus tell how they felt when they were exchanged—the first real dinner they had, you know——"

"Yes!" assented Davis.

"I mean," said Miss Halloway, "don't they give you *anything* good at the training-table?"

"O, it's good for you," said Davis. "It's very good—but it isn't good to eat."

Jenkins had appeared again. He set on the soft linen at Davis's hand a glass—amber of tint, hollow like a lily, up from the deep slender corolla of which bubbles were laughing.

"It was my orders ma'am," observed Jenkins, a well repressed but very evident perturbation ruffling his demeanor. "That it was for Mr. Davis, ma'am. And I must explain, ma'am, that I was—that he was—that is, that Mr. Davis was to have only one glass, ma'am."

Young Davis would at that moment, at Miss Halloway's suggestion, have drunk treacle with enthusiasm. As it was, the bite of the wine was the last touch to give him a grip on the world. Every bit of the steak seemed to slip into its predestined internal niche. There spread through him that delicious sensation—a union of the joys of the Sybarite and a master carpenter—of knowing that what he ate was doing him good. Miss Halloway was just scooping out some bar-le-duc and making ready the coffee—the fragrance of coffee in the open air—when the Elder Halloway, in riding togs, strolled across the lawn.

"Well, well, Davy! You here!" said the Elder Halloway. "He's letting you knock off toward the end, is he?"

Davis suddenly felt everything going out from under him. Here he was caught red-handed—a traitor.

"Yes," he said, hastily. "I—you see, I ran this morning."

"Yes—yes—to be sure. Never thought of that. Sorry wasn't here when you came. Working inside all day—lot of stuff piled up—no day for that sort of thing—had to walk me round a bit—came over here. Fine sunset that was to-night—fine—but—" The elder man beamed on the younger. "Wish I could get up a complexion like yours. No need of walkin' for you. Just look at him, little sister—doesn't he look fit?"

Davis was laughing. He nodded toward the lawn and the river, where the green of the willows was darkening to black.

"Don't wonder, do you?"

"Wonder! No—don't wonder at anything—chap of your age! I saw your three-eighths yesterday ——"

"Really," said young Davis, turning quickly about. "I wasn't—a—"

"O, of course, I know. Not letting yourself out. I could see that all right. Quite right, too."

"But you don't see," said Davis. "I *was.*"

"O, no! No, no, no! Don't believe that. You were slipping along too easily for that. Gazelle—Empire State—Deerfoot—you remember Deerfoot, the Shawano—just like that."

"Well," said Davis, "I wish——"

"Wish you could have seen yourself? Yes, I know. Bring my camera over Friday. Must have your picture running. Last race and all that, you know—'how fine he looks!' Of course, a man never knows *himself.* When he's got his spikes on seems just hard work ——"

"Um," assented Davis, nodding gravely.

"That's one funny thing about the track. Man's running about half speed—thinks he's up to his limit. You know how it is. Gets a bit blowed—bet you felt that way going down the third two-twenty—when he's running alone. Thinks he couldn't move up an inch—you know the place, just in front of the Carey steps. Gets in a race and, by jiminy, goes twice as fast, and never turns a hair. That's

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the way *I* was." For so knowing a man this was a strange optimism. Davis smiled in somewhat deprecating amusement.

"Man that held his record for seven years!" said he.

"Right you are. O, yes, I was—really I was. Always went away down in last two weeks—blue—no—black! Way below the surface! Went in and, by jiminy, always won!" The Elder Halloway slapped his knee and laughed aloud.

"Yes, sir! Always won!"

He prattled on in his disarming way until they pushed back their chairs from the table, and then, dropping a word about taking a look at Miss Halloway's new hunter, he swung down the lawn and disappeared behind the hedge of rose-bushes that walled the garden.

The light went away, and the crickets and katydids awoke, and the great moon climbed up behind the trees across the river. Young Davis pointed that way.

"It—it just occurs to me," he said, "that I haven't seen one for a month." Miss Halloway laughed lightly and watched him.

"You poor boy," she said, as tender as an elder sister.

Presently they wandered down on the lawn—the silver lawn—where the sentinel elms stood in high dignity. There was a bench in the shadow, just at the edge of a circle of light, where a couple of white rabbits were nibbling the wet clover. And there young Davis and the girl sat down, while the rabbits hopped near to be fed—quaint white bundles in the moonlight, their soft noses damp with dew.

"O, yes, I read that," said Davis, after a time. "And I've heard him say things like that, too. He's rather proud of speaking about the track, just as you might about a fresh-air park and the things children do there, but he's never lifted a finger to help—he could put up a crack game of tennis if he wanted to, you know—but he can be clever up to the limit making fun of those who do. I suppose he's right, too," smiled the young man, somewhat bitterly, for this was a very serious business for him, and he felt more about it than about anything he had ever been in before. "We aren't big and smooth and fine like the crew, and we aren't brave like the football men. We don't look very impressive in the photographs, and——"

"You talk as though I were a—dear me—a kind of matinée girl," spoke up Miss Halloway, quickly, "or just an outsider. Don't you know it was my Uncle Jimmy Halloway who ran?"

"You're very polite," said Davis, quietly, "but you—you cannot understand. When you go down to Soldier's Field there's the crowd, and the roar, and the real fighting, and when you go to New London, there's the river, and the white yachts, and the big show of it all. And that's what the crowd sees. They don't know what it is to swing down a lane in the country, on an October evening, with the ground still soft and the frost in the air and the leaves burning, and six miles behind you and four more to go, and the hounds way to the front and way to the rear, calling, 'Tally-ho!' They don't know what it is—just the feeling your spikes grip on the cinders as you start—there's nothing much in the track that *shows*——"

"Shows? But that isn't your part. You have the fun. You're *there*. You're doing it. And if you do it, and do it well, why what else is there!" Davis turned toward the girl and tried to fathom her eyes.

"Do you mean that?" he said, almost sternly. "Do girls feel like that? Do you see our part—*my* part?"

The girl turned toward him and laughed, pityingly, yet gladly, like a brother. Into the mellow night there tinkled an old forgotten song that young Davis had thumped out night after night on his banjo, and that the chorus used to sing when he and his crowd had front-row seats back in his freshman year.

"It's Uncle Jimmy!" whispered the girl, lifting her head to listen, her hands dropping loose on the bench. "I haven't heard him touch a piano in an age! Dear, dear Uncle Jimmy!" she cried, suddenly. "I wonder if there are any other Uncle Jimmys! Any others in all the world!" Young Davis glanced at her, then, clasping his hands tightly, looked down at them and at the ground.

"No," she went on, with a new earnestness, yet a bit haltingly, in the way of a young girl talking about things of which she was not supposed to know, "I'd rather do

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what you do. The eleven is fine—it's more than fine—but it's a game, and you might win by luck, or a trick even. *You* can't do that. And the crew—you understand, I had a brother who rowed, so it isn't as though I didn't know—there are others to help you. And if you rowed prettily—that is, *just* rowed prettily, but didn't pull *hard*—you see I—I knew it to happen once. He rowed number two, and nobody knew about him but the man behind him—the man at bow. It wasn't nice. They won, you see, and the man at two didn't pull. And nobody on shore knew—he rowed so well. But you, don't you see"—she turned full on him her fresh face, all life—"what you do you do all yourself, without any luck or any help, and if you win, why what you did, and what you planned, and what you felt—and all of it—it's yours!"

"I didn't know," began Davis, falteringly, "I didn't know that girls ever felt that way—" She turned her head away from him, looking off over the silver grass.

"And you'll—be there?" he asked. She laughed a little, very low.

"What a lot you've got to learn about girls!" she said.

Young Davis slept that night in a great still room that smelled of all things sweet and clean and cool. Vaguely he recalled, as he slipped away to sleep with the night-breeze fanning the curtains, a stuffy smell of straw matting, a path of light flickering on the white ceiling, the rising whirr of trolley-cars and their clumpety-clump as they crossed the Square. All outside was the silver night, all inside the coolness and quiet, and somewhere under the same roof the girl—whose heart would be leaping upward with his as he fought toward the finish line—was sleeping.

. . . . . .

There was tea and things for everybody up in Davis's rooms after the games. Everybody was there. Over by the open window, looking down at the younger Miss Halloway, stood young Davis—a bit pale and drawn and shaky, but keyed high and exultantly dazed, as became one who had gone stale before a race and then beaten even time, run the second man off his feet and into a faint, and walked from the field without anybody's help.

"And then you didn't see me waving at *all!*" cried the Pale-blue-organdie. "Why it's the same one I carried last year at New London, and I knew it couldn't lose! And they had to pull me down—just drag me back into my seat—just snuff me out—and you didn't see."

"No," said Davis, plaintively, "I didn't see anybody. You know when——"

"I know that you're just a brute!" cried the Pale-blue-organdie. "They aren't all that way. Don't I know that they get to the last turn of the last lap, way behind—I saw this in print, so it's true—and then they—I mean he—sees a ribbon—his ribbon—fluttering at him up in the stand—and bang! Doesn't he just waltz away from them all and win—and—they sit in the window-seat after the race—and live happy ever after!"

Young Davis looked very much distressed.

"But don't you see," he said, "when you're finishing out on what you've got left, and your face is all screwed up in a knot, and there's nothing to breathe, and the track's trying to come up and hit you——"

"Then," suddenly ejaculated the Pale-blue-organdie, setting the tip of her parasol sharply on the floor, "why it's—it's just 'fate on the side of the strongest battalions,' and girls don't ever help at all."

Everybody was laughing straight at Davis. The Elder Halloway turned that way.

"Quite right!" said he, with much composure. He had been leaning with his back to the mantel, pulling his mustache quizzically, while his eyes rested on young Davis and the younger Miss Halloway like those of a benevolent and chastened Mephistopheles. "Quite right, Miss Bannerly. Chivalry is dead. It's muscle and wind that wins races, you know. And that—why that depends on the trainer. Isn't that right, Davy? Race all depends on the trainer!"

Young Mr. Davis looked at the Elder Halloway very hard. He must have thought of something which had not occurred to him before, for he started just a bit and got very pink.

"Jimmy—Halloway," he said, slowly; and then suddenly going over to the elder man he threw an arm about his shoulder, and wrung his hand for all he was worth. Then he turned, apologetically, "Yes, yes—of course, Miss Bannerly, it all depends on the trainer."

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE TWILIGHT

EACH day Margaret's heart warmed more and more to Richard. He not only called out in her a tenderness and veneration of his age and attainments which her own father had never permitted her to express, but his personality realized for her an ideal which, until she knew him, she had despaired of ever finding. While his courtesy, his old-time manners, his quaintness of speech and dress captivated her imagination, his perfect and unfailing sympathy and constant kindness completely won her heart. There was, too, now and then, a peculiar tone in his voice which would bring the tears to her eyes without her knowing why, until her mind would recall some blunt, outspoken speech of her dead father's in answer to the very sentiments she was now expressing to Richard, who received them as a matter of course—a remembrance which always caused a tightening about her heart.

To Richard these hours of intercourse with Margaret were among the happiest of his life. It was Margaret, indeed, who really helped him bear with patience the tedious delays attendant upon the completion of his financial operations. Even when the final sum was agreed upon—and it was a generous one, that filled Oliver's heart with joy and set Nathan's imagination on fire—the best part of two weeks had been consumed before the firm of lawyers who were to pass upon Richard's patents were willing to certify to the purchasers of the stock of the Horn Magnetic Motor Company, as to the priority of Richard's invention based on the patent granted on August 13, 1856, and which covered the principle of the levers working in connection with the magnets.

During these tedious delays, in which his heart had vibrated between hope and fear, he had found his way every afternoon to Margaret's studio, Nathan having gone home to Kennedy Square with his head in the clouds when the negotiations became a certainty. In these weeks of waiting the Northern girl had not only stolen his heart, taking the place of a daughter he had never known—a void never filled in any man's soul—but she had satisfied a craving no less intense, the hunger for the companionship of one who really understood his aims and purposes. Nathan had in a measure met this need as far as unselfish love and answering loyalty could go; and so had his dear wife, especially in these later years, when her mind had begun to grasp the meaning of the social and financial changes the war had brought, and what place her husband's inventions might hold in the new régime. But no one of these, not even Nathan, had ever understood him as clearly as had this young girl.

Sometimes he would sit for her while she sketched his head in different lights, he watching her work, interested in every stroke, every bit of composition. No one had ever been so interested before with the little niceties of her technique—in the amount of oil used, in the way the paints were mixed; in the value of a palette-knife as a brush or of an old cotton rag as a blender.

There was one half-hour sketch which more than all the others astonished and delighted him—one in which Margaret in her finishing touches had eschewed brushes, palette-knife and rag, and with one dash of her dainty thumb had brought into instant relief the subtle curves about his finely modelled nose. This filled him with wonder and admiration. His own fingers had always obeyed him, and he loved to find the same skill in another.

When it grew too dark to paint, she would draw up a stool and sit at his feet, while he would talk to her of his life work

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and of the future as he saw it—often of things which he had kept shut away in his heart even from Nathan. He would tell her of the long years of anxiety; of the sleepless nights; of his utter loneliness, without a friend to guide him, while he was trying to solve the problems that had blocked his path; of the poverty of these late years, all the more pitiful because of his inability at times to buy even the bare materials and instruments needed for his work; and again, of his many disappointments in his search for the hoped-for link that was needed to make his motor a success.

Once, with lowered voice and that eager, restless expression which so often came into his face when standing over his workbench in his little shop, baffled by some unsolved problem, he told her of his many nervous moments, lest some other brain groping along the same paths should reach the goal before him. How the *Scientific Review*, the one chronicle of the discoveries of the time, would often lie on his table for hours, before he had the courage to open it and read the list of patents granted during the preceding months.

This brave pioneer did not realize, nor did she, that they were both valiant soldiers fighting the good fight of science and art against tradition and provincialism—part of that great army of progress which was steadily conquering the world!

As she listened in the darkening shadows, her hand found his, her fingers closing tight about his own until he, reading the sympathy of her touch, and fearing he had distressed her by his talk, started up, and in his cheery, buoyant voice cried out:

"But it is all over now, my child. All past and gone. The work of my life is finished. There's plenty now for all of us. For my dear wife who has borne up so bravely and has never complained, and for you and Oliver. Your waiting need not be long now, my dear. This last happiness which has come to me"—and he smoothed her hair gently with his thin hand and drew her closer to him—"seems the greatest of them all."

The two were seated in this way one afternoon, she resting after a day's work—Margaret had made a sketch of Richard's head that very morning, a strong, vigorous piece of work which she afterward finished, Richard leaning back in a big chair, really her father's, which she had sent down from Brookfield the month she fitted up her present rooms—when Oliver opened the door.

Richard looked up and his face broke into a joyous smile as his eye caught Oliver's figure. Margaret, at the moment, had left the room to give some directions to Mrs. Mulligan, and they were alone.

"Bring a chair, my son," he said. "I have been telling Margaret that you both do wrong in putting off your marriage. These delays fret young people's lives away. She tells me it is your wish. What are you waiting for?"

"Only for money enough to take care of her, father. Madge has been accustomed to more comforts than I can give her. She would, I know, cheerfully give up half of her income, small as it is, to me if I would let her, but that is not the way I want to make her happy. Don't worry, dear old dad, the Fish portrait will pull us out"—and he leaned down and put his arms about his father's neck as he used to do when he was a boy. "I shall get there before long."

Oliver did not tell him what a grief it had been to him to keep Madge waiting, nor how he had tried to make it up to her in every way while he had made his fight alone. Nor did he tell Richard of the principal cause of his waiting—that the mortgage to which his mother had pledged her name and to which he had morally pledged his own was still unpaid. (Nor, for that matter, had Mrs. Horn. She had never added that sorrow to his daily burdens.) He felt that that was his mother's secret, and had been since the day he left home. Neither had he ever talked about the mortgage to Margaret, even in their earlier days, when he unburdened his whole heart to her. There was a sacredness about this trust that made it impossible for him to discuss it even with the woman he would make his wife. He felt too, somehow, without formulating it distinctly in his mind, that Margaret was the one person of all others in the world his mother would have kept it from.

Richard listened to Oliver's outburst without interrupting him.

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"I only wanted to do the best I could for you, my son," he answered, laying his fingers on Oliver's hand. "I was thinking of nothing but your happiness. During the last few days, since I have become assured that this negotiation would go through, I have decided to carry out a plan which has long been in my mind and which, now that I know about Margaret, makes it all the more necessary. I am going to make provision for you immediately. This, I hope, will be to-morrow or the next day, at farthest. The contracts are all ready for our signatures, and only await the return of one of the attorneys who is out of town. The cash sum they pay for the control of the patents is, as you know, a considerable one; then I get nearly half of the capital stock of the new company. I am going to give you, at once, one-third of the money and one-third of the stock."

Oliver raised his hand in protest, but Richard kept on.

"It is but just, my son. There are but three of us—your mother, yourself, and I. It is only your share. I won't have you and Margaret waiting until I am gone"—and he looked up with a smile on his face.

There was a happy time on the "top floor" that night. Oliver, with flushed face and dancing eyes, told the news to Margaret when she came back into the room; and Margaret stood still for a moment, looking from one to the other, and then put her arms around Richard and kissed him without a word—the first time she had ever dared so much. And Mrs. Mulligan, at a whispered word from her mistress, ran down-stairs as fast as her old legs could carry her, and came back with her arms full of bundles, which she dumped upon her small kitchen-table. And Margaret put on a clean white apron, white as snow, and rolled up her sleeves, showing her beautiful arms above her elbows—Oliver always maintained that she had picked them up where the Milo had dropped them—and began emptying the contents of a bowl of oysters, one of Mrs. Mulligan's packages, into a chafing-dish. And Oliver wheeled out the table and brought out the cloth, and dear old Richard, his face full of smiles, placed the napkins with great precision beside each plate, puckering them up into little sheaves, "just as Malachi would have done," he said; and then Margaret whispered to Oliver if he didn't think "it would be just the very thing," they were "so anxious to see him"—and Oliver thought it would—he was cutting bread at the moment, and getting it ready for Mrs. Mulligan to toast on her cracker-box of a range; and Margaret, with her arms and her cheeks scarlet, ran out in the hall and down the corridor, and came back, out of breath, with two other girls—one in a calico frock belted in at her slender waist, and the other in a black bombazine and a linen collar. And Richard looked into their faces, and took them both by the hand and told them how glad he was to be permitted to share in their merrymakings; and then, when Oliver had drawn out the chairs—one was a stool, by the way—the whole party sat down, Oliver at the foot and Richard on Margaret's right, the old gentleman remarking, as he opened his napkin, that but one thing was wanting to complete his happiness, and that was Oliver's mother, who of all women in the world would enjoy the occasion the most.

And they were so blissfully happy, these two young girls—one painted on china, and the other made designs for wall-paper—and they were so charmed with Richard, whom the whole building had heard about, and whom everybody wanted to meet. . . . And so, the scribe insists, would have been any other wholesome young girls entertaining a fresh, sweet old man who still retained all the charm of his youth, and whose manner toward women was still that of a courtier. They felt so proud to be with him, and so at home . . . and so many of them, too—God pity them!—had never known a father of whom they could really be proud, or who had ever filled their ideals of what an old father might, could, or should be.

But the happiest time of all was over the soup, or rather over the tureen, or rather what was inside of it—or worse still, what was not. This wonderful soup had been ordered at the restaurant over the way, and was to be brought in smoking hot at the appointed time by a boy. The boy arrived on the minute, and so did the tureen—a gayly flowered affair with a cover, the whole safely ensconced in a basket. When the lid was lifted and Margaret and the two girls looked in, a merry shout went

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up. Not a drop of soup was in the tureen! The boy craned his head in amazement, and Mrs. Mulligan, who stood by with the plates, and who had broken out into violent gestures at the sight, would have brought her hand down on the boy's cheek for his stupidity, had not Margaret's quick eye discovered a trail of grease running down the table-cloth, along the floor and out of the door. Whereupon everybody got up, including Richard, and with roars of laughter followed the devious trail out into the hall and so on down the staircase as far as they could see. Only when Mrs. Mulligan on their return to the room held up the tureen and pointed to a leak in its bottom, was the mystery explained.

And so the dinner went on.

Dear old man! I love to think of you on that day. You were so happy and your laugh was so clear, and your eyes so bright! If these sunshiny days could only have gone on with you to the end!

On the afternoon of the day following this happy night—the day the contracts were to be signed, a culmination which would make everybody so happy—Margaret hurried up the stairs of her building, and pushed open the door. She knew she should find the inventor waiting for her, and she wanted to be the first to get the happy news from his lips. It was varnishing day at the Academy, and she had gone down to put the last touches on her big portrait—the one of "Madame X." that she had begun in Paris the year before.

Richard did not move when she entered. He was leaning back in the chair she had placed for him, his head on his hand, his attitude one of thoughtful repose, the light of the fast-fading twilight making a silhouette of his figure. She thought he was dozing, and so crept up behind him to make sure.

"Ah, my dear, is that you?" he asked. The voice did not sound like Richard's.

"Yes—I thought you were asleep."

"No, my child—I'm only greatly troubled. I'm glad you have come"— and he took her hand and smoothed it with his own. "Bring your stool; I have something to say to you."

Without taking off her bonnet and cloak, she took her place at his feet. The tones of his voice chilled her. A fear rose in her heart.

"Has anything happened to Oliver?" she asked, eagerly.

"No, nothing so terrible as that. It is about the motor. The bankers have refused the loan, and the attorneys have withdrawn the papers."

"Withdrawn the papers! Oh, how dreadful!" She had leaned forward now, her anxious, startled eyes looking into his.

"Yes, my dear; a Mr. Gorton from Maine has perfected a machine which not only accomplishes what I claim for my own, but is much better in every way. The attorneys have been looking into this new motor for a week past, so I learn now. Here is their letter"—and he put his hand in his pocket and took out a white envelope. "They will, perhaps, take up Mr. Gorton's machine instead of mine. I made a hasty examination of this new motor this morning with my old friend Professor Morse, and we both agree that the invention is all Mr. Gorton claims for it. It is only a beginning, of course, along the lines of galvanic energy, but it is a better beginning than mine, and I feel sure it is all the inventor claims for it. I have so informed them, and I have also written a letter to Mr. Gorton congratulating him on his success." The calmness and gentleness of his voice thrilled her. His self-abnegation gripped her about the heart.

"I suppose I ought to have telegraphed the news to Mrs. Horn, as I promised," he continued, slowly, as if each word gave him pain, "but I really had not the heart, so I came up here. I've been here all the afternoon hoping you would come in. The room felt a little cold, my dear, and your good woman made a fire for me, as you see. You don't mind, do you?"

Margaret bowed her head on his hands and kissed the thin fingers that lay in her own. Her heart was full to bursting. The pathos of the bent figure, the despairing sound of his voice—so unlike his buoyant tones; the ghostly light that permeated the room, so restful always before, so grewsome and forbidding now, appealed to her in a way she had never known. She was not thinking of herself, nor of Oliver, nor of the wife waiting for the news at home; she was only thinking of this dear old man who sat with bowed head, his courage gone, all the joyousness out of his life. What hurt her most was her own utter helplessness. In

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most things she could be of service: now she was powerless. She knew it when she spoke.

"Is it ended?" she asked, her practical mind wanting to know the worst.

"Yes, my child, ended. I wish I could give you some hope, but there is none. I shall go home to-morrow and begin again; —on what I do not know—something— I cannot tell."

Oliver's footsteps sounded in the outer hall. She rose quickly and met him on the outside, half closing the door, so that she could tell him the dreadful news without being overheard.

"Broken their promises to father! Impossible! Why? What for? Another invention? Oh, it cannot be!"

He walked quickly toward him. "But father, what about your patents? They can't rob you of your invention. Suppose this man's is better."

Richard did not move. He seemed unwilling to look Oliver in the face.

"Let me take hold of this thing." He was bending over him now, his arms about his neck. "I'll see Mr. Slade at once. I met him this morning and told him you were here, and he is coming to call on you. He has always stood by me and will now. These people who have disappointed you are not the only ones who have got money. Mr. Slade, you know, is now a banker himself. I will begin to-morrow to fight this new man who——"

"No, no, my son, you must do nothing of the kind," said Richard, leaning his cheek wearily against Oliver's hand, as if for warmth and protection, but still looking into the fire. "It would not be right to take from him what he has honestly earned. The lifting power of his machine is four times my own, and the adjustment of the levers much simpler. He has only accomplished what I failed to do. I am not quite sure, but I think he uses the same arrangement of levers that I do, but everything else is his. Such a man is to be helped, not worried with lawsuits. No, my son, I must bear it as best I may. Your poor mother!" He stopped suddenly and passed his hand over his eyes, and in a broken, halting voice, added: "I've tried so hard to make her old age happier. I fear for the result when the news reaches her. And you and this poor girl!"—and he reached out his hand to Margaret—"this is the part that is hardest to bear."

Oliver disengaged his arm from his father's neck and walked up and down the room, Madge watching him. His mind was searching about for some way to stem the tide of disaster. He didn't think of himself. He saw only Madge and his mother. Then he turned again and faced his father.

"Will you let me try?"

"No, Oliver! Positively no."

As he spoke he straightened himself in his chair and turned toward Oliver. His voice had regained something of its old-time ring and force. "To rob a man of the work of his brain is worse than to take his purse. You will agree with me, I know, when you think it over. Mr. Gorton had never heard of my invention when he perfected his, nor had I ever heard of his when I perfected mine. He is taking nothing from me; how can I take anything from him? Give me your hand, my son; I am not feeling very well." His voice fell again as if the effort had been too much for him. "I think I will go back to the hotel. A night's rest will do me good."

He rose slowly from his chair, steadied himself by holding to Oliver's strong arm, stood for an instant looking into Margaret's eyes, and said, with infinite tenderness:

"Come closer, my daughter, and kiss me."

She put her arms about him, cuddling her head against his soft cheek, smoothing his gray hair with her palm.

"My child," he said, "you have been a delight and joy to me. A woman like you is beyond price. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for loving my son."

With something of his old manner he again straightened himself up, threw his shoulders back as if strengthened by some new determination, walked firmly across the room, and picked up his cloak. As he stood waiting for Oliver to place it about his shoulders, Margaret, who was watching his every movement, her heart torn and sore over the events of the day, saw a deathly pallor overspread his face.

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With a quick movement, as if smitten by some sudden pain, he put his hand to his side, staggered backward, his head upon his breast, and would have sunk to the floor but for Oliver's hand. Margaret sprang forward and caught his other arm.

"It's nothing, my son," he said, between his gasps for breath, holding on to Oliver. "A sudden giddiness. I'm often subject to it. I, perhaps, got up too quickly. It will pass over. Let me sit down for a moment."

Oliver put his arm about him, and, half supporting him, laid him on the lounge.

As his head touched the cushion that Margaret had made ready, he gave a deep indrawn sigh, half rose as if to breathe the better, and fell back unconscious.

When the doctor arrived Richard was lying on Margaret's bed, where Oliver had carried him. He had rallied a little, and had then sunk into a deep sleep. Margaret sat beside him, watching every breath he drew, the scalding tears streaming down her face.

The physician bent closer and pressed his ear to the sleeping man's breast.

"Has he been subject to these attacks?" he said, in a grave tone.

"I know of only one some years ago, the year the war broke out, but he recovered then very quickly," answered Oliver.

"Is your mother living?"

"Yes."

"Better send her word at once."

CHAPTER XXIV

SMOLDERING COALS

THE night wind sighed through the old sycamores of Kennedy Square. A soft haze, the harbinger of the coming spring, filled the air. The cold moon, hanging low, bleached the deserted steps of the silent houses to a ghostly white.

In the Horn mansion a dim light burned in Richard's room and another in the lower hall. Everywhere else the house was dark.

Across the Square, in Miss Clendenning's boudoir, a small wood fire, tempering the chill of the April night, slumbered in its bed of ashes, or awakened with fitful starts, its frightened blaze illumining the troubled face of Margaret Grant. The girl's eyes were fixed on the dying coals, her chin in her hand, the brown-gold of her wonderful hair gold-red in the firelight. Now and then she would lift her head as if listening for some approaching footstep. Miss Clendenning sat beside her, leaning over the hearth in her favorite attitude, her tiny feet resting on the fender.

The years had touched the little lady but lightly since that night when with Oliver she sat in this same spot and the boy had poured out his heart to her. She was the same dainty, precise, lovable old maid that she had been in the old days of Kennedy Square, when the crocuses bloomed in the flower-beds and its drawing-rooms were filled with the wit and fashion of the day. Since the night Richard had laid away his violin and brother had been divided against brother, and Kennedy Square had become the stamping ground of armed men, she had watched by the bedsides of a thousand wounded soldiers, regardless of which flag they had battled under. The service had not withered her. Time had simply stood still, forgetting the sum of its years, while it marked her with perennial sweetness.

"I'm afraid he's worse," Margaret said, breaking the silence of the room, as she turned to Miss Clendenning, "or Ollie would have been here before this. Dr. Wallace was to go to the house at eleven, and now it is nearly twelve."

"The doctor may have been detained," Miss Clendenning answered. "There is much sickness in town."

For a time neither spoke. Only the low muttering of the fire could be heard, or the turning of some restless coal.

"Margaret," Miss Clendenning said at last—it had always been "Margaret" with the little lady ever since the day she had promised Oliver to love the woman whom he loved; and it was still "Margaret" when the women met for the first time in the gray dawn at the station and Miss Clendenning herself helped lead Richard out of the train—"you will grow fonder of Mrs. Horn after this, and she will learn to depend on you as Richard and Oliver have done."

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"I hope she will," the young woman answered, without moving. "It breaks my heart to see her suffer as she does. I see my own mother in her so often. She is different in many ways, but she is the same underneath—so gentle and so kind, and she is so big and broad-minded too. I am ashamed to think of all the bitter feelings I used to have in my heart toward her."

She stopped abruptly, her hands tightly folded in her lap, her shoulders straightened. Margaret's confessions were always made in this determined way, head thrown back like a soldier's, as though a new resolve had been born even while an old sin was being confessed.

"Go on," said Miss Clendenning. "I understand. You mean that you did not know her."

"No; but I thought her narrow and proud, and that she disliked me for influencing Oliver in his art, and that she wanted to keep him from me and from my ideals. Oh, I've been very, very wicked!"

"Not wicked, my dear—only human. You are not the first woman who did not want to divide a love with a mother."

"But it wasn't exactly that, dear Cousin Lavinia. I had never met anyone who obeyed his mother as Ollie did, and—and—I almost hated her for being his guide and counsel when—oh, not because she did not love him too, just as I did—but because I thought that I could really help him most—because I believed in his talent and she did not, and because I knew all the time that she was ruining him, keeping him back, spoiling his career, and——"

Again she stopped and straightened herself, her beautiful head held higher. Those who knew Margaret well would have known that the worst part of her confession was yet to come.

"I suppose I was hurt too," she said, slowly accentuating each pause with a slight movement of the head. "That I was *little* enough and *mean* enough and *horrid* enough for that. But he was always talking of his mother as though she never did anything but sit still in that white shawl of hers, listening to music, while everybody waited on her and came to her for advice. And I always thought that she couldn't understand me nor any other woman who wanted to work—and with one's hands too, if one cared to. When Ollie talked of you all, and of what you did at home, I couldn't help feeling she must think that I and all my people belonged to some different race, and that when she saw me she would judge me by some petty thing that displeased her, the cut of my skirt, or the way I carried my hands, or something else equally trivial, and that she would use that kind of thing against me and, perhaps, tell Ollie too. Father judged Oliver in that way. He thought that Ollie's joyousness and his courtesy, even his way of taking off his hat, and holding it in his two hands for a moment—you've seen him do it a hundred times—was only a proof of his Southern shiftlessness—caring more for manners than for work. Mother didn't; she understood Ollie better, and so did John, but father never could. That's why I wouldn't come when you asked me. You wouldn't have judged me, I know, but I thought that she would. And now—oh, I'm so sorry I could cry."

"It was only another of the mistakes and misunderstandings that divided us all at that time, my dear," Miss Clendenning answered. "This dreadful war could have been averted, if people had only come together and understood each other. I did not think so then, but I do now."

"And you don't think me wicked, Cousin Lavinia?" Margaret asked with a sudden relaxation of her figure and something infinitely childlike and appealing in her tone. "You really don't think me wicked, do you?"

"Not wicked, dear; only human, as I said a moment ago. Yet you have been stronger than I. You have held on and won; I let go and lost."

Margaret bent forward and laid her finger on Miss Clendenning's knee.

"Lost what, Cousin Lavinia?" she asked, in surprise.

"My lover."

"When?"

"When I was just your age."

"Did he die?" asked Margaret in awed tones, overcome all at once with the solemnity of the hour and a strange new note in Miss Lavinia's voice.

"No, he married someone else."

"He never—never loved you, then." There was a positiveness now in her into-

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nations. Her strong nature was asserting itself.

"Yes, he did, with all his heart. His mother came between us."

Again silence fell on the room. Margaret would not look at Miss Clendenning. The little old maid had suddenly opened the windows of her heart, but whether to let a long-caged sorrow out or some friendly sympathy in, she could not tell.

"May I know about it?" There was a softer cadence now in the girl's voice.

"It would only make you unhappy, dear. It was all over forty years or more ago. Sallie, when she saw you, put her arms about you. You had only to come together. The oftener she sees you, the more she will love you. My lover's mother shut the door in my face."

"In your face! Why?"

Margaret moved closer to Miss Clendenning, stirred by a sudden impulse, as if she could even now protect her from one who had hurt her.

Miss Lavinia bent forward and picked up the brass tongs that lay on the fender at her feet. She saw Margaret's gesture, but she did not turn her head. Her eyes were still watching the smouldering embers.

"For no reason, dear, that you or any other Northern woman could understand. An old family quarrel that began before I was born. You have no such things up your way."

Margaret's cheeks flushed and a determined look came into her face.

"The coward! I would not have cared what his mother or anybody else did, or how they quarrelled. If I loved you I would have married you in spite of everything."

"And so would he." She was balancing the tongs in her hand now, her eyes still on the fire. She had not looked at Margaret once.

"What happened then?"

Miss Clendenning leaned forward, spread the tongs in her little hands, lifted an ember and tucked it closer to its neighbor. The charred mass crumbled at the touch and fell into a heap of broken coals.

"I am a Clendenning, my dear; that is all," she answered, slowly.

Margaret stared at her with wide-open eyes. That a life should be wrecked for a mere question of family pride was something her mind could not fathom.

"Have you regretted it since, Cousin Lavinia?" she asked, calmly. She wanted to follow it out now to the end.

Miss Clendenning heaped the broken coals closer together, laid the tongs back in their place on the fender, and, turning to Margaret, said, with a deep indrawn sigh:

"Don't ask me, my dear. I never dare ask myself, but do you keep your hand close in Oliver's. Remember, dear, close—close! Then you will never know the bitterness of a lonely life."

She rose from her seat, bent down, and, taking Margaret's cheeks between her palms, kissed her on the forehead.

Margaret put her arms about the little lady, and was about to draw her nearer, when the front door opened and a step was heard in the hall. Miss Lavinia raised herself erect, listening to the sound.

"Hark!" she cried, "there's the dear fellow, now"—and she advanced to meet him, her gentle countenance once more serene.

Oliver's face as he entered the room told the story.

"Not worse?" Margaret exclaimed, starting from her chair.

"Yes—much worse. I have just sent word to Uncle Nat"—and he kissed them both. "Put on your things at once. The doctor is anxious."

Miss Lavinia caught up her cloak, handed Margaret her shawl, and the three hurried out the front-door and along the Square, passing the Pancoast house, now turned into offices, its doors and windows covered with signs, and the Clayton Mansion, surmounted by a flag-pole and still used by the Government. Entering the park, they crossed the site of the once lovely flower-beds, now trampled flat—as was everything else in the grounds—and so on to the marble steps of the Horn Mansion.

Mrs. Horn met them at the top of the stairs. She put her arms silently about Margaret, kissed her tenderly, and led her into Richard's room. Oliver and Miss Clendenning stood at the door.

The master lay under the canopy of the four-post bedstead, his eyes closed, the

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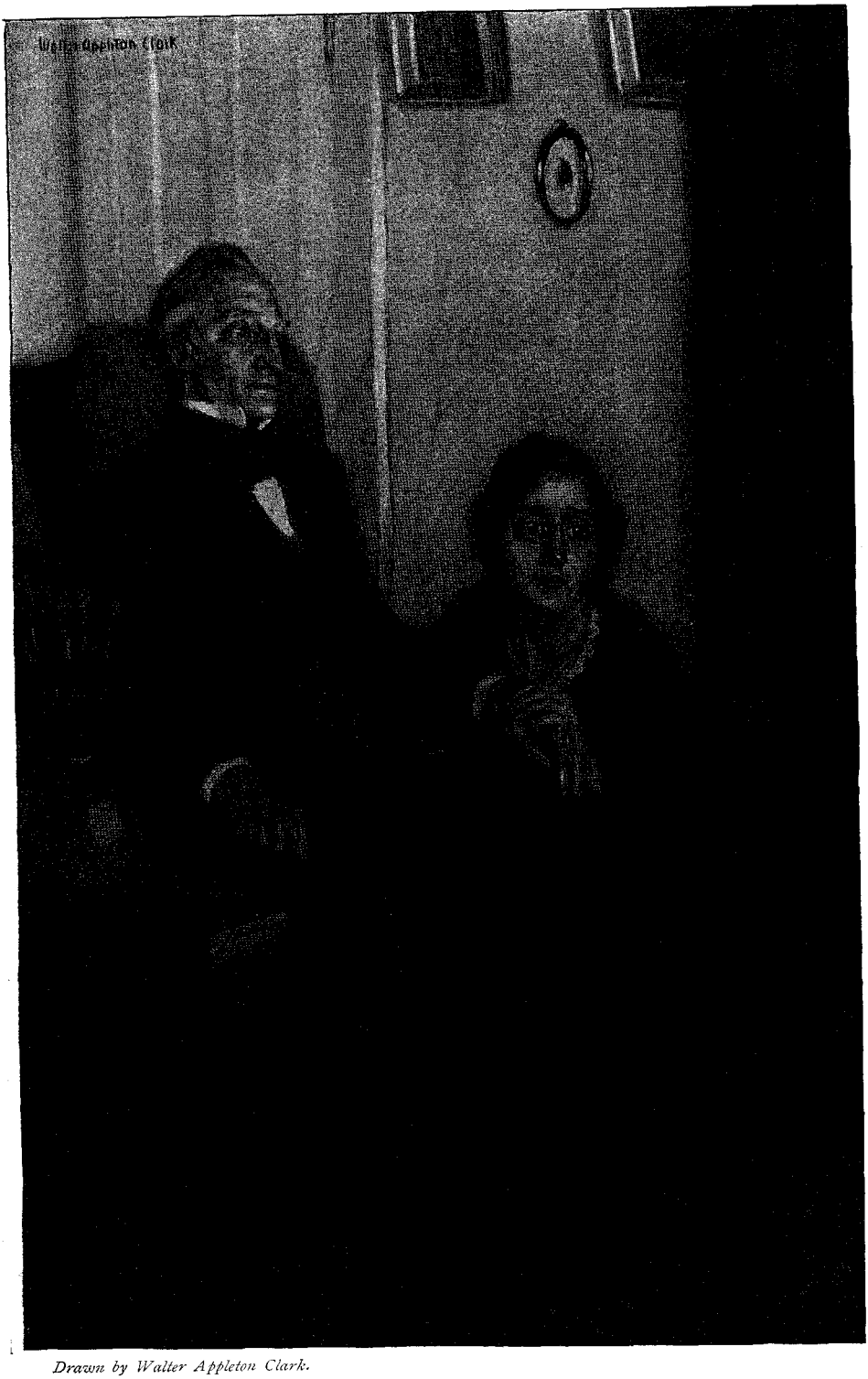

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

As she listened in the darkening shadows.—Page 190.

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soft white hair lost in the pillows, the pale face tinged with the glow of the night lamp. Dr. Wallace was standing by the bed watching the labored breathing of the prostrate man. Old Hannah sat on the floor at Richard's feet. She was rocking to and fro, making no sign, crooning inaudibly to herself, listening to every sound.

Margaret sank to her knees and laid her cheek on the coverlet. She wanted to touch something that was close to him.

The head of the sick man turned uneasily. The doctor bent noiselessly down, put his ears close to the patient's breast, touched his pulse with his fingers, and laid his hand on his forehead.

"Better send for some hot water," he whispered to Mrs. Horn when he had regained her side. Margaret overheard, and started to rise from her knees, but Mrs. Horn waved her back. "Hannah will get it," she said, and stooped close to the old woman to give the order. There was a restrained calmness in her manner that sent a shiver through Margaret. She remembered just such an expression on her mother's face when her own father lay dying.

The old servant lifted herself slowly, and with bent head and crouching body crept out of the room without turning her face toward her master. The superstition of the negroes about the eyes of a dying man kept hers close to the floor—she did not want Richard to look at her.

Dr. Wallace detected the movement—he knew its cause—and passed out of the sick chamber to where Oliver stood with Miss Clendenning.

"Better go down, Oliver, and see that the hot water is sent up right away," he said. "Poor old Hannah seems to have lost her head."

"Has there been any further change, Doctor?" Oliver asked, as he started for the stairs.

"No, not since you went. He is holding his own. His hands feel cold, that is all." To Miss Lavinia he said: "It is only a question of hours," and went back into the room.

Oliver hurried after Hannah. He intended to send Malachi up with the hot water and then persuade the old woman to go to bed. When he reached the lower hall it was empty; so were the parlors and the dining-room. At the kitchen-door he met Hannah. She had filled the pitcher and had turned to carry it upstairs. Oliver stopped her.

"Where is Malachi, aunty?"

Hannah pointed through the open door to Richard's little shop in the back yard and hurried on. Oliver walked quickly through the damp, brick-paved yard, now filled with the sombre shadows of the night, and pushed open the green door. The place was dark except for a slant of moonlight which had struggled through the window-pane and was illumining the motor where it rested in its customary place under the sash.

"Malachi, are you here?"

A sob was the only answer.

Oliver stepped inside. The old man was on his knees, his head and arms lying flat on Richard's work-bench. Oliver bent down and laid his hand on the old servant's head.

"Mally!"

"I hear ye, Marse Ollie, an' I hearn Hannah. I tell you same as I tol' her—ain't no use fetchin' no water; ain't no use no mo' for no doctor, ain't no use, ain't no use. I ain't never goin' to say no mo' to him, 'Chairs all ready, Marse Richard.' I ain't never goin' to wait on him no mo'. Come close to me, Marse Ollie; git down an' let me tell ye, son."

He had lifted his head now, and was looking up into Oliver's eyes, the tears streaming down his face.

"He freed me; he gimme a home. He ain't neber done nothin' but love me an' take care o' me. When I bin sick he come in an' he set by me. 'You got a fever, I think, Malachi,' he say. 'Go to bed dis minute. Cold, is you? Git dat blanket out'n my room an' put it on yo' bed. Don't let me hab to tell ye dat agin, Malachi.' 'Marse Richard,' I'd say to him, 'I ain't got no coat fit to wear.' Dat was in de ol' days, when you warn't nuffin but a chile, Marse Ollie. 'Who says so, Malachi,' he say. 'I say so, Marse Richard.' 'Lemme see,' he'd say. 'Dat's so, dat ain't fit fer nobody to wear. Go upstairs to my closet, Malachi, an' git dat coat I was a-wearin' yisterday. I reckon I kin git on widout it."

Malachi had his head in his hands now,

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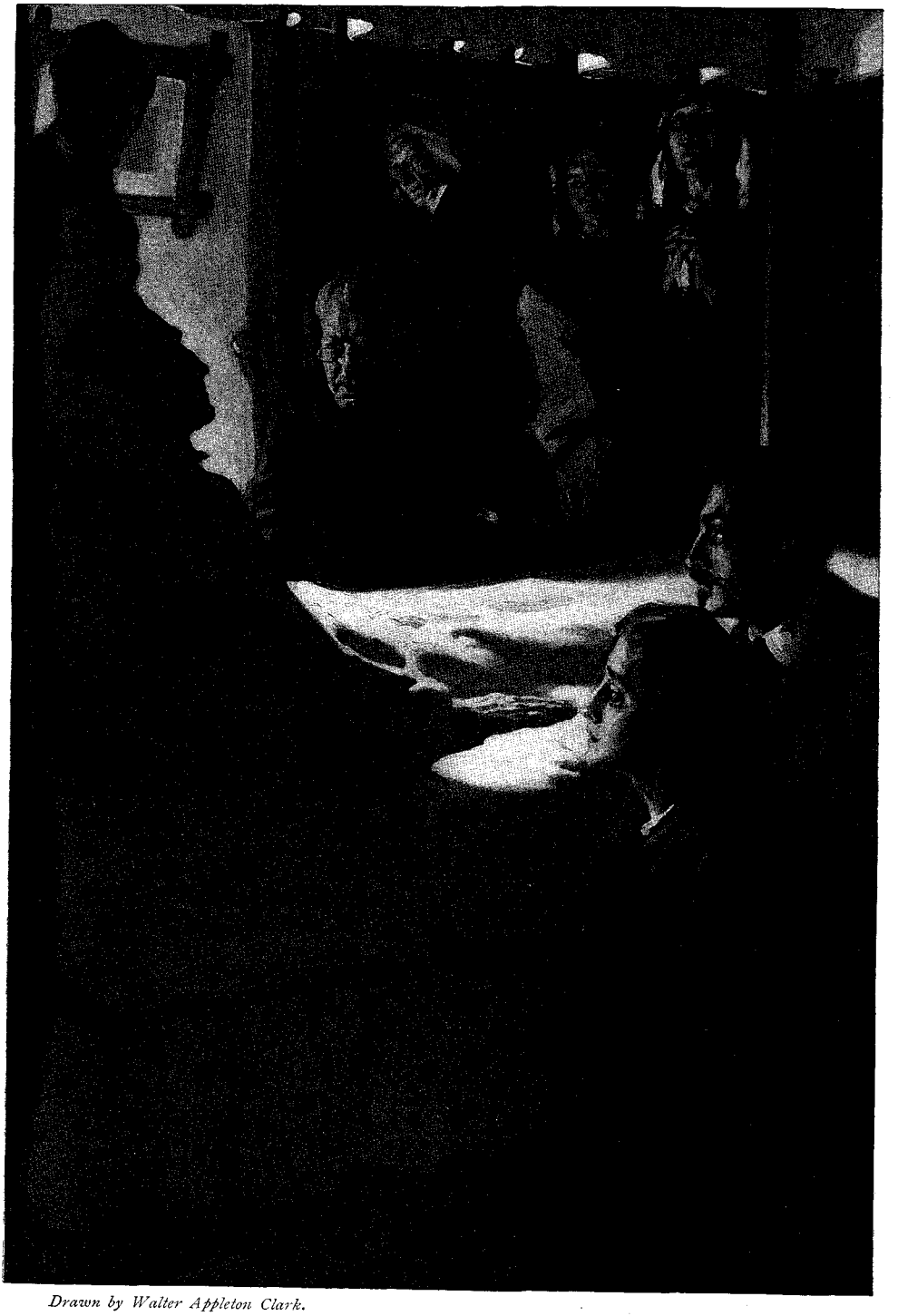

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

In the Shadow.

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his body swaying from side to side. Oliver stood silent.

"When he come home de udder day an' I lif' him in de bed, he say, 'Don't you strain yo'se'f, Malachi. 'Member, you ain't spry as you was.' Oh, Gawd! Oh, Gawd! What's Malachi gwine to do?"

Oliver sat down beside him. There was nothing to say; no comfort he could give him. The old servant's grief was only his own.

"Ebery night, Marse Ollie, sence he been sick, I git so lonesome dat I wait till de house git still an' den I git out'n de bed and crope down-stairs an' listen at de bedroom door. Den I hear de mistis say: 'In pain, dear?' and he say, 'No, Sallie.' An' den I crope up agin an' go to bed kind o' comforted. I was down agin las' night—mos' mawnin'—a-listenin', an' de mistis say: 'Kin I do sumpin' to ease de pain, dear?' an' he don't answer, only groan, and den I hear de bed creak, an' dat *short bref come*. Dat's the sign! I knows it. In de mawnin' he'll be gone. Can't fool Malachi; I knows de signs."

A gentle tap at the front door on the street sounded through the stillness. Oliver had left all the intervening doors between the dining-room and the shop open in his search for Malachi.

The old servant, with the lifelong habit upon him, started up to answer the summons.

"No, Mally, stay here," said Oliver. "I'll go. Some neighbor, perhaps, wanting to know how father is."

Oliver walked rapidly through the yard, tiptoed through the hall, and carefully turned the knob.

Amos Cobb stepped in.

"I saw the light, Oliver," he said, in a low tone, and I knew you were up. I have an important telegram from New York in answer to one I sent this morning from my office here. Would it be possible for me to see your father? I know it is very late, but the matter is most urgent."

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Cobb. He is very low."

"Not serious?" Amos exclaimed, in alarm.

"Doctor Wallace thinks it is."

"You don't tell me so! I had no idea he was so ill!"

"Nor did we, sir; a change for the worse set in this evening."

Amos leaned back against the wall, his hat in his hand. The light from the eight-sided hall lamp fell on his thick-set shoulders and square, determined, honest face. The keen-eyed, blunt Vermonter had learned to believe in Richard Horn and in his genius, within the last few years, and his distress at the news was sincere and heartfelt.

"Could I attend to it, Mr. Cobb?" asked Oliver.

"Perhaps so. I've got those fellows now where the hair is short, and I'm going to make 'em pay for it."

"What is it about?"

Amos Cobb took a double telegram from his pocket. It was closely written and contained a long message.

"It's about your father's patents. This telegram is from the attorneys of the Gorton——"

Oliver laid his fingers on the open telegram in Cobb's hand, and said, in a positive tone:

"He will not rob this man of his rights, Mr. Cobb."

"It's not that! It is the other way. The attorneys of the Gorton Company refuse to rob your father of *his* rights. Further, the bankers will not endorse the Gorton stock until your father's patent—I think it is No. 18,131"—and he examined the telegram closely—"yes, August 13, 1856, 18,131—is out of the way. They are prepared to pay a large price for it at once, and have asked me to see your father and arrange it on the best terms I can. The offer is most liberal. I don't feel like risking an hour's delay; that's why I'm here so late. What had I better do?"

Oliver caught Mr. Cobb's hand in his and a flash of exultant joy passed over his face. For a moment Margaret's eyes looked into his and then his mother's; he knew what it meant to them all. Then the wasted figure of his father rose in his mind, and his tears blinded him.

Amos stood watching him, trying to read his thoughts. He saw the tears glistening on Oliver's lashes, but he misunderstood the cause. Only the practical side of the situation appealed to the Vermonter at the moment. These New York

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men had cast discredit on his endorsement of Richard's priority in the invention and had tried to ignore them both. Now he held them tight in his grasp. Horn was a rich man.

"I'll be very quiet, Oliver," he continued, in a half-pleading tone, "and will make it as short as I can. Just let me go up. It can't hurt him—" and he laid his hand on Oliver's shoulder with a tenderness that surprised him. "I would never forgive myself if he should pass away without learning of his success. He's worked so hard."

Before Oliver could reply another low tap was heard at the door. Cobb turned the knob gently and Nathan stepped inside the hall. The old man had gone home and to bed, tired out with his ceaseless watching by Richard's bedside, and was only half dressed.

"Still with us?" he asked in trembling tones, his eyes searching Oliver's face. "Oh, thank God! Thank God! I'll go up at once"— and he passed on toward the stairway. Amos and Oliver followed.

As Nathan's foot touched the first step Doctor Wallace's voice sounded over the bannisters.

"Oliver! Malachi! Both of you — quick!"

The three bounded noiselessly up-stairs and entered the room. Richard lay high up on the pillows, the face in shadow, his eyes closed. Margaret was still on her knees, her head on the coverlet. Mrs. Horn stood on the other side of the bed, the same calm, fixed expression on her face, as if she was trying to read the unknowable. Dr. Wallace sat on a chair beside his patient, his fingers on Richard's pulse.

"Is he gone?" asked Oliver, stepping quickly to his father's side, his voice choking.

Dr. Wallace shook his head.

Amos Cobb drew near, and whispered in the doctor's ear. The old physician listened quietly, and nodded in assent. Then he leaned over his patient.

"Mr. Cobb has some good news for you, Richard," he said, calmly. "The bankers have recognized your patents, and are ready to pay the money——"

The dying man's eyes opened slowly.

Amos stepped in front of the doctor, and bent down close to the bed.

"It's all right, Horn—all right! They can't get along without your first patent. Here's the telegram." He spoke with an encouraging cheeriness in his voice, as one would in helping a child across a dangerous place.

The brow of the dying man suddenly cleared; the eyes burned with their old steadiness, then the lips parted.

"Read it." The words were barely audible.

Cobb held the paper so the dim light should fall upon it and read the contents slowly, emphasizing each word.

"Raise me up."

The voice seemed to come from his throat, as if his lungs were closed. Oliver started forward, but Cobb, being nearer, slipped his arm under the wasted figure, and with the tenderness of a woman, lifted him carefully, tucking the pillows in behind the thin shoulders for better support. Oliver sank softly to his knees beside Margaret.

Again the thin lips parted.

"Read it once more." The voice came stronger now.

Amos held the paper to the light, and the words of the telegram, like the low tick of a clock, again sounded through the hushed room.

For a brief instant the inventor's eyes sought each face in turn. As his gaze rested on Margaret and Oliver, he moved his thin white hand slowly along the coverlet, and laid it first on Oliver's and next on Margaret's head. Then, with a triumphant look lighting his face, he lifted his arms toward his wife.

"Sallie!" he called, and fell back on his pillow, lifeless.

CHAPTER XXV

THE LIGHT OF A NEW DAY

THE crocuses are a-bloom once more. The lilac buds are bursting with the joy of the new spring. A veil of silver-gray floats over Moose Hillock. The idle brook, like a truant boy, dances in the sunshine, singing to itself as it leaps from ledge to pool.

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All the doors and windows of the big studio on the side looking down the valley are open to the morning air. Through one of these Margaret has just entered, her arms full of apple-blossoms. One spray she places in a slender blue jar, the delicate blush of the buds and the pale green of the leaves harmonizing with the gold-brown of her marvellous hair as she buries her face among them. All about the spacious room are big easels, half-finished portraits, rich draperies, wide divans, old brass, and rare porcelain.

In an easy chair, close to the window, with the fragrance of the blossoms around her, sits a gray-haired, sweet-faced old lady with a gossamer shawl about her shoulders. She is watching Margaret as she moves about the room, her eyes brimming with tenderness and pride. Now and then she looks toward a door leading into the bed-room beyond, as if expecting someone.

Oliver stands before his easel, his palette and brushes in his hand. He is studying the effect of a pat of color he has just laid on the portrait of a young girl in a rich gown—the fourth full-length he has painted this year—the most important being the one of his father ordered by the Historical Society of Kennedy Square, and painted from Margaret's sketches.

Malachi—the old man is very feeble—moves slowly around a square table covered with a snow-white cloth, with seats set for four—one a high chair with little arms. In Malachi's hands are a heap of cups and saucers—the same spode cups and saucers he looked after so carefully in the old house at home. These he places near the smoking coffee-urn.

Suddenly a merry roguish laugh is heard, and a little fellow with gold-brown hair and big blue eyes peers in through the slowly opening door.

The old servant stops, and his withered face breaks into a smile.

"Is dat you, honey?" he cries, with a laugh. "Come along, son. Yo' cha'r's all ready, Marse Richard."

THE END.

CHIEFTAIN

A STORY OF THE HEAVY DRAUGHT SERVICE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

HE was a three-quarter blood Norman, was Chieftain. You would have known that by his deep, powerful chest, his chunky neck, his substantial, shaggy-fetlocked legs. He had a family tree, registered sires, you know, and, had he wished, could have read you a pedigree reaching back to Sir Navarre (6893).

Despite all this, Chieftain was guilty of no undue pride. Eight years in the trucking business takes out of one all such nonsense. True, as a three-year-old he had given himself some airs. There was small wonder in that. He had been the boast of Keokuk County for a whole year. "We'll show 'em what we can do in Indiana," the stockmaster had said as Chieftain, his silver-white tail carefully done up in red flannel, was led aboard the cars for shipment east.

They are not unused to ton-weight horses in the neighborhood of the Bull's Head, where the great sales-stables are. Still, when Chieftain was brought out, his fine dappled coat shining like frosted steel in the sunlight, and his splendid tail, which had been done up in straw crimps over night, rippling and waving behind him, there was a great craning of necks among the buyers of heavy draughts.

"Gentlemen," the red-faced auctioneer had shouted, "here's a buster; one of

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the kind you read about, wide as a wagon, with a leg on each corner. There's a ton of him, a whole ton. Who'll start him at 300? Why, he's as good as money in the bank."

That had been Chieftain's introduction to the metropolis. But the triple-hitch is a great leveller. In single harness, even though one does pull a load, there is chance for individuality. One may toss one's head; aye, prance a bit on a nipping morning. But get between the poles of a breast-team, with a horse on either side, and a twelve-ton load at the trace-ends, and—well, one soon forgets such vanities as pride of champion sires, and one learns not to prance.

In his eight years as inside horse of breast-team No. 47, Chieftain had forgotten much about pedigree, but he had learned many other things. He had come to know the precise moment when, in easing a heavy load down an incline, it was safe to slacken away on the breeching and trot gently. He could tell, merely by glancing at a rise in the roadway, whether a slow, steady pull was needed, or if the time had come to stick in his toe-calks and throw all of his 2,000 pounds on the collar. He had learned not to fret himself into a lather about strange noises, and not to be over-particular as to the kind of company in which he found himself working. Even though hitched up with a vicious Missouri Modoc on one side and a raw, half collar-broken Kanuck on the other, he would do his best to steady them down to the work. He had learned to stop at crossings when a six-foot Broadway squad officer held up one finger, and to give way for no one else. He knew by heart all the road rules of the crowded way, and he stood for his rights.

So, in stress of storm or quivering summer heat, did Chieftain toil between the poles, hauling the piled-up truck, year in and year out, up and down and across the city streets. And in time he had forgotten his Norman blood, had forgotten that he was the great-grandson of Sir Navarre.

Some things there were, however, which Chieftain could not wholly forget. These memories were not exactly clear, but, vague as they were, they stuck. They had to do with fields of new grass, with the elastic feel of dew-moistened turf under one's hoofs, with the enticing smell of sweet clover in one's nostrils, the sound of gently moving leaves in one's ears, and the sense that before, as well as behind, were long hours of delicious leisure.

It was only in the afternoons that these memories troubled Chieftain. In the morning one feels fresh and strong and contented, and, when one has time for any thought at all, there are comforting reflections that in the nose-bags, swung under the truck-seat, are eight quarts of good oats, and that noon must come some time or other.

But along about three o'clock of a July day, with stabling time too far away to be thought of, when there was nothing to do but to stand patiently in the glare of the sun-baked freight-yard, while Tim and his helper loaded on case after case and barrel after barrel, then it was that Chieftain could not help thinking about the fields of new grass, and other things connected with his colt days.

Sometimes, when he was plodding doggedly over the hard pavements, with every hoof-fall jarring tired muscles, he would think how nice it would be, just for a week or so, to tread again that yielding turf he had known such a long, long time ago. Then, perhaps, he would slacken just a bit on the traces, and Tim would give that queer, shrill chirrup of his, adding, sympathetically: "Come, me bye, come ahn!" Then Chieftain would tighten the traces in an instant, giving his whole attention to the business of keeping them taut and of placing each iron-shod hoof just where was the surest footing.

In this last you may imagine there is no knack. Perhaps you think it is done offhand. Well, it isn't. Ask any experienced draught-horse used to city trucking. He will tell you that wet cobblestones, smoothed by much wear and greased with street slime, cannot be travelled heedlessly. Either the heel or the toe calks must find a crevice somewhere. If they do not, you are apt to go on your knees or slide on your haunches. Flat-rail car-tracks give you unexpected side slips. So do the raised rims of man-hole covers. But when it comes to wet asphalt —your calks will not help you there. It's just a case of nice balancing and trusting to luck.

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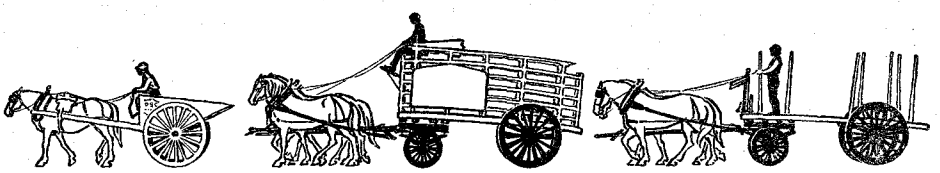

Much, of course, depends on the man at the other end of the lines. In this particular Chieftain was fortunate, for a better driver than Tim Doyle did not handle leather for the company. Even "the old man"—the stable-boss—had been known to say as much.

Chieftain had taken a liking to Tim the first day they turned out together, when Chieftain was new to the city and to trucking. Driver Doyle's fondness for Chieftain was of slower growth. In those days there were other claimants for Tim's affections than his horses. There was a Mrs. Doyle, for instance. Sometimes Chieftain saw her when Tim drove the truck anywhere in the vicinity of the flat-house in which he lived. She would come out and look at the team, and Tim would tell what fine horses he had. There was a young Tim, too, a big, growing boy, who would now and then ride on the truck with his father.

One day—it was during Chieftain's fifth year in the service—something had happened to Mrs. Doyle. Tim had not driven for three days that time, and when he did come back he was a very sober Tim. He told Chieftain all about it, because he had no one else to tell. Soon after this young Tim, who had grown up, went away somewhere, and from that time on the friendship between old Tim and Chieftain became closer than ever. Tim spent more and more of his time at the stable, until, at the end, he fixed himself a bunk in the night watchman's office and made it his home.

So, for three years or more Chieftain had always had a good-night pat on the flank from Tim, and in the morning, after the currying and rubbing, they had a little friendly banter, in the way of love-slaps from Tim and good-natured nosings from Chieftain. Perhaps many of Tim's confidences were given half in jest, and perhaps Chieftain sometimes thought that Tim was a bit slow in perception, but, all in all, each understood the other, even better than either realized.

Of course, Chieftain could not tell Tim of all those vague longings which had to do with new grass and springy turf, nor could he know that Tim had similar longings. These thoughts each kept to himself. But if Chieftain was of Norman blood, a horse whose noble sires had ranged pasture and paddock free from rein or trace, Tim was a Doyle whose father and grandfather had lived close to the good green sod, and had done their toil in the open, with the cool and calm of the country to soothe and revive them.

Of such delights as these both Chieftain and Tim had tasted scantily, hurriedly, in youth; and for them, in the lapses of the daily grind, both yearned, each after his own fashion.

And, each in his way, Tim and Chieftain were philosophers. As the years had come and gone, toil-filled and uneventful, the character of the man had ripened and mellowed, the disposition of the horse had settled and sweetened.

In his earlier days Tim had been ready to smash a wheel or lose one, to demand right of way with profane unction, and to back his word with whip, fist, or bale-hook. But he had learned to yield an inch on occasion and to use the soft word.

Chieftain, too, in his first years between the poles, had sometimes been impatient with the untrained mates who from time to time joined the team. He had taken part in mane-biting and trace-kicking, especially on days when the loads were heavy and the flies thick, conditions which try the best of horse tempers. But he had steadied down into a pole-horse who could set an example that was worth more than all the six-foot lashes ever tied to a whip-stock.

It was during the spring of Chieftain's eighth year with the company that things really began to happen. First there came rheumatism to Tim. Trucking uses up men as well as horses, you know. While it is the hard work and the heavy feeding of oats which burn out the animal, it

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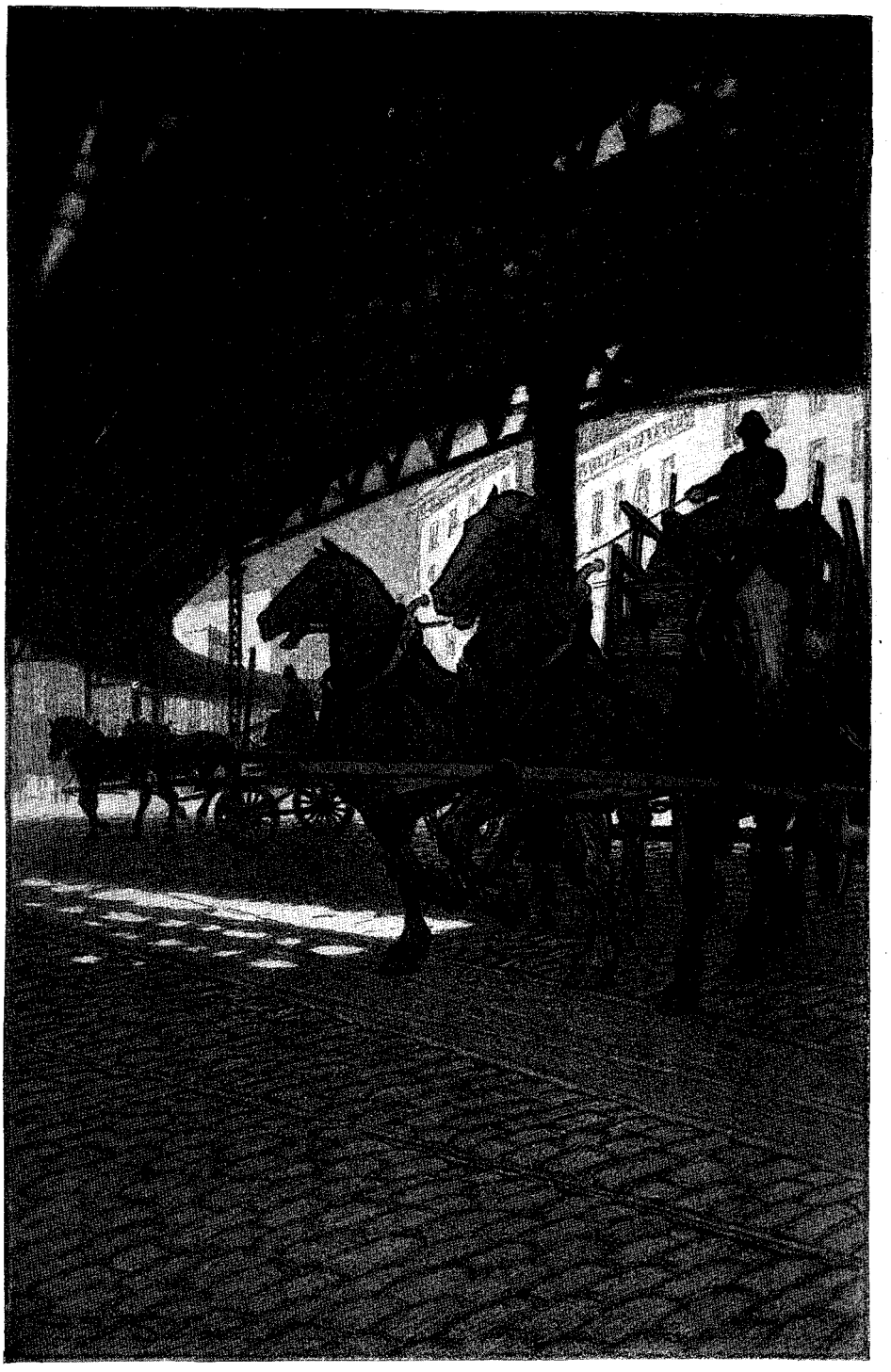

Drawn by F. D. Steele.

He would do his best to steady them down to the work.—Page 203.

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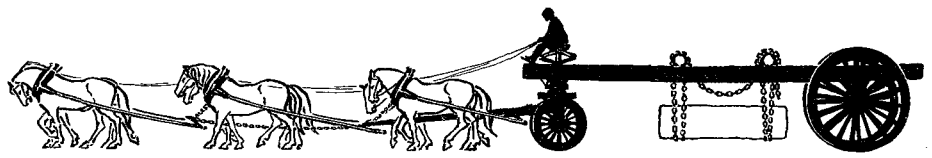

is generally the exposure and the hard drinking which do for the men. Tim, however, was always moderate in his use of liquor, so he lasted longer than most drivers. But at one-and-forty the wearing of rain-soaked clothes called for reprisal. One wet May morning, after vainly trying to hobble about the stable, Tim, with a bottle of horse liniment under his arm, gave it up and went back to his bunk.

Team No. 47 went out that day with a new driver, a cousin of the stable-boss, who had never handled anything better than common, light-weight express horses. How Chieftain did miss Tim those next few days! The new man was slow at loading, and, to make up the time, he cut short their dinner-hour. Now it is not the wise thing to hurry horses who have just eaten eight quarts of oats. The team finished the day well blown, and in a condition generally bad. Next day the new man let the off horse stumble, and there was a pair of barked knees to be doctored.

Matters went from bad to worse, until on the fourth day came the climax. Sludge acid is an innocent-appearing liquid which sometimes stands in pools near gas-works. Good drivers know enough to avoid it. It is bad for the hoofs. The new man still had many things to learn, and this happened to be one of them. In the morning Team 47 was disabled. The company's veterinary looked at the spongy hoofs and remarked to the stable-boss: "About three weeks on the farm will fix 'em all right, I guess; but I should advise you to chuck that new driver out of the window; he's too expensive for us."

That was how Chieftain's yearnings happened to be gratified at last. The company, it seems, has a big farm, somewhere "up State," to which disabled horses are sent for rest and recuperation. Invalided drivers must look out for themselves. You can get a hundred truck drivers by hanging out a sign: good draught horses are to be had only for a price.

Chieftain and Tim parted with mutual misgivings. To a younger horse the long ride in the partly open box-car might have been a novelty, but to Chieftain, accustomed to ferries and the sight of all manner of wheeled things, it was without new sensations.

At the end of the ride—ah, that was different. There were the sweet, fresh fields, the springy green turf, the trees—all just as he had dreamed a hundred times. Halterless and shoe-freed, Chieftain pranced about the pasture for all the world like a two-year-old. With head and tail up he ranged the field. He even tried a roll on the grass. Then, when he was tired, he wandered about, nibbling now and then at a tempting bunch of grass, but mainly exulting in his freedom. There were other company horses in the field, but most of them were busy grazing. Each was disabled in some way. One was half foundered, one had a leg-sprain, another swollen joints; but hoof complaints, such as toe-cracks, quarter-cracks, brittle feet, and the like, were the most frequent ills. They were not a cheerful lot, and they were unsociable.

Chieftain went ambling off by himself, and in due time made acquaintance with a rather gaunt, weather-beaten sorrel who hung his head lonesomely over the fence from an adjoining pasture. He seemed grateful for the notice taken of him by the big Norman, and soon they were the best of friends. For hours they stood with their muzzles close together or their necks crossed in fraternal fashion, swapping horse gossip after the manner of their kind.

The sorrel, it appeared, was farm-bred and farm-reared. He knew little or nothing of pavements and city hauling. All his years had been spent in the country. In spite of his bulging ribs and unkempt coat Chieftain almost envied him. What

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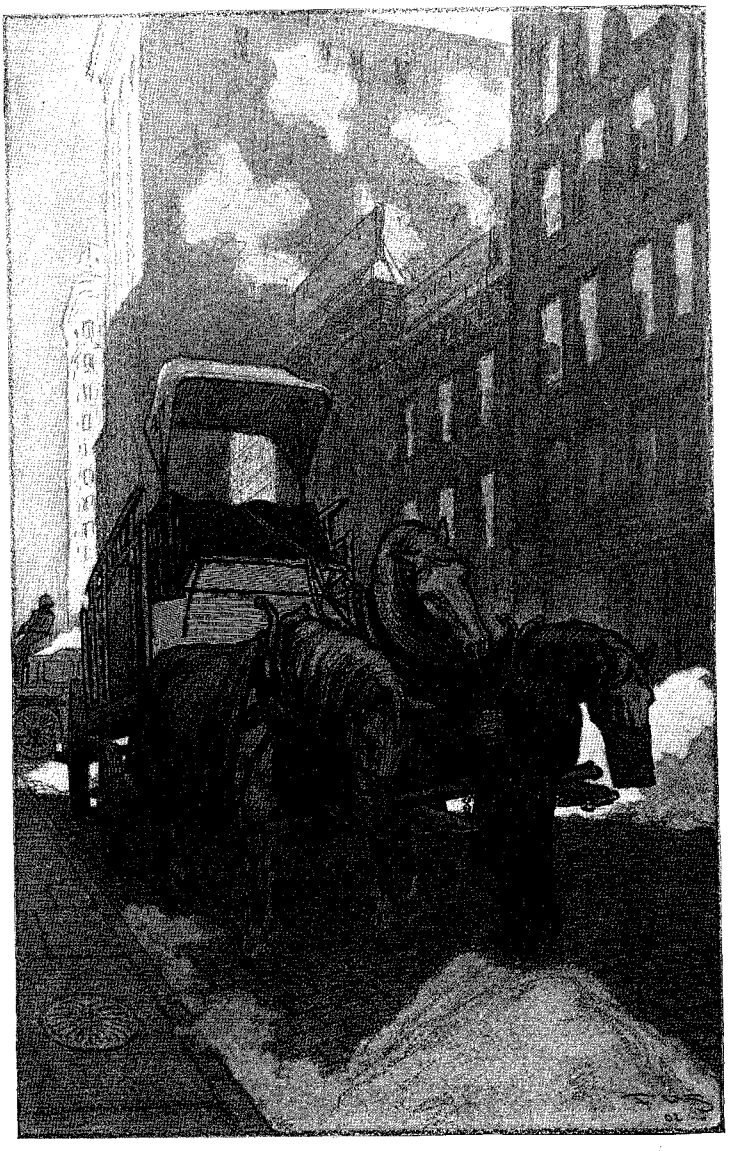

He cut short their dinner-hour.—Page 206.

a fine thing it must be to live as the sorrel lived, to crop the new grass, to feel the turf under your feet, and to drink, instead of the hard stuff one gets from the hydrant, the soft sweet brook water, to drink it standing fetlock deep in the hoof-soothing mud! But the sorrel was lacking in enthusiasm for country life.

About the fifth day of his rustication the sharp edge of Chieftain's appreciation became dulled. He discovered that pasture life was wanting in variety. Also he missed his oats. When one has been accustomed to twenty-four quarts a day, and hay besides, grass seems a mild substitute. Graze industriously as he would, it was hard to get enough. The sorrel, however, was sure Chieftain would get used to all that.

In time, of course, the talk turned to the pulling of heavy loads. The sorrel mentioned the yanking of a hay-rick, laden with two tons of clover, from the far meadow lot to the barn. Two tons!

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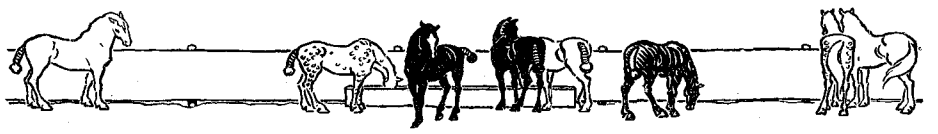

Chieftain snorted in mild disdain. Had not his team often swung down Broadway with sixteen tons on the truck? To be sure, narrow tires and soft-going made a difference.

The country horse suggested that dragging a breaking plough through old sod was strenuous employment. Yes, it might be, but had the sorrel ever tightened the traces for a dash up a ferry bridgeway when the tide was out? No, the sorrel had done his hauling on land. He had never ridden on boats. He had heard them, though. They were noisy things, almost as noisy as an old Buckeye mower going over a stony field.

Noise! Would the sorrel like to know what noise really was? Then let him be hooked into a triple Boston backing hitch and snake a truck down West Street, with the whiffle-trees slatting in front of him, the spreader-bar rapping jig time on the poles, and the gongs of street-cars and automobiles and fire-engines and ambulances all going at once. Noise? Let him mix in a Canal Street jam or back up for a load on a North River pier!

And as Chieftain recalled these things the contrast of the pasture's oppressive stillness to the lively roar of the familiar streets came home to him. Who was taking his place between the poles of Team 47? Had they put one of those cheeky Clydes in his old stall? He would not care to lose that stall. It was the best on the second floor. It had a window in it, and Sundays he could see everything that went on in the street below. He could even look into the front rooms of the tenements across the way. There was a little girl over there who interested Chieftain greatly. She was trying to raise some sort of a flower in a tin can which she kept on the window-ledge. She often waved her hand at Chieftain.

Then there was poor Tim Doyle. Good old Tim! Where was another driver like him? He made you work, Tim did, but he looked out for you all the time. Always on the watch, was Tim, for galled spots, chafing sores, hoof-pricks, and things like that. If he could get them he would put on fresh collar-pads every week. And how carefully he would cover you up when you were on the forward end of a ferryboat in stormy weather. No tossing the blanket over your back from Tim. No, sir! It was always doubled about your neck and chest, just where you most need protection when you're steaming hot and the wind is raw. How many drivers warmed the bits on a cold morning or rinsed out your mouth in hot weather? Who, but Tim could drive a breast team through a——

But just here Chieftain heard a shrill, familiar whistle, and in a moment, with as much speed as his heavy build allowed, he was making his way across the field to where a short, stocky man with a broad grin cleaving his face, was climbing the pasture fence. It was Tim Doyle himself.

Tim, it seems, had so bothered the stable-boss with questions about the farm, its location, distance from the city, and general management that at last that autocrat had said: "See here, Doyle, if you want to go up there just say so and I'll send you as car hostler with the next batch. I'll give you a note to the farm superintendent. Guess he'll let you hang around for a week or so."

"I'll go up as hostler," said Tim, "but you just say in that there note that Tim Doyle pays his own way after he gets there."

In that way it was settled. For some four days Tim appeared to enjoy it greatly. Most of his time he spent sitting on the pasture-fence, smoking his pipe and watching the grazing horses. To Chieftain alone he brought great bunches of clover.

About the fifth day Tim grew restive. He had examined Chieftain's hoofs and pronounced them well healed, but the superintendent said that it would be a week before he should be ready to send another lot of horses back to the city.

"How far is it by road?" asked Tim

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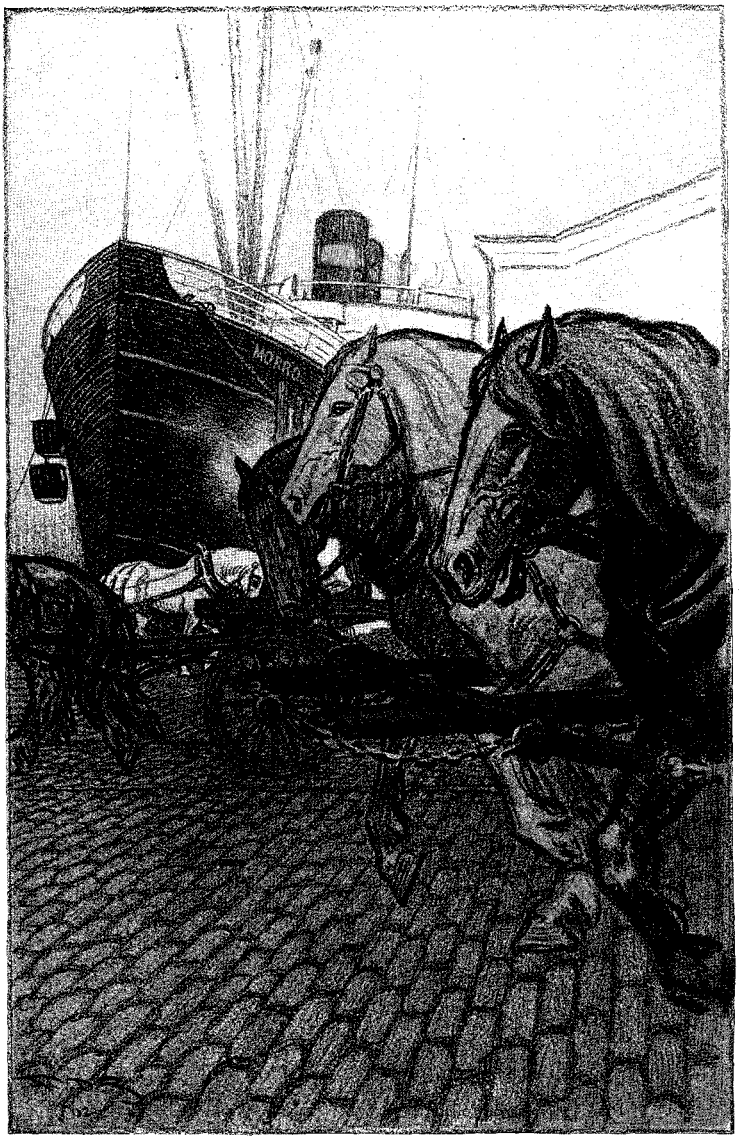

Then let him . . . snake a truck down West Street.—Page 208.

"Oh, 200 miles or so," said the superintendent.

"Why not let me take Chieftain down that way? It'd be cheaper'n shippin' him, an' do him good."

The superintendent only laughed and said he would ship Chieftain with the others, when he was ready.

That evening Tim sat on the bench before the farmhouse and smoked his pipe until everyone else had gone to bed. The moon had risen, big and yellow. In a pond behind the stables it seemed as if 10,000 frogs had joined in one grand chorus. They were singing their mating song, if you know what that is. It is not altogether a cheerful or harmonious effort. Next to the soughing of a November wind it is, perhaps, the most dismally lonesome sound in nature.

For two hours Tim Doyle smoked and thought and listened. Then he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and decided that he had been long enough in the country.

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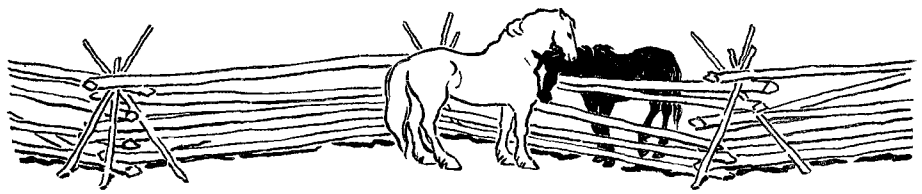

He would walk to the station, two miles away, and take the midnight train to the city. As he went down the farm road skirting the pasture he saw in the moonlight the sheds where the horses went at night for shelter. Moved by some sudden whim, he stopped and whistled. A moment later a big horse appeared from under the shed and came toward him, neighing gratefully. It was Chieftain.

"Well, Chieftain, me bye, I'll be lavin' ye for a spell. But I'll have yer old stall ready against yer comin' back. Good-by, laddie," and with this Tim patted Chieftain on the nose and started down the road. He had gone but a few steps when he heard Chieftain whinny. Tim stopped irresolutely, and then went on. Again came the call of the horse. There was no misunderstanding its meaning. Tim walked back to the fence.

In the morning the farm superintendent found on the door-sill a roughly pencilled note which read:

"Hav goan bak to the sitty P S chefetun warnted to goe so I tuk him. Tim Doyle."

They were ten days on the road, ten delightful days of irresponsible vagabondism. Sometimes Tim rode on Chieftain's back and sometimes he walked beside him. At night they took shelter in any stable that was handy. Tim invested in a bridle and saddle blanket. Also he bought oats and hay for Chieftain. The big Norman followed his own will, stopping to graze by the roadside whenever he wished. Together they drank from brooks and springs. Between them was perfect comradeship. Each was in holiday mood and each enjoyed the outing to the fullest. As they passed through towns they attracted no little attention, for outside of the city 2,000-pound horses are seldom seen, and there were many admirers of Chieftain's splendid proportions. Tim had many offers from shrewd horse-dealers.

"Ye would, eh? A whole hundred dollars!" Tim would answer with fine sarcasm "Now, wouldn't that be too much, don't ye think? My, my, what a generous mon it is! G'wan, Chieftain, er Mister Car-na-gy here'll be after givin' us a lib'ry."

Chieftain, and Tim, too, for that matter, were nearer actual freedom than ever before. For years the big Norman had used his magnificent muscles only for straining at the traces. He had trod only the hard pavements. Now, he put forth his glorious strength at leisure, moving along the pleasant country roads at his own gait, and being guided only when a turning was to be made.

Fine as it all was, however, as they drew near to the city both horse and driver became eager to reach their old quarters. Tim was, for he has said so. As for Chieftain—let the stable-boss, who knows horse-nature better than most men know themselves, tell that part of the story.

"Bigger lunatics than them two, Tim Doyle and old Chieftain, I never set eyes on," he says. "I was standin' down here by the double doors watchin' some of the day-teams unhook when I looks up the street on a sudden. An' there, tail an' head up like he was a 'leven-hundred-pound Kentucky hunter 'stead of heavy-weight draught, comes that old Chieftain, a whinnyin' like a three-year-old. An' on his back, mind you, old Tim Doyle, grinnin' away 'sif he was Tod Sloan finishin' first at the Brooklyn Handicap. Tickled? I never see a horse show anything so plain in all my life. He just streaked it up that runway and into his old stall like he was a prodigal son come back from furren parts.

"Yes, Tim he's out on the truck with his old team. Tim don't have to drive nowadays, you know. Brother of his that was in the contractin' business died about three months ago an' left Tim quite a pile. Tim, he says he guesses the money won't take no hurt in the bank and that some day, when he an' Chieftain git ready to retire, maybe it'll come in handy."

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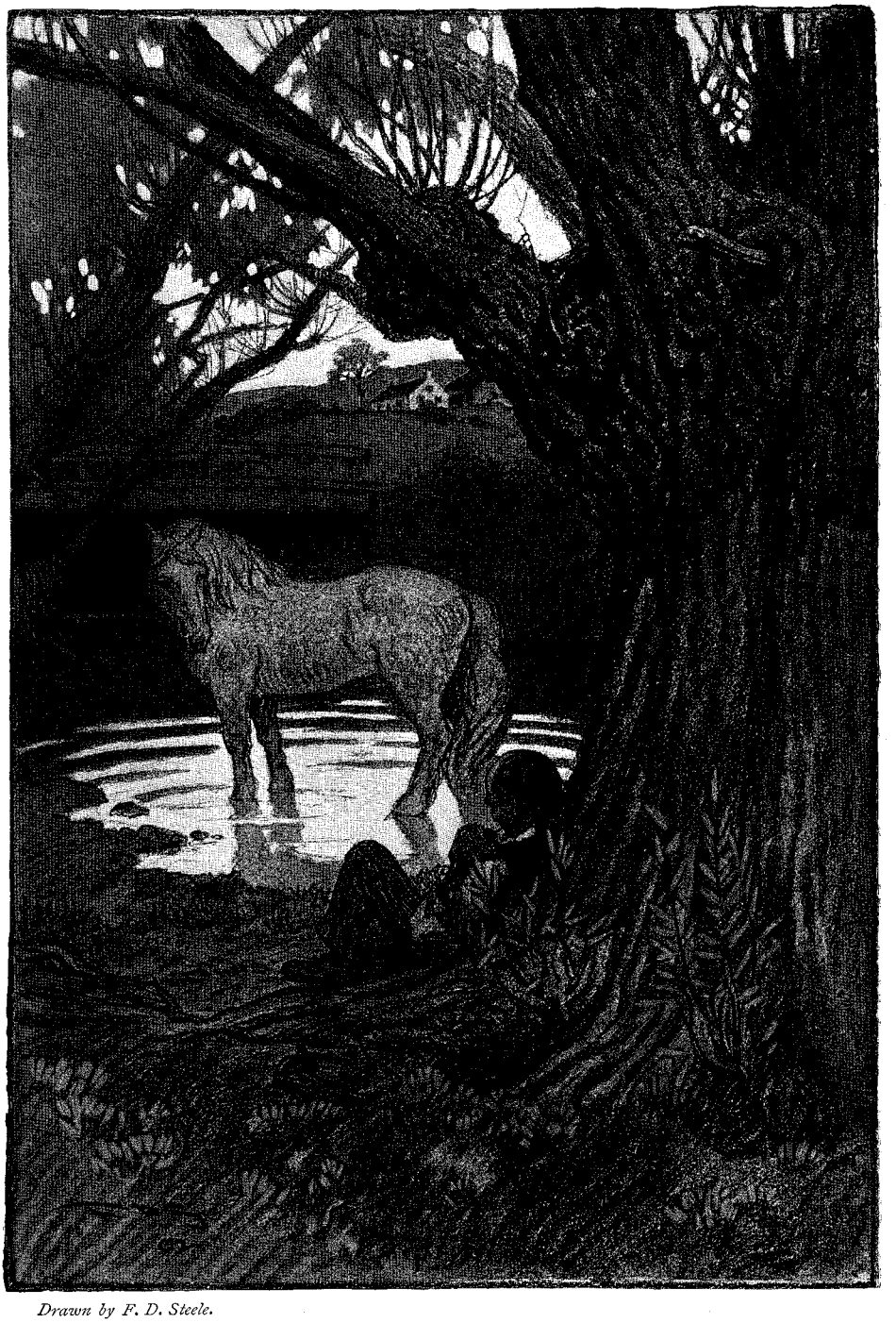

Drawn by F. D. Steele.

For some four days Tim appeared to enjoy it greatly.—Page 208.

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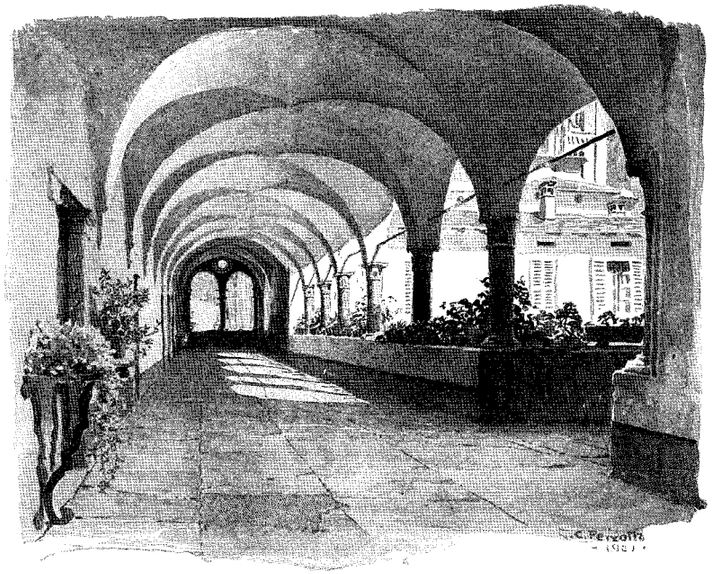

Corridor in the Albergo S. Michele—Madonna di Tirano.

A MIDSUMMER WEEK'S DREAM

AUGUST IN ITALY

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

I

FOR ten days we had not known what ailed us. We had fled from the August heat and crowd of the Vorderrheinthal to the posting-inn below the Splügen pass; and here fortune had given us all the midsummer tourist can hope for—solitude, cool air and fine scenery. A dozen times a day we counted our mercies, but still privately felt them to be insufficient. As we walked through the larch-groves beside the Rhine, or climbed the grassy heights above the valley, we were oppressed by the didactic quality of our surroundings—by the aggressive salubrity and repose of this *bergerie de Florian*. We seemed to be living in the landscape of a sanatorium prospectus. It was all pleasant enough, according to Schopenhauer's definition of pleasure We had none of the things we did not want; but then we did not particularly want any of the things we had. We had fancied we did till we got them; and as we had to own that they did their part in fulfilling our anticipations, we were driven to conclude that the fault was in ourselves. Then suddenly we found out what was wrong. Splügen was charming, but it was too near Italy.

One can forgive a place 3,000 miles from Italy for not being Italian; but that a village on the very border should remain stolidly immovably Swiss was a constant source of exasperation. Even the landscape had neglected its opportunities. A few miles off it became the accomplice of man's most exquisite imaginings; but here we could see in it only endless material for Swiss clocks and fodder.

The trouble began with our watching the diligences Every evening we saw one

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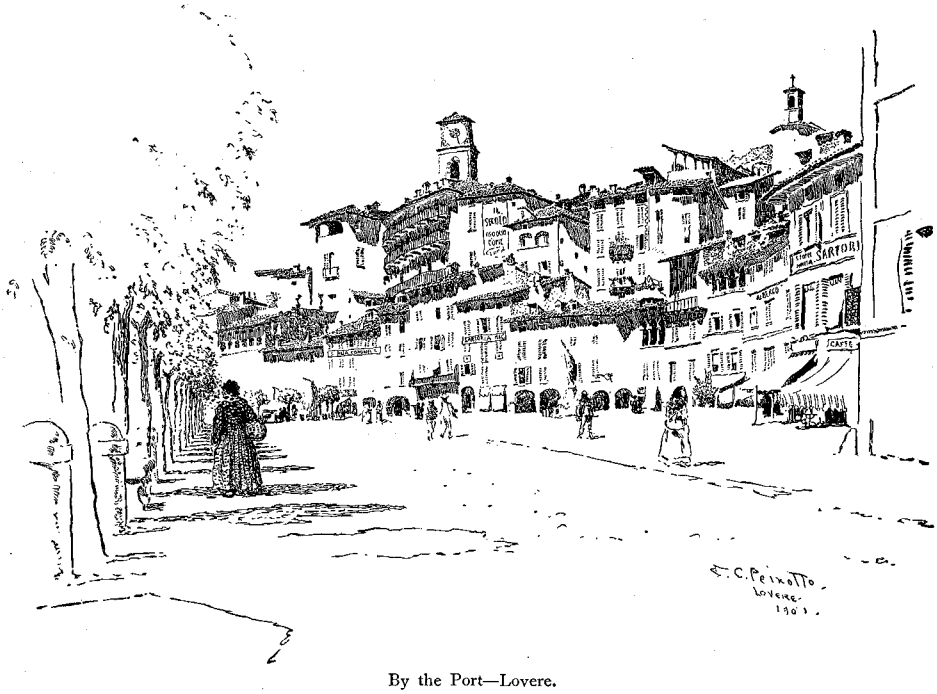
toiling up the pass from Chiavenna, with dusty horses and perspiring passengers. How we pitied those passengers! We walked among them puffed up with all the good air in our lungs. We felt fresh and cool and enviable, and moralized on the plaintive lot of those whose scant holidays compelled them to visit Italy in August. But already the poison was at work. We pictured what our less fortunate brothers had seen till we began to wonder if, after all, they were less fortunate. At least they had *been there;* and what drawbacks could qualify that fact? Was it better to be cool and look at a waterfall, or to be hot and look at St. Mark's? Was it better to walk on gentians or on mosaic, to smell fir-needles or incense? Was it, in short, ever well to be elsewhere when one might be in Italy?

We tried to quell the rising madness by interrogating the travellers. Was it very hot on the lakes and in Milan? "Terribly!" they answered, and mopped their brows. "Unimaginative idiots!" we grumbled, and forbore to question the next batch. Of course it was hot there—but what of that? Think of the compensations! To take it on the lowest plane, think of the empty hotels and railway carriages, the absence of tourists and Baedekers! Even the Italians were away, among the Apennines and in the Engadine; we should have the best part of the country to ourselves. Gradually we began to picture our sensations should we take seats in the diligence on its return journey. From that moment we were lost. We did not say much to each other, but one morning at sunrise we found a travelling carriage at the door. No one seemed to know who had ordered it, but we noticed that our luggage was being strapped on behind. We took our seats and the driver turned his horses toward the Splügen pass. It was not the way to Switzerland.

We mounted to ice and snow. The savage landscape led us to the top of the pass and dogged us down to the miserable Italian custom-house on the other side. Then began the long descent through snow-galleries and sheer pine-forests, above the gorge of the Madesimo: Switzerland still in every aspect, but with a promise of Italy in the names of the dreary villages. Visible Italy began with the valley of the Lira, where, in a wild Salvator Rosa landscape, the beautiful campanile of the Madonna of Gallevaggio rises above embowering walnuts. Now each successive village de-



By the Port—Lovere.

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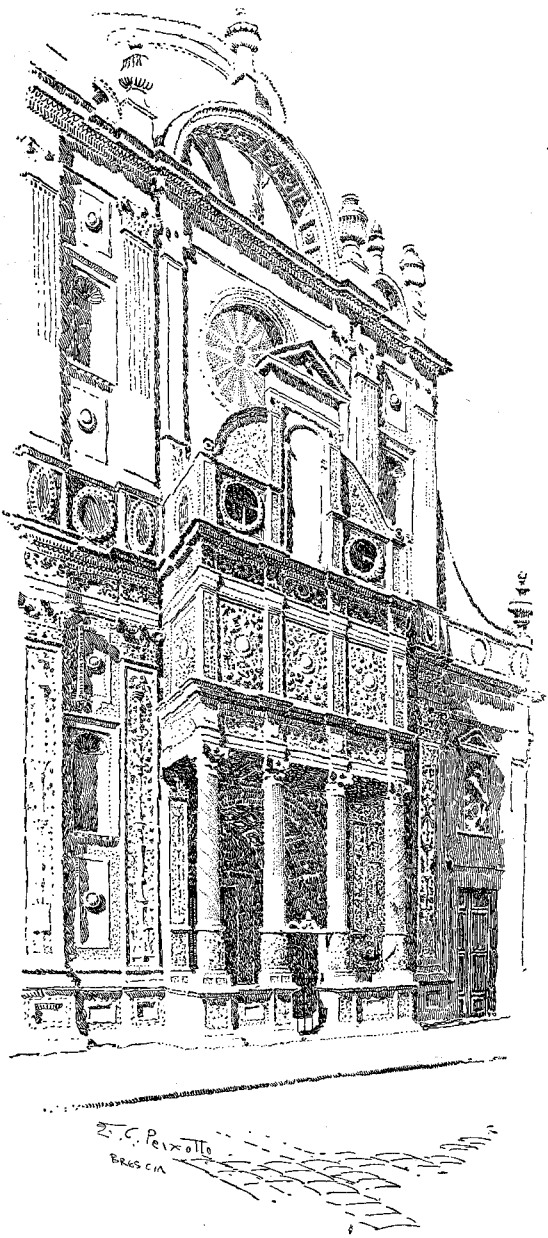
clared its allegiance more openly. The huddled stone houses disappeared in a wealth of pomegranates and oleanders. Vine-pergolas shaded the doorways, roses and dahlias overflowed the terraces of rough masonry, and between the walnut-groves came melon-patches and fields of maize.

As we approached Chiavenna a bloom of heat lay on the motionless foliage, and the mountains hung like thunder-clouds on the horizon. There was something oppressive, menacing almost, in the still weight of the atmosphere. It seemed to have absorbed all the ardor of the sun-baked Lombard plain, of the shadeless rice and maize fields stretching away to the south of us. But the eye had ample compensation. The familiar town of Chiavenna had grown as fantastically picturesque as the background of a fresco. The old houses, with their medallioned doorways of worn marble; the courtyards bright with flowers and shaded by trellised vines; the white turbulence of the Lira, rushing between gardens, balconies and terraces set at reckless angles above the water—were all these a part of the town we had so often seen at less romantic seasons? The general impression was of an exuberance of rococo—as though the sportive statue of Saint John Nepomuc on the bridge, the grotesque figures on the balustrade of the pale-green villa near the hotel, and the stucco shrines at the street corners, had burst into a plastic efflorescence rivalling the midsummer wealth of the gardens.



Chiesa dei Miracoli—Brescia.

We had left Switzerland with the general object of going to Italy and the specific one of exploring the Bergamasque Alps. It was the name that had attracted us, as much from its intrinsic picturesqueness as from its associations with the *commedia dell'arte* and the jolly figures of Harlequin and Brighella. I have often journeyed thus in pursuit of a name, and seldom unrewarded. In this case the very aspect of the map was promising. The region included in the scattered lettering—*Bergamasker Hochthäler*—had that furrowed, serried look so encouraging to the experienced traveller. It was rich, crowded, suggestive; and the names of the villages were enchanting.

Early the next morning we set

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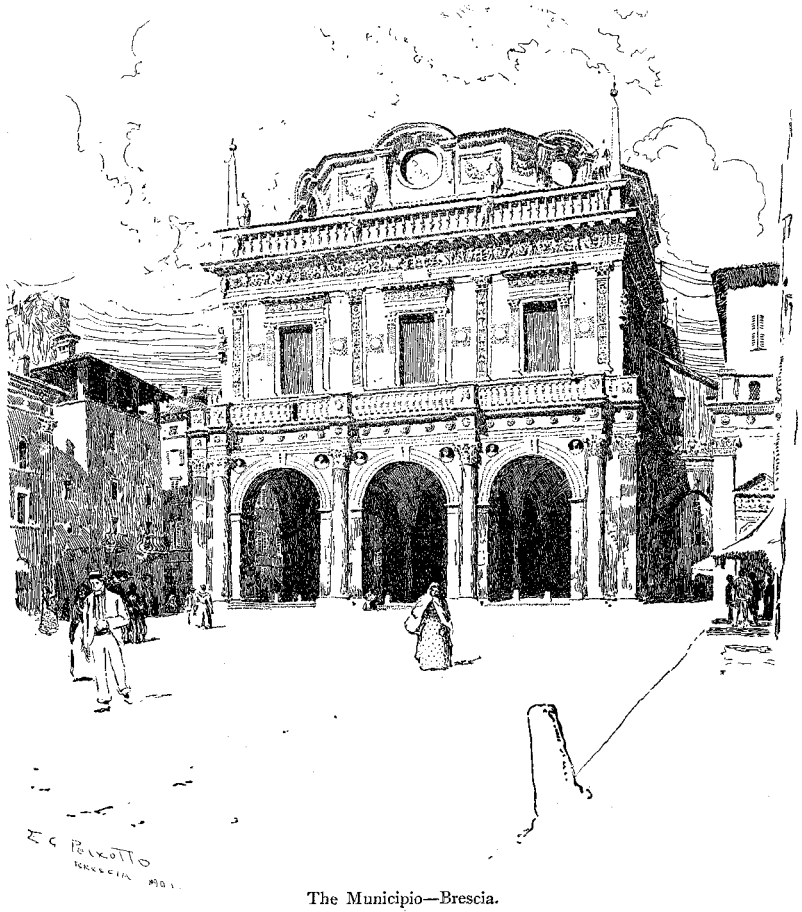

The Municipio—Brescia.

out for Colico, at the head of the Lake of Como, and thence took train for Sondrio, the chief town of the Valtelline. The lake, where we had to wait for our train, lay in unnatural loveliness beneath a breathless sky, the furrowed peaks bathed in subtle gradations of color of which, at other seasons, the atmosphere gives no hint. At Sondrio we found all the dreariness of a modern Italian town with wide unshaded streets; but taking carriage in the afternoon for Madonna di Tirano we were soon in the land of romance again. The Valtelline, through which we drove, is one vast fruit and vegetable garden of extraordinary fertility. The *gran turco* (as the corn is called) grows in jungles taller than a man, and the grapes and melons have the exaggerated size and bloom of their counterfeits in a Dutch fruit-piece. The rich dulness of this foreground was relieved by the noble lines of the hills, and the air cooled by the rush of the Adda, which companioned our way, and by a glimpse of snow-peaks at the head of the valley. The villages were uninteresting, but we passed a deserted seventeenth-century church charming in its decay, with peeling stucco ornaments, and weeds growing from the vases of the pediment. Far off, on a lonely wooded height, we caught the tantalizing glimpse of another church, a Renaissance building rich with encrusted marbles: one of the nameless uncatalogued treasures in which Italy still abounds.

Toward sunset we reached Madonna di Tirano, the great pilgrimage church of the Valtelline. With its adjoining monastery it stands alone in poplar-shaded meadows a mile or more from the town of Tirano. The marble church, a late *quattro cento* building by Battagio (the architect of the Incoronata of Lodi), has

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the charm of that transitional period when individuality of detail was merged, but not yet lost, in the newly recovered sense of unity. From the columns of the porch, with their Verona-like arabesques, to the bronze Saint Michael poised like a Mercury on the cupola, the whole building combines the charm and naïveté of the earlier tradition with the dignity of a studied whole. The interior, if less homogeneous, is, in the French sense, even more "amusing." It presents three centuries of decorative treatment, ranging from the marble chapel of the Madonna, so suggestive, in its clear-edged reliefs, of the work of Omodeo at Pavia, to the barocco carvings of the organ and the eighteenth-century *grisailles* beneath the choir-gallery.

The neighboring monastery of Saint Michael has been turned into an inn without farther change than that of substituting tourists for monks in the whitewashed cells around the cloisters. The old building is a dusty labyrinth of courtyards, loggias and pigeon-haunted upper galleries, which it needs little imagination to people with cowled figures gliding to lauds or benediction; and the refectory where we supped is still hung with portraits of cardinals, monsignori and lady abbesses holding little ferret-like dogs.

We were served with an excellent repast, ending in some fruit which caused a general demand for finger-bowls. The waiter, to whom we had somewhat condescendingly explained the nature of our requirement, abashed us by replying that he had been four years at the Holland House in New York and knew perfectly well what we meant; and before we could rally from this surprise he reappeared with a large basin of water, which he handed about the table, tossing the contents on the floor and refilling the basin after each ablution.

II

The return to secular life was made two days later, when we set out to drive across the Aprica pass to Edolo. Retracing our way toward Sondrio for a mile or two, we took a turn to the left and began to mount the hills through forests of beech and chestnut. With each bend of the road the views down the Valtelline toward Sondrio and Como grew wider and more beautiful. No one who has not looked out on such a prospect in the early light of an August morning can appreciate the poetic truth of Claude's interpretation of nature. We seemed to be moving through a gallery hung with his pictures. There was the same expanse of billowy forest, the same silver winding of a river through infinite gradations of distance, the same aërial line of hills melting into illimitable sky.

As we neared the top of the pass the air freshened, and pines and open meadows replaced the forest. We lunched at a little hotel full of Italians enjoying the *villeggiatura* in their shrill and gregarious fashion; then we began the descent to Edolo in the Val Camonica.

The scenery changed rapidly as we drove. There was no great extent of landscape, as on the other side of the pass, but a succession of park-like views: rounded clumps of trees interspersed with mossy glades, waterfalls surmounted by old mills, *campanili* rising above villages hidden in foliage. On these smooth grassy terraces, under the walnut boughs, one expected at each turn to come upon some pastoral of Giorgione's, or on one of Bonifazio's sumptuous picnics. The scenery has a studied beauty in which velvet robes and caparisoned palfreys would not be out of place; and even the villages might have been "brushed in" by an artist skilled in effects and not afraid to improve upon reality.

It was after sunset when we reached Edolo, a dull town splendidly placed at the head of the Val Camonica, beneath the ice-peaks of the Adamello. The Oglio, a loud stream voluble of the glaciers, rushes through the drowsy streets as though impatient to be gone; and we were not sorry, the next morning, to follow its lead and continue our way down the valley.

III

The Val Camonica, which extends from the Adamello group to the head of the lake of Iseo, is a smaller and more picturesque reproduction of the Valtelline. Vines and maize again fringed our way; but the mountains were closer, the villages more frequent and more pictu-

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Edolo.

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Marone—on Lake Iseo.

resque. We had read in Gsell-Fels a vague allusion to an interesting church among these mountains, but we could learn nothing of it at Edolo, and only by persistent inquiries along the road did we finally hear that there *was* a church with "sculptures" in the hill-village of Cerveno, high above the reach of carriages. We left the high-road at the point indicated and drove in a light carriole up the stony mule-path, between vines and orchards, till the track grew too rough for wheels; then we continued the ascent on foot. As we approached the cluster of miserable hovels that had been pointed out to us we felt sure that we had been misled. Not even in Italy, the land of unsuspected treasures, could one hope to find a church with "sculptures" in a poverty-stricken village on this remote mountain! Cerveno gives no evidence of past prosperity. It has plainly never been more than it now is —the humblest of *paesi*, huddled away in an unvisited fold of the Alps. The peasants whom we met insisted that the church we sought was close at hand; but the higher we mounted the lower our anticipations fell.

Then suddenly, at the end of a long stony lane, we came on an imposing doorway. The church to which it belonged stood on a higher ledge of the hill, and the door led into a vaulted ascent, with shallow flights of steps broken by platforms or landings—a modest reproduction of the Bernini staircase in the Vatican. As we mounted we found that each landing opened into a chapel with grated doors, through which we dimly discerned terra-cotta groups representing the scenes of the Passion. The staircase was in fact a Sacred Way like the more famous one of Varallo; but there was distinct originality in placing the chapels on each side of the stairs leading to the church, instead of scattering them on an open hill-side, according to the traditional plan common to all the sacred mountains of northern Italy.

The dilettante will always allow for the heightening of emotion that attends any unexpected artistic "find"; but, setting this aside, the Via Crucis of Cerveno must still be reckoned with the best examples of its kind—excepting always the remarkable terra-cottas of San Vivaldo. At Cerveno, as at Varallo, the scenes are marked by unusual vivacity and expressiveness. The main lines of the composition are conventional, and the chief personages—Christ and the Apostles, the Virgin and the other holy characters—are modelled on accepted types; but the minor figures, evidently taken from life, are rendered with extraordinary truth of expression and gesture. Just such types —the dwarf, the beggar, the hunchback, the brawny waggoner or ploughman—had met us in every village on the way. As in all the hill-regions where the goitre is prevalent, the most villanous characters in the drama are depicted with a hideous sack of flesh beneath the chin; and Signorelli could not have conceived more bestial leering cruelty than that in some of the faces which press about the dying Christ. The scenes follow the usual order of the sacred story, without marked departure from the traditional rendering;

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but there is unusual pathos in the Descent from the Cross, where the light from the roof of the chapel falls on the anguished face of a Magdalen full of suave Lombard beauty.

Hardly less surprising than the stairway is the church to which it leads. The walls are hung with devotional pictures in beautiful old frames, the altar-fronts are remarkable examples of sixteenth-century wood-carving, and the high altar is surmounted by a tabernacle, also of carved wood, painted and gilt, that is alone worth the effort of the climb to Cerveno. This tabernacle is an elaborate architectural composition—like one of the fantastic designs of Fontana or Bibbiena—thronged with tiny saints and doctors, angels and *putti*, akin to the little people of the Neapolitan *presepii:* a celestial company fluttering *si come schiera d' api che s' infiora* around the divine group which surmounts the shrine.

This prodigality of wood-carving, surprising as it is in so humble a church, is yet characteristic of the region about Brescia and Bergamo. Lamberti of Brescia, the sculptor of the famous frame of Romanino's Madonna in San Francesco, was one of the greatest wood-carvers of the Italian Renaissance; and every church and chapel in the country through which we were travelling bore witness to the continuance of the art in some graceful frame or altar-front, some angel or saint rudely but expressively modelled.

We lunched that day at Breno, a town guarded by a ruined castle on a hill, and sunset brought us to Lovere, at the head of the lake of Iseo. It was the stillest of still evenings, and the little town which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has immortalized was reflected, with every seam and wrinkle of its mountain background, in the pearly surface of the lake. Literal-minded critics, seeking in vain along the shore for Lady Mary's villa and garden, have grumbled at the inaccuracy of her descriptions; but every lover of Italy will understand the mental process by which she unconsciously created an imaginary Lovere. The town at first sight is dull and disappointing; but, taken with its surroundings, it might well form the substructure of one of those Turneresque visions which, in Italy, are perpetually intruding between the most conscientious traveller and his actual surroundings. It is indeed almost impossible to see Italy steadily and see it whole. The onset of impressions and memories is at times so overwhelming that observation is lost in mere sensation.

The Market—Iseo.

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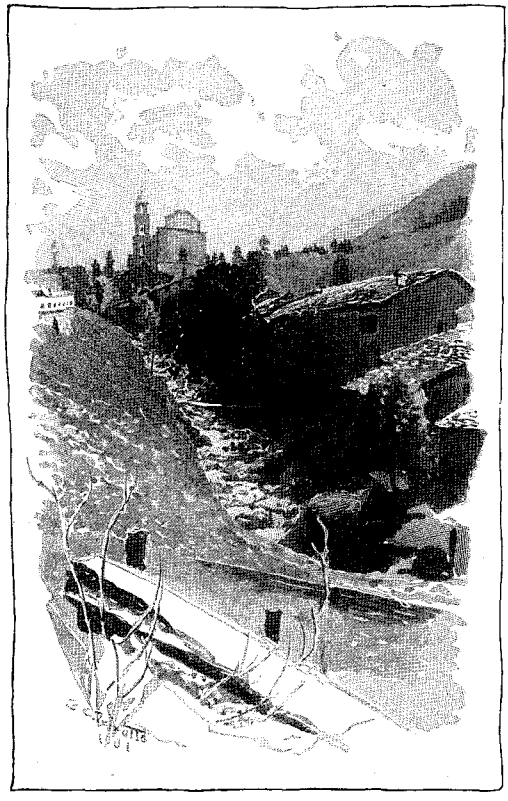
Certainly he who, on an August morning, sails from Lovere to Iseo, at the southern end of the lake, will not wonder at Lady Mary's hallucinations. Warned by her example, and conscious of lacking her extenuating gift, I hesitate to record my impressions of the scene; or venture, at most, to do so in the past tense, asserting (and this even with a mental reservation) that on a certain morning two years ago the lake of Iseo wore such and such an aspect. But the difficulty of rendering the scene remains. I can only say it was that very lake of the *carte du tendre* upon which, in the eighteenth-century romances, gay parties in velvet-hung barges used to set out for the island of Cythera. Every village on that enchanted shore might have been the stage of some comedy in the Bergamasque dialect, with Harlequin in striped cloak and Brighella in conical hat and wide green and white trousers strutting up and down before the shuttered house in which Dr. Graziano hides his pretty ward; every villa reflecting its awnings and bright flowers in the lake might have housed some Rosaura to whom Leandro, the Tuscan lover, warbled *rispetti* beneath the padlocked water-gate; every pink or yellow monastery on the hill-side have sent forth a plausible friar, descendant of Macchiavelli's Fra Timoteo, to preach in the market-place, beg at the villa-door, and help Rosaura and Leandro cozen the fat dupe of a Pantaloon in black cloak and scarlet socks. The eighteenth century of Longhi, of Tiepolo and Goldoni was reflected in the lake as in some magic crystal. Did the vision dissolve as we landed at Iseo, or will some later traveller find it still lying beneath the wave like the vanished city of Ys? There is no telling, in such cases, how much the eye receives and how much it contributes; and if ever the boundaries between fact and fancy waver, it may well be under the spell of the Italian midsummer madness.



The Town of Aprica at the Top of the Passo d' Aprica.

IV

The sun lay heavy on Iseo; and the railway journey thence to Brescia left in our brains a golden dazzle of heat. It was refreshing, on reaching Brescia, to enter the streets of the old town, where the roofs almost meet and there is always a blessed strip of shade to walk in. The cities in Italy are much cooler than the country. It is in August that one understands the wisdom of the old builders, who made the streets so narrow and built dim draughty arcades around the open squares. In Brescia the effects of light and shade thus produced were almost Oriental in their vividness; the rough stucco surfaces gilded with intense sunlight bringing out the depths of contrasting shade, and the women with black veils over their heads slipping along under the projecting balconies and porticos like flitting fragments of the shadow.

Brescia is at all times a delightful place to linger in. Its chief possessions—the bronze Victory, and the room in the Martinengo palace where Moretto, in his

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Capo di Ponti—in the Val Camonica.

happiest mood, depicted the ladies of the line under arches of trellis work backed by views of the family villas—make it noteworthy even among Italian cities; and it has, besides, its beautiful town-hall, its picture gallery, and the curious courtyards painted in perspective that are so characteristic of the place. But in summer there is a strong temptation to sit and think of these things rather than to go and see them. In the courtyard of the hotel, where a fountain tinkles refreshingly, and the unbleached awnings flap in the breeze of the electric fans, it is pleasant to feel that the Victory and the pictures are close at hand, like old friends waiting on one's inclination; but if one ventures forth, let it be rather to the churches than to the galleries. Only at this season can one appreciate the atmosphere of the churches: that chill which cuts the sunshine like a guillotine as one steps across the threshold. When we entered the cathedral its vast aisles were empty, but far off, in the pillared choir, we heard a drone of intoning canons that freshened the air like the sound of a water-fall in a forest. Thence we wandered to San Francesco, empty too, where, in the sun-spangled dimness, the great Romanino throned behind the high altar. The sacristan drew back the curtain before the picture, and as it was revealed to us he exclaimed with sudden wonder, as though he had never seen it before: "*Èstupendo! Èstupendo!*" Perhaps he vaguely felt, as we did, that Romanino, to be appreciated, must be seen in just that light, a projection of the suave and radiant atmosphere in which his own creations move. Certainly no Romanino of the great public galleries arrests the imagination like the Madonna of San Francesco; and in its presence one thinks with a pang of all

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the beautiful objects uprooted from their native soil to adorn the herbarium of the art-collector. . . .

V

It was on the last day of our journey that the most imperturbable member of the party, looking up from a prolonged study of the guide-books, announced that we had not seen the Bergamasque Alps after all.

In the excited argument that followed, proof seemed to preponderate first on one side and then on the other, but a closer scrutiny of the map confirmed the fear that we had not actually penetrated beyond the borders of the promised land. It must be owned that at first the discovery was somewhat humiliating; but on reflection it left us overjoyed to think that we had still the Bergamasque Alps to visit. Meanwhile our pleasure had certainly been enhanced by our delusion; and we remembered with fresh admiration Goethe's profound saying—a saying which Italy inspired—

O, wie beseliget uns Menschen ein falscher Begriff!

THE GRANDFATHERS OF BOB

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

FOR a boy of thirteen I am very gifted in grandfathers, one of them being a bishop and one a judge. Walter says if there was another he'd likely be the President—Walter is my brother, you know, so he is *particeps criminis* in them. Which is out of Cæsar, and Walter says now I'm studying Latin my language is "such," but I think that's too severe. Anyway, to return to our grandfathers, I'm glad I have these, for they give me entire satisfaction. I have known them for years, of course, but I never felt that I knew the most occult thoughts of their hearts till they came to camp with us last summer in Canada. It was great to see how they improved mentally up there. They are both of a very sweet disposition naturally—at least the Judge is, and the Bishop fairly—but up in camp they got actually frisky and played jokes and went in swimming, and tried stunts like chinning themselves and lassooing each other and a lot of really interesting things like that, instead of sitting in arm-chairs like most elderly gentlemen, talking about the warmth and the coolth, and politics and dead people, and acting way down in the pit of the dumps. In this state of preservation they were really a pleasure to have around camp, which is saying a heap for anybody.

I suppose it was on account of the high state of their spirits that they got careless, and by osculating between right and wrong forgot their principles, and were led on by the broad and easy path to the destructions I am going to tell about, which I think were bang-up jokes and which other intelligent persons have considered worthy to be recounted.

Now although I have talked about my grandfathers *en masse*, I'd like you to understand that they are in reality very varied characters. The Bishop is like lightning at seeing funny things and saying them, and he can snap out two syllables of sarcasticness that will make the proudest wriggle. When he tells his views he does it quick and hard, in little, short words, and people are always making a fuss over him and loving him, though he doesn't care at all, as he shouldn't, for that's all stuff and nonsense. But kids are crazy over him and come around kissing him, which to me is disgusting, and he is regarded by many, in fact, in the

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Grandpapa firmly, yet patiently, repeated all that.—Page 226.

light of a dummy-god. But the Judge is different. He's more deliberative and is always in a good-humor, but never excited, and talks slower and uses longer words and doesn't chuckle as much. As to physique, both of them carry too much weight to be any good at track athletics.

Well now, you see, I remember just the way they talked at the lunch-table at the club-house, the day we went into camp. There were two other parties of *messieurs* going into the woods at the same time, and they were having contraverbial discussions by the bushel over every sort of thing, you know, in association with woodship. Finally they got onto whether any of them would think it possible, in their wildest dreams, to kill caribou out of season. They chaffed a good deal pro and con, but the Judge was looking, for him, rather opprobrious, and after awhile he couldn't choke off his soul any longer, and so he rolled it forth sonoriously.

"Of course," he said, "I comprehend that you gentlemen, in conversation among yourselves, put forth a good many statements that are not seriously intended. All that is naturally immaterial and in the nature of amusement merely. But I feel it incumbent upon me to express my strong conviction as to the binding nature of the agreement under which we are members of this club. The law of the Province of Quebec provides that neither caribou nor moose shall be killed within the limits of that province before September 1st. In joining this sporting club we are under contract to keep that law to the letter; moreover we should each one consider himself responsible, not only for the preservation of the game, but for the moral example involved. I deem that the man who kills game out of season is guilty of a very grave offence, legally and morally." And Grandpapa jammed his lips together and looked solemn enough to stop ten large-sized clocks.

I got Walter to help me with some of the words in that speech. I get big words mixed sometimes, unconscientiously, but Walter says I have a noble ear for general picturesqueness, whatever that means.

Anyway, that's what Grandpapa said—the Judge. Then the Bishop said:

"Well, the Judge's rifle is laid off till the 1st, that's a sure thing. Edward, I'll have more potatoes. Judge, suppose a big buck should try to jump into your boat—would you set a moral example and let him? Or would you defend your-

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self and—perhaps not break, but we'll say sprain the law?"

But the Judge refused to be abducted into witticism. He looked very firm, though pleasant, and said, with aspersion: "I would keep the law, Bishop."

Then Mr. Wade, who is an awfully large, stout, hearty character, with a thunderous voice that re-echoes from the vaulted roofs of wherever he is, shouted out:

"The Judge is all right, Bishop—he's a head of the law himself. Now it's your turn to voice your sentiments as a head of the church. You're not a hunter, but what about fishing on Sunday, when you get off into camp, where one day is exactly like another? Don't you think you might let yourself lose count a trifle some nice cloudy Sunday morning when the trout were rising well and the wind was good for casting? Tell us how you really feel about that, Bishop."

Well, now, dignity seemed to bristle right out of Grandpapa's flannel shirt-collar. He waited a second, with his eyes on his potatoes, and then he said, with a sort of a click, like a Maxim rapid-fire gun before it goes off:

"Mr. Wade, I have remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy a great many years. I am not likely to forget it now."

Mr. Wade shut up like a Jack-in-the-box, and there was a feeling in the air as if somebody had been a Smart Alex. And those two speeches of my honorary ancestors are the text of my ultimatum, which I shall continue to extract at more length.

The downfall of Grandpapa, the Bishop, was Walter's doing, and he did it, like the sirens, by singing. But now Walter's singing would give a siren a fit. He talks a tune at the top of his lungs, and when he gets the time about right he thinks he's singing. He likes it, personally, better than grand opera, and he has two especial tunes—if you can call them that—for mornings when he's dressing. For week-days it is "I Want to Be an Angel," and for Sundays, "Nita, Juanita." He says he reserves that for the Sabbath day because he considers his execution of it is superior. We had been about ten days in camp when an evil spirit entered into Walter one Sunday morning, and instead of singing "Nita, waw-haw-haw-anita, Ask thy soul if we must part," I heard, first, shrieks and yells as of a soul in pain—by which I knew he was finishing his bath and emptying a final bucket of cold spring water over himself—then a gigantic sigh of content, the agony being over, and then a peaceful bellowing of:

I want to be an ange-eye-ell,
  And with th' ange-eye-ells stand;
A crown upon my fore-eye-head,
  A harp within my hand-he-and-hand-hand-hand.

I shouted from my room "Hello, Walter! Where's Nita? Isn't it Sunday?" And as soon as he could put the brakes on the angels he shouted back:

"You young cuss, aren't you up yet? Va-t-en! Get down to the lake and swim yourself." He drives me into the lake every morning, even if it's cold as Hades, because he claims I don't use enough water for a bath; which is extremely unjust. I believe in water, of course, reasonably, and I just love to swim, but the daily tyranny of a bath I do hate.

Now the camp is a big log camp of four rooms, mine opening into Walter's, which is a sort of drawing-room to us, while the grandfathery, of two more rooms, is on the other side. So they can't hear what's going on very much. I walked into Walter's room when I got inconspicuously dressed, and disputed with him on the subject of music. "Don't you know it's Sunday?" I asked him.

"Be calm, my son," he said, all lathered over for shaving. "Everything is relative. It's not Sunday unless a certain combination of events occurs to make it Sunday. To-day, for good and sufficient reasons, it is not best that it should be Sunday. Didn't you hear me singing—wait, I'll do it again"—and in spite of my impassioned pleadings, he lifted his eyebrows till they scraped his front hair, beat time with his razor, and, all white and soapy as he was, burst forth cherubiously into

I want to be an ange-eye-ell.

Then he cocked his ear attentively toward the grandfathery side of the camp.

"Do you think there's any chance they didn't hear that?" he said. "Because I could do it again."

But I remonstrated with him by a

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chunk in the chest and he told me that "physical demonstration was distasteful to him," which he always says when I chunk him, but never when he chunks me.

dren's children that their grandfather, the Bishop"—and Walter grinned so that the razor nearly cut him.

Of course a verbum sap is sufficient

And tried stunts.—Page 222.

And then he began whispering, confidentially:

"Cub"—which is what he calls me—"it's a beautiful day for fishing and I can't bear to have the Bishop lose the chance. He loves it, and it's good for him, and to-morrow will make just as good a Sunday as to-day. Do you see, Cub? It will be grand fishing on the Rivière Mouche Noire, and he will rake in the trout and be happy; and you can go over with him and keep dark. And it will be a great thing for the family if we can tell our children for me; so when the Judge came out on the gallery and said something, in a making-conversation tone, about it's being a "cloudy Sunday morning," I just hooted and remarked:

"Sunday, Grandpapa! Didn't you hear Walter singing 'I want to be an angel?'"

Then the Bishop opened his window, and called out, "What's that, man-cub? You say it's not Sunday," and I answered, precipitously:

"Walter didn't sing 'Nita, Juanita,' Grandpapa. How can it be Sunday?"

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I heard a faint murmuring of, "A man needs to be more magician than musician to tell what Walter *is* singing," and then, in a few minutes, the Bishop came out with a flannel shirt instead of the white linen one which he wears on Sundays. Walter suggested the trip to the Mouche Noire at the breakfast-table.

"Better take your lunch and two guides," he said, "and you can have a long day's fishing. They come boiling in over there at the foot of the big chute. Bob will go with you and talk the language, so you needn't bother."

You see, I have to do all the decent French that's done in camp. I lived in Paris a year, in early life, so it's easy; but Walter speaks, as Grandpapa, the Bishop, says, "the worst and most fluent French in America." Not that the Bishop knows—he talks a studious sort that goes slow and laboriously, and he doesn't have many camp words. The Judge can say "*Bon jour*" and "*Oui*" when he's crowded, but he prefers to talk English loud and slow and very emphatically, and he considers that anything in human shape must understand him then, it's so plain. I heard him with his guide one day. He said, "Ouillette, if the provisions which I have ordered from the club should not arrive before the day after tomorrow, at what hour do you think it probable we should be able to leave for our exploring trip, or would you think it preferable to delay until the next day?"

Ouillette, who doesn't speak a word of English, giggled in a scared way, and murmured something about Beaupré, who is the Judge's other guide and knows some. But grandpapa firmly, yet patiently, repeated all that, a little slower and louder. However, the Bishop can wriggle along rather better, only it irritates him if they don't understand. He is great on subjunctives, which I consider a curse in any language.

We got started for the Mouche Noire about ten, Walter hustling us off for fear somebody would tell Grandpapa it was Sunday. It was a clean, damp, cloudy sort of day, as nice in its way as sunshine, and bully for fishing. It was great on the portage; not too warm, you know, and there were wet, woodsy smells as you walked. Grandpapa jogged along in front with his hat and coat off, and I played he was an Indian, because his straight black hair was good for that, and stuck out. Now and then he would sit down on a log and rest, and look up at the sky through the trees, and say he loved to be in the woods. And pretty soon we'd see Olivier swinging silently up the trail with the pacqueton of lunch things on his back, and our rubber coats and rods; and then the canoe would come walking along like an ambulating giant mushroom, with Vézina's legs just showing under it. "Vison" the Bishop insisted on calling him, which means a mink; but Grandpapa only chuckled when I told him that, and asked Vézina why he stole trout so much, which embarrassed him a lot. The portage from our lake to the Rivière Mouche Noire is a mile long, but Grandpapa said it was a dog's mile; and when I asked him what that meant, he said, "Why, you lick a dog and make him run like everything, and when he dies it's a mile."

You never saw anything like the way the fish rose that day. Ever so many times we had two on together, and once Grandpapa landed three, one on each fly, and the largest one a pound and a half—we weighed him. Of course, they ran small, you see; they always do in those little rivers, but they made up for it in numerical power. Grandpapa crawled out on rocks and waded through pools in his yellow "*bottes sauvages*"—caribou boots, you know—and his face wore a circumambulant smile all day long. We could catch a lot, because there were eight guides and four messieurs in the camp, and Grandpapa said his guides should eat all the fish he caught if they had to get up at four in the morning to do it—that was what he paid them for.

We had lunch in a little birch and spruce grove right by the rapids, and the ground was brown and smooth with the spruce needles, and the river rushed past in a great hurry, but talking quite low and politely, for it was a little rapids and not the great chute, and there was nothing to roar about. The "Vison" and Olivier made a fire and cooked trout and bacon and toast, and we had orange marmalade and "dog-biscuit," which Walter calls them, and everything tasted fine and Grandpapa ate like a gormand. Then we

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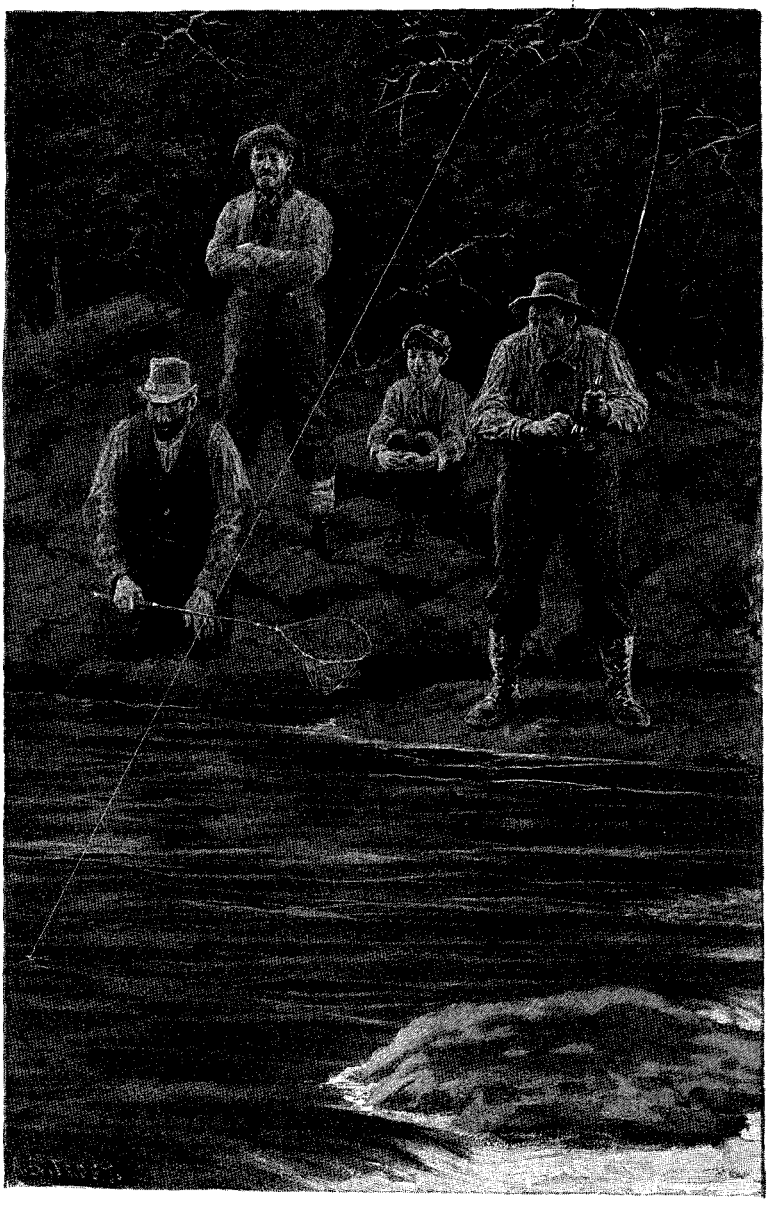

But the Bishop played him well.—Page 229.

upped and at it again and fished till half-past five, when Vézina came and made gestures with his hands and his shoulders and all of his sacred person and said, in a soft, apologizing way that it was late, and that it was "*pas mal*" of a portage back, and that it "*faisait noir*" in the woods early, and that it was "*assez difficile*" for one to see with a boat on one's head, and didn't "M'sieur l'Évêque" think that we'd better—of course it was just as M'sieur wished—that we'd better start for home? Grandpapa stood there casting as if he hadn't heard a syllable, for about two minutes, and Vézina looked so scared and humble I was sorry for him; but you can't hustle the Bishop. Finally I cautiously said:

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And they were deadly afraid of him.—Page 229.

"What do you think, Grandpapa? Hadn't we better be going now?"

And Grandpapa answered, quietly: "Tell the mink I sha'n't leave for an hour."

The men understood and they looked discouraged and astonished, but I knew he was just fooling. So, sure enough, in a second the wrinkles began to come around his eyes the way they do when he smiles, and he said:

"*Vison, si j'iriez avec vous a ce moment je mouririez de chagrin. J'enverrais cinq coups de ligne encore, et alors—au revoir,*" and Vézina came up smiling.

And what do you think happened? You'd hardly believe it, but on the fourth "*coup de ligne*"—cast, you know—there was a swish and a rush through the water that brought my heart bang up against my front teeth, and the rod went over double and all our eyes nearly started out of our heads. Grandpapa looked as if his immortal soul and all his diossysan souls were on that fly—it was a Parmacheena Belle—and we just stood there breathless for ten minutes and watched him play the trout. It was a great fight, for the pool was small and there were holes under the rocks and an old log or two across, and the beast made for all of them and grandpapa had to keep him out. He was a highly educated fish, and he knew what he wanted, which was to

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get that line around something and yank. But the Bishop played him well, I must say that for him, and when, after two crooshal moments, Vézina landed him high and dry, he gave a long sigh of relief—I mean the Bishop—and we all radiated with delight.

"*Combien pese-t-il*, Vison?" asked Grandpapa, and Vézina weighed him and he was four pounds. I don't know what such a whopper was doing up in those rapids, but I guess he came up with the spring high water and forgot to go down.

Well, after that Grandpapa went back over the portage like a leaping kid, and at the first glimpse of the lake through the trees, he shouted: "Thalassa! thalassa!" in a peal of thunder. I don't know any Greek yet, but Grandpapa says that means: "The sea! the sea!" and that ten thousand men shouted it all together once, when they were in a bad hole of some sort and caught sight of the ocean. On somebody's retreat it was—I think Annabissy's. It's quite well known. The paddles whacked a joyful path across the lake, and when we ran in to the quay there were the Judge and Walter down on the edge of it to meet us, in very Sunday-looking clothes—white collars, you know. The Bishop pulled himself up out of the canoe with trouble, for I think he was pretty tired and stiff, but I'll bet he was the happiest and the dirtiest bishop that ever set spear in rest. He was streaked with black as far as mortal eye could see, and his hair was wet and glued on his forehead, and stuck out through a hole in his hat. He looked great, but not very bishopric.

"Any luck?" Walter called out as we came up, and then as the canoe ran alongside he looked in and he whistled. "Great Scott! You just brought the river along. *Vous sommes bon chanceux*," he said to Vézina. "*Combien de poissons est-ce que vous êtes attrapé*." That's the way he talks French.

Vézina smiled like one beatified and told him the count—ninety-seven for the two rods—that is—well, I took only seventeen. I wasn't fishing very carefully anyway. But many of them rendezvoused in me at supper. They admired Grandpapa's big one, in congress assembled, and then he caught sight of the white collars.

"What are you two in 'biled shirts' for," he said. "I didn't wire you I'd taken a four-pounder, did I?"

Walter stuck his hands in his pockets and his eyes got moist from inner laughing, the way they have, and you could just see him gloating before he spoke a word. Then he said, rather softly:

"We thought it only proper, Bishop, that we at least should remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. We also thought it likely you would read the service for us this evening—it is Sunday, you know—the twelfth Sunday after Trinity."

Grandpapa looked from one to another of us dumfoundedly; then somehow he knew it was so, and he gave one glare at the lot as if he'd like to kill us and stalked sternly and arrogantly past to his room. Well, I thought Grandpapa, the Judge, would certainly fall off the dock laughing. He roared and shook till he had to hold on to a tree, and when he got up on the gallery in a chair he burst out laughing all over again every little while. Every now and then he'd gasp out:

"It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for what he said at the club about remembering—remembering"—and his voice would jiggle—"the—the Sabbath-day to keep it—oh! Keep it holy. But I can't forget"—and then he'd have another attack.

Well, Grandpapa, the Bishop, decided to forgive us, because he was so tickled with his big catch and his four-pounder that he couldn't stay mad, but I think he preserved a state of some rancorousness at the Judge, who bothered him inhumanely. But fate revenged his woes. We broke camp unexpectedly, August 25th, and Walter and I were both awfully disgusted that we were not to get any hunting, and Walter said—though it sounds exaggerative to me—that he felt sorry, most of all, because the Judge would be done out of his chance too. The Bishop doesn't hunt. But the Judge had a new rifle, a 40-30 smokeless Winchester, and he was tickled to death with it and kept the guides busy putting tomato-cans on floats out in the lake, for targets. He was a fair shot too, though casualistic about whether he hit the guides or not, and they were deadly afraid of him. He couldn't wait to fire till they got away from the tomato-cans. So you see it did seem too

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Perhaps he thought that the nearer the gun the safer the meat.—Page 231.

bad to drag him out of camp without killing anything at all, even a guide. But he was fine about it, as he always is, and said he didn't mind in the least, and that very likely he wouldn't hunt if we stayed till the 1st, and all those remarks people make when they are kind-hearted but untruthful.

It was lovely weather the morning of the twenty-fifth, and, when the procession got under way, with eight guides, and four messieurs, and mountains of pacquetons pushing the four canoes deep in the water, I looked back at the dear, old, pretty, log camp, where we had such good times, and could have cried. It makes you feel awfully homesick to leave a camp that has been full of people and noise all by itself in the woods—it looks so lonely. We paddled three miles down the lake before we came into the Mousse River, where we had five miles to go. The first four were uneventless, but then something happened. Just as my canoe, which was second in line, was rounding a rocky point, we caught sight of the Judge's, which was ahead, behind a grassy head of beaver-meadow that ran out into the water. And what was the strain on my feelings to see, on the other side of the grass and hidden from Grandpapa, a great caribou sliding silently along the edge of the marsh, stopping every minute or so to feed. He didn't see the boats, and Vézina, in the stern of Grandpapa's, waved his hand furiously to us to keep back—he had seen Mr. Caribou, you know, and had sneaked behind the point to let him get nearer. So we dropped very quietly down to a fallen tree that lay out on the water and held on to it, and waved back the other boats.

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Then I turned to watch the game, and what was my astonishment to behold Grandpapa, the Judge, sitting in the middle of his boat, pulling his rifle out of its case as fast as hands could pull. Then Vézina, who had been fussing with the fish-basket, leaned forward and gave him something; and I couldn't believe my sorrowful eyes, when I grasped that it was cartridges, and that he was loading the "*carabine*." Vézina slid the paddle into water again, and out the boat slipped from cover, almost on top of the caribou, who had been walking steadily along the other side of the point to meet it. He wasn't fifty yards away. Then a "bang-bang" rent the evangelical stillness, and the caribou jumped sideways, scared green, but with his tail up, and in splendid health. Grandpapa put the rifle down and looked, eagerly and fiercely, and there was his friend, the enemy, in an awful pet, but no holes in him. Then the rifle went up savagely to the judicial shoulder, another bang profaned the forest shades, and what should that poor, half-witted caribou do but jump into the water for all he was worth, and swim for the canoe. Perhaps he thought that the nearer the gun the safer the meat—but Grandpapa didn't like it when I suggested that. I really think he lost his mind from an attack of nerves, and just wanted to get into deep water and cross the river. Anyway, Grandpapa sat right down in his earthworks and cannonaded that skedaddling foe. He fired seven times, and he didn't hurt anything but his thumb, which he got under the hammer the last time, in his excitement.

When we debarked at the portage we were all of us subdued and respectful, except the Bishop, and I must say, if he is my grandfather, that his joy wasn't decent. His eyes danced with wickedness, and he jumped out of the canoe as fast as I could, and came right over to Walter and said, without a glance at the Judge:

"It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for what he said at the club; but I can't forget about the binding nature of the agreement under which we are members of this club." Then he went off into a heartfelt whoop-and-chuckle mixture that must have been wearing on the Judge's sweet disposition, and when he stopped it was only to say, with a gulp: "Oh, my! The moral example! Oh, my!"

It's a horrid feeling to miss a shot—as I have experienced already in my career—even if you have, as is almost always the case, magnificent reasons. But Grandpapa had missed seven, and he hadn't any reason at all, and his thumb was bleeding like sixty. Which proves that simply not to have torn us in shreds was the act of a hero and a gentleman.

When we got to the club there was Mr. Wade again, and the first thing at the dinner-table he shouted out, as if we were across a lake:

"Well, Bishop, I suppose you kept the Sabbath, and the Judge kept the law, according to your programme?"

My two grandfathers sneaked a look of maidenly shyness at each other, and the only thing that broke the ominous silence was a choking sound from Walter.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"Go, Royal!" he cried, "and—God bless you!"—Page 247.

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CAPTAIN MACKLIN

HIS MEMOIRS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

V

THE day we attacked the capital Joseph Fiske and his party were absent from it, visiting Graham, the manager of the Copan Mines, at his country place, and when word was received there that we had taken the city, Graham urged Mr. Fiske not to return to it, but to ride at once to the coast and go on board his yacht. They told him that the capital was in the hands of a mob.

But what really made Graham, and the rest of the Copan people, and the steamship crowd, who now were all working together against us, so anxious to get Fiske out of Honduras, was that part of La Guerre's proclamation in which he said he would force the Isthmian Line to pay its just debts. They were most anxious that Fiske should not learn from us the true version of that claim for back pay. They had told him we were a lot of professional filibusters, that the demand we made for the half-million of dollars was a gigantic attempt at blackmail. They pointed out to him that the judges of the highest courts of Honduras had decided against the validity of our claim, but they did not tell him that Alvarez had ordered the judges to decide in favor of the company, nor how much money they had paid Alvarez and the judges for that decision. Instead they urged that Garcia, a native of the country, had submitted to the decree of the courts and had joined Alvarez, and that now the only people fighting against the Isthmian Line were foreign adventurers. They asked, Was it likely such men would risk their lives to benefit the natives? Was it not evident that they were fighting only for their own pockets? And they warned Fiske that while La Guerre was still urging his claim against this company, it would be unwise for the president of that company to show himself in Tegucigalpa.

But Fiske laughed at the idea of danger to himself. He said a revolution, like cock-fighting, was a national pastime, and no more serious, and that should anyone attempt to molest the property of the company, he would demand the protection of his own country as represented by the Raleigh.

He accordingly rode back to the capital, and with his son and daughter and the company's representatives and the Copan people, returned to the same rooms in the Hotel Continental he had occupied three days before, when Alvarez was president. This made it embarrassing for us, as the Continental was the only hotel in the city, and as it was there we had organized our officers' mess. In consequence, while there was no open war, the dining-room of the hotel was twice daily the meeting-place of the two opposing factions, and Von Ritter told me that until matters had been arranged with the seconds of young Fiske I could not appear there, as it would be "contrary to the code."

But our officers were not going to allow the Copan and Isthmian people to drive them out of their head-quarters, so at the table d'hôte luncheon that day our fellows sat at one end of the room, and Fiske and Miss Fiske, Graham and his followers at the other. They entirely ignored each other. After the row I had raised in the street, each side was anxious to avoid further friction.

As I sat in the barracks over my solitary luncheon my thoughts were entirely on the duel.

It had been forced on me, so I accepted it; but it struck me as a most silly proceeding. Young Fiske had insulted my General and my comrades. He had

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done so publicly and with intent. I had thrashed him as I said I would, and as far as I could see the incident was closed. But Miller and Von Ritter, who knew Honduras from Fonseca Bay to Truxillo, assured me that, unless I met the man, who had insulted me before the people, our prestige would be entirely destroyed. To the Honduranian mind, the fact that I had thrashed him for so doing, would not serve as a substitute for a duel, it only made a duel absolutely necessary. As I had determined, if we did meet, that I would not shoot at him, I knew I would receive no credit from such an encounter, and, so far as I could see, I was being made ridiculous, and stood a very fair chance of being killed.

I sincerely hoped that young Fiske would apologize. I assured myself that my reluctance to meet him was due to the fact that I scorned to fight a civilian. I always classed civilians, with women and children, as non-combatants. But in my heart I knew that it was not this prejudice which made me hesitate. The sister was the real reason. That he was her brother was the only fact of importance. Had his name been Robinson or Brown, I would have gone out and shot at the calves of his legs most cheerfully, and taken considerable satisfaction in the notoriety that would have followed my having done so.

But I could never let his sister know that I had only fired in the air, and I knew that if I fought her brother she would always look upon me as one who had attempted to murder him. I could never speak to her, or even look at her again. And at that moment I felt that if I did not meet her, I could go without meeting any other women for many years to come. She was the most wonderful creature I had ever seen. She was not beautiful, as Beatrice was beautiful, in a womanly, gracious way, but she had the beauty of something unattainable. Instead of inspiring you, she filled you with disquiet. She seemed to me a regal, goddess-like woman, one that a man might worship with that tribute of fear and adoration that savages pay to the fire and the sun.

I had ceased to blush because she had laughed at us. I had begun to think that it was quite right that she should do so. To her we were lawless adventurers, exiles, expatriates, fugitives. She did not know that most of us were unselfish, and that our cause was just. She thought, if she thought of us at all, that we were trying to levy blackmail on her father. I did not blame her for despising us. I only wished I could tell her how she had been deceived, and assure her that among us there was one, at least, who thought of her gratefully and devotedly, and who would suffer much before he would hurt her or hers. I knew that this were so, and I hoped her brother would not be such an ass as to insist upon a duel, and make me pretend to fight him, that her father would be honest enough to pay his debts, and that some day she and I might be friends.

But my hopes were killed by the entrance of Miller and Von Ritter. They looked very grave.

"He won't apologize," Miller said. "We arranged that you are to meet behind the grave-yard at sunrise to-morrow morning." I was bitterly disappointed, but of course I could not let them see that.

"Does La Guerre know," I asked.

"No," Miller said, "neither does old man Fiske. We had the deuce of a time. Graham and Lowell—that young Middy from the Raleigh—are his seconds, and we found we were all agreed that he had better apologize. Lowell, especially, was very keen that you two should shake hands, but when they went out to talk it over with Fiske, he came back with them in a terrible rage, and swore he'd not apologize, and that he'd either shoot you or see you hung. Lowell told him it was all rot that two Americans should be fighting duels, but Fiske said that when he was in Rome, he did as Romans did; that he had been brought up in Paris to believe in duels, and that a duel he would have. Then the sister came in, and there was a hell of a row!"

"The sister!" I exclaimed.

Miller nodded, and Von Ritter and he shook their heads sadly at each other, as though the recollection of the interview weighed heavily.

"Yes, his sister," said Miller. "You know how these Honduranian places are built, if a parrot scratches his feathers in the patio you can hear him in every room in the house. Well, she was reading on the

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balcony, and when her brother began to rage around and swear he'd have your blood, she heard him, and opened the shutters and came in. She didn't stay long, and she didn't say much, but she talked to us as though we were so many bad children. I never felt so mean in my life."

"She should not have been there," said Von Ritter, stolidly. "It was most irregular."

"Fiske tried the high and mighty, brotherly act with her," Miller continued, "but she shook him up like a charge of rack-a-rock. She told him that a duel was unmanly and un-American, and that he would be a murderer. She said his honor didn't require him to risk his life for every cad who went about armed, insulting unarmed people——"

"What did she say?" I cried. "Say that again."

Von Ritter tossed up his arms and groaned, but Miller shook his fist at me.

"Now, don't you go and get wrathy," he roared. "We'll not stand it. We've been abused by everybody else on your account to-day, and we won't take it from you. It doesn't matter what the girl said. They probably told her you began the fight, and——"

"She said I was a cad," I repeated, "and that I struck an unarmed man. Didn't her brother tell her that he first insulted me, and struck me with his whip, and that I only used my fists. Didn't any of you tell her?"

"No!" roared Miller; "what the devil has that got to do with it? She was trying to prevent the duel. We were trying to prevent the duel. That's all that's important. And if she hadn't made the mistake of thinking you might back out of it, we could have prevented it. Now we can't."

I began to wonder if the opinion the Fiske family had formed of me, on so slight an acquaintance, was not more severe than I deserved, but I did not let the men see how sorely the news had hurt me. I only asked: "What other mistake did the young lady make?"

"She meant it all right," said Miller, "but it was a woman's idea of a bluff, and it didn't go. She told us that before we urged her brother on to fight, we should have found out that he has spent the last five years in Paris, and that he's the gilt-edged pistol-shot of the *salle d'armes* in the Rue Scribe, that he can hit a scarf-pin at twenty paces. Of course that ended it. The Baron spoke up in his best style and said that in the face of this information it would be now quite impossible for our man to accept an apology without being considered a coward, and that a meeting must take place. Then the girl ran to her brother and said, 'What have I done?' and he put his arm around her and walked her out of the room. Then we arranged the details in peace and came on here."

"Good," I said, "you did exactly right. I'll meet you at dinner at the hotel."

But at this Von Ritter protested that I must not dine there, that it was against the code.

"The code be hanged," I said. "If I don't turn up at dinner they'll say I'm afraid to show myself out of doors. Besides, if I must be shot through the scarf-pin before breakfast to-morrow morning, I mean to have a good dinner to-night."

They left me, and I rode to the palace to make my daily report to the president. I was relieved to find that both he and Webster were so deep in affairs of state that they had heard nothing of my row in the Plaza, nor of the duel to follow. They were happy as two children building forts of sand on the sea-shore. They had rescinded taxes, altered the tariffs, reorganized the law-courts, taken over the custom-houses by telegraph, and every five minutes were receiving addresses from delegations of prominent Hondurans. Nicaragua and Salvador had both recognized their government, and concession hunters were already cooling their heels in the ante-room. In every town and seaport the adherents of Garcia had swung over to La Guerre and our government, and our flag was now flying in every part of Honduras. It was the flag of Walker, with the five-pointed blood-red star. We did not explain the significance of the five points.

I reported that my scouts had located Alvarez and Garcia in the hills some five miles distant from the capital, that they were preparing a permanent camp there, and that they gave no evidence of any

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immediate intention to attack the city. General La Guerre was already informed of the arrival of Mr. Fiske, and had arranged to give him an audience the following morning. He hoped in this interview to make clear to him how just was the people's claim for the half million due them, and to obtain his guaranty that the money should be paid.

As I was leaving the palace I met Aiken. He was in his most cynical mood. He said that the air was filled with plots and counter-plots, and that treachery stalked abroad. He had been unsuccessful in trying to persuade the president to relieve Heintz of his command on Pecachua. He wanted Von Ritter or myself put in his place.

"It is the key to the position," Aiken said, "and if Heintz should sell us out, we would have to run for our lives. These people are all smiles and 'vivas' to-day because we are on top. But if we lost Pecachua, every man of them would turn against us."

I laughed and said: "We can trust Heintz. If I had your opinion of my fellow-man, I'd blow my brains out."

"If I hadn't had such a low opinion of my fellow-man," Aiken retorted, "he'd have blown your brains out. Don't forget that."

"No one listens to me," he said. "I consider that I am very hardly used. For a consideration a friend of Alvarez told me where Alvarez had buried most of the government money. I went to the cellar and dug it up and turned it over to La Guerre. And what do you think he's doing with it!" Aiken exclaimed with indignation. "He's going to give the government troops their back pay, and the post-office clerks, and the peons who worked on the public roads."

I said I considered that that was a most excellent use to make of the money; that from what I had seen of the native troops, it would turn our prisoners of war into our most loyal adherents.

"Of course," Aiken agreed. "Why, if the government troops out there in the hills with Alvarez knew we were paying sixty pesos for soldiers, they'd run to join us so quick that they'd die on the way of sunstroke. But that's not it. Where do we come in? What do we get out of this? Have we been fighting for three months just to pay the troops who have been fighting against us? Charity begins at home, I think."

"You get your own salary, don't you?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm not starving," Aiken said, with a grin. "There's a lot of loot in being chief-of-police. This is going to be a wide-open town if I can run it."

"Well, you can't," I laughed. "Not as long as I'm its provost marshal."

"Yes, and how long will that be?" Aiken retorted. "You take my advice and make money now, while you've got the club to get it with you. Why, if I had your job I could scare ten thousand sols out of these merchants before sunrise. Instead of which you walk around nights to see their front doors are locked. Let them do the walking. We've won, and let's enjoy the spoil. Eat, live and be merry, my boy, for to-morrow you die."

"I hope not," I exclaimed, and I ran down the steps of the palace and turned toward the barracks.

"To-morrow you die," I repeated, but I could not arouse a single emotion. Portents and premonitions may frighten some people, but the only superstition I hold to is to believe in the luck of Royal Macklin.

"What if Fiske can hit a scarf-pin at twenty paces!" I said to myself, "he can't hit me." I was just as sure of it as I was of the fact that when I met him I was going to fire in the air. I cannot tell why. I was just sure of it.

The dining-room at the Continental held three long tables. That night our officers sat at one, Mr. Fiske and his party were at the one farthest away, and a dining-club of consular agents, merchants, and the Telegraph Company's people occupied the one in between. I could see her whenever the German consul bent over his food. She was very pale and tired-looking, but in the white evening frock she wore, all soft and shining with lace, she was as beautiful as the moonlit night outside. She never once looked in our direction. But I could not keep my eyes away from her. The merchants, no doubt, enjoyed their dinner. They laughed and argued boisterously, but at the two other tables there was very little said.

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The waiters, pattering over the stone floor in their bare feet, made more noise than our entire mess.

When the coffee came, Russell nodded at the others, and they filled their glasses and drank to me in silence. At the other table I saw the same pantomime, only on account of old man Fiske they had to act even more covertly. It struck me as being vastly absurd and wicked. What right had young Fiske to put his life in jeopardy to me. It was not in my keeping. I had no claim on it. It was not in his own keeping. At least not to throw away.

When they had gone and our officers had shaken hands with me and ridden off to their different posts, I went out upon the balcony by myself and sat down in the shadow of the vines. The stream which cuts Tegucigalpa in two ran directly below me, splashing against the rocks and sweeping under the stone bridge with a ceaseless murmur. Beyond it stretched the red-tiled roofs, glowing pink in the moonlight, and beyond them the camp-fires of Alvarez twinkling like glow-worms against the dark background of the hills. The town had gone to sleep, and the hotel behind me was as silent as a church. There was not a sound except the whistle of a policeman, calling the hour, the bark of the street-dogs in answer, and the voice of one of our sentries, arguing with some jovial gentleman who was abroad without a pass. After the fever and anxieties of the last few days the peace of the moment was sweet and grateful to me, and I sank deeper into the long wicker chair and sighed with content. The previous night I had spent on provost duty in the saddle, and it must have been that I dropped asleep, for when I next raised my head Miss Fiske was standing not twenty feet from me. She was leaning against one of the pillars, a cold and stately statue in the moonlight.

She did not know anyone was near her, and when I moved and my spurs clanked on the stones, she started, and turned her eyes slowly toward the shadow in which I sat.

During dinner they must have told her which one of us was to fight the duel, for when she recognized me she moved sharply away. I did not wish her to think I would intrude on her against her will, so I arose and walked toward the door, but before I had reached it she again turned and approached me.

"You are Captain Macklin?" she said.

I was so excited at the thought that she was about to speak to me, and so happy to hear her voice, that for an instant I could only whip off my hat and gaze at her stupidly.

"Captain Macklin," she repeated. "This afternoon I tried to stop the duel you are to fight with my brother, and I am told that I made a very serious blunder. I should like to try and correct it. When I spoke of my brother's skill, I meant his skill with the pistol. I knew you were ignorant of it and I thought if you did know of it you would see the utter folly, the utter wickedness of this duel. But instead I am told that I only made it difficult for you not to meet him. I cannot in the least see that that follows. I wish to make it clear to you that it does not."

She paused, and I, as though I had been speaking, drew a long breath. Had she been reading from a book her tone could not have been more impersonal. I might have been one of a class of schoolboys to whom she was expounding a problem. At the Point I have heard officers' wives use the same tone to the enlisted men. Its effect on them was to drive them into a surly silence.

But Miss Fiske did not seem conscious of her tone.

"After I had spoken," she went on evenly, "they told me of your reputation in this country, that you are known to be quite fearless. They told me of your ordering your own men to shoot you, and of how you took a cannon with your hands. Well, I cannot see—since your reputation for bravery is so well established—that you need to prove it further, certainly not by engaging in a silly duel. You cannot add to it by fighting my brother, and if you should injure him, you would bring cruel distress to—to others."

"I assure you——" I began.

"Pardon me," she said, raising her hand, but still speaking in the same even tone. "Let me explain myself fully. Your own friends said in my hearing,"

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she went on, "that they did not desire a fight. It is then my remark only which apparently makes it inevitable."

She drew herself up and her tone grew even more distant and disdainful.

"Now, it is not possible," she exclaimed, "that you and your friends are going to take advantage of my mistake, and make it the excuse for this meeting. Suppose any harm should come to my brother." For the first time her voice carried a touch of feeling. "It would be my fault. I would always have myself to blame. And I want to ask you not to fight him. I want to ask you to withdraw from this altogether."

I was completely confused. Never before had a young lady of a class which I had so seldom met spoken to me even in the words of every-day civility, and now this one, who was the most wonderful and beautiful woman I had ever seen, was asking me to grant an impossible favor, was speaking of my reputation for bravery as though it were a fact which everyone accepted, and was begging me not to make her suffer. What added to my perplexity was that she asked me to act only as I desired to act, but she asked it in such a manner that every nerve in me rebelled.

I could not understand how she could ask so great a favor of one she held in such evident contempt. It seemed to me that she should not have addressed me at all, or if she did ask me to stultify my honor and spare the life of her precious brother she should not have done so in the same tone with which she would have asked a tradesman for his bill. The fact that I knew, since I meant to fire in the air, that the duel was a farce, made it still more difficult for me to speak.

But I managed to say that what she asked was impossible.

"I do not know," I stammered, "that I ought to talk about it to you at all. But you don't understand that your brother did not only insult me. He insulted my regiment, and my General. It was that I resented, and that is why I am fighting."

"Then you refuse?" she said.

"I have no choice," I replied; "he has left me no choice."

She drew back, but still stood looking at me coldly. The dislike in her eyes wounded me inexpressibly.

Before she spoke I had longed only for the chance to assure her of my regard, and had she appealed to me generously, in a manner suited to one so noble-looking, I was in a state of mind to swim rivers and climb mountains to serve her. I still would have fought the duel, but sooner than harm her brother I would have put my hand in the fire. Now, since she had spoken, I was filled only with pity and disappointment. It seemed so wrong that one so finely bred and wonderfully fair should feel so little consideration. No matter how greatly she had been prejudiced against me she had no cause to ignore my rights in the matter. To speak to me as though I had no honor of my own, no worthy motive, to treat me like a common brawler who, because his vanity was wounded, was trying to force an unoffending stranger to a fight.

My vanity was wounded, but I felt more sorry for her than for myself, and when she spoke again I listened eagerly, hoping she would say something which would soften what had gone before. But she did not make it easier for either of us.

"If I persuade my brother to apologize for what he said of your regiment," she continued, "will you accept his apology?" Her tone was one partly of interrogation, partly of command. "I do not think he is likely to do so," she added, "but if you will let that suffice, I shall see him at once, and ask him."

"You need not do that!" I replied, quickly. "As I have said, it is not my affair. It concerns my—a great many people. I am sorry, but the meeting must take place."

For the first time Miss Fiske smiled, but it was the same smile of amusement with which she had regarded us when she first saw us in the plaza.

"I quite understand," she said, still smiling. "You need not assure me that it concerns a great many people." She turned away as though the interview was at an end, and then halted. She had stepped into the circle of the moonlight so that her beauty shone full upon me.

"I know that it concerns a great many

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people," she cried. "I know that it is all a part of the plot against my father!"

I gave a gasp of consternation which she misconstrued, for she continued, bitterly.

"Oh, I know everything," she said. "Mr. Graham has told me all that you mean to do. I was foolish to appeal to any one of you. You have set out to fight my father, and your friends will use any means to win. But I should have thought," she cried, her voice rising and ringing like an alarm, "that they would have stopped at assassinating his son."

I stepped back from her as though she had struck at me.

"Miss Fiske," I cried. What she had charged was so monstrous, so absurd that I could answer nothing in defence. My brain refused to believe that she had said it. I could not conceive that any creature so utterly lovely could be so unseeing, so bitter, and so unfair.

Her charge was ridiculous, but my disappointment in her was so keen that the tears came to my eyes.

I put my hat back on my head, saluted her and passed her quickly.

"Captain Macklin," she cried. "What is it? What have I said?" She stretched out her hand toward me, but I did not stop.

"Captain Macklin!" she called after me in such a voice that I was forced to halt and turn.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded. "Oh, yes, I see," she exclaimed. "I see how it sounded to you. And you?" she cried. Her voice was trembling with concern. "Because I said that, you mean to punish me for it—through my brother? You mean to make him suffer. You will kill him!" Her voice rose to an accent of terror. "But I only said it because he is my brother, my own brother. Cannot you understand what that means to me? Cannot you understand why I said it?"

We stood facing each other, I, staring at her miserably, and she breathing quickly, and holding her hand to her side as though she had been running a long distance.

"No," I said in a low voice. It was very hard for me to speak at all. "No, I cannot understand."

I pulled off my hat again, and stood before her crushing it in my hands.

"Why didn't you trust me?" I said, bitterly. "How could you doubt what I would do? I trusted you. From the moment you came riding toward me, I thanked God for the sight of such a woman. For making anything so beautiful."

I stopped, for I saw I had again offended. At the words she drew back quickly, and her eyes shone with indignation. She looked at me as though I had tried to touch her with my hand. But I spoke on without heeding her. I repeated the words with which I had offended.

"Yes," I said, "I thanked God for anything so noble and so beautiful. To me, you could do no wrong. But you! You judged me before you even knew my name. You said I was a cad who went about armed to fight unarmed men. To you I was a coward who could be frightened off by a tale of bulls-eyes, and broken pipe-stems at a Paris fair. What do I care for your brother's tricks. Let him see my score cards at West Point. He'll find them framed on the walls. I was first a coward and a cad, and now I am a bully and a hired assassin. You and your brother have laughed at me and mine, from the first, while all I asked of you was to be what you seemed to be, what I was happy to think you were. I wanted to believe in you. Why did you show me that you can be selfish and unfeeling. It is you who do not understand. You understand so little," I cried, "that I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I give you my word, I pity you."

"Stop," she commanded. I drew back and bowed, and we stood confronting each other in silence.

"And they call you a brave man," she said at last, speaking slowly and steadily, as though she were picking each word. "It is like a brave man to insult a woman, because she tries to save her brother's life."

When I raised my face it was burning, as though she had thrown vitriol.

"If I have insulted you, Miss Fiske," I said, "if I have ever insulted any woman, I hope to God that to-morrow morning your brother will kill me."

When I turned and looked back at her from the door, she was leaning against one of the pillars with her face bent in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

I rode to the barracks and spent several

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hours in writing a long letter to Beatrice. I felt a great need to draw near to her. I was confused and sore and unhappy, and although nothing of this, nor of the duel appeared in my letter, I was comforted to think that I was writing it to her. It was good to remember that there was such a woman in the world, and when I compared her with the girl from whom I had just parted, I laughed out loud.

And yet I knew that had I put the case to Beatrice, she would have discovered something to present in favor of Miss Fiske.

"She was pleading for her brother, and she did not understand," Beatrice would have said. But in my own heart I could find no excuse. Her family had brought me nothing but evil. Because her father would not pay his debts, I had been twice wounded and many times had risked death; the son had struck me with a whip in the public streets, and the sister had called me everything that is contemptible, from a cad to a hired cut-throat. So, I was done with the house of Fiske. My hand was against it. I owed it nothing.

But with all my indignation against them, for which there was reason enough, I knew in my heart that I had looked up to them, and stood in awe of them, for reasons that made me the cad they called me. Ever since my arrival in Honduras I had been carried away by the talk of the Fiske millions, and later by the beauty of the girl, and by the boy's insolent air, by what I accepted as good breeding. I had been impressed with his five years in Paris, by the cut of his riding-clothes even, by the fact that he owned a yacht. I had looked up to them, because they belonged to a class who formed society, as I knew society through the Sunday papers. And now these superior beings had rewarded my snobbishness by acting toward me in a way that was contrary to every ideal I held of what was right and decent. For such as these, I had felt ashamed of my old comrades. It was humiliating, but it was true; and as I admitted this to myself, my cheeks burned in the darkness, and I buried my face in the pillow. For some time I lay awake debating fiercely in my mind as to whether, when I faced young Fiske, I should shoot the pistol out of his hand, or fire into the ground. And it was not until I had decided that the latter act would better show our contempt for him and his insult, that I fell asleep.

Von Ritter and Miller woke me at four o'clock. They were painfully correct and formal. Miller had even borrowed something of the Baron's manner, which sat upon him as awkwardly as would a wig and patches. I laughed at them both, but, for the time being, they had lost their sense of humor; and we drank our coffee in a constrained and sleepy silence.

At the graveyard we found that Fiske, his two seconds, Graham and Lowell, the young Middy, and a local surgeon had already arrived. We exchanged bows and salutes gloomily and the seconds gathered together, and began to talk in hoarse whispers. It was still very dark. The moon hung empty and pallid above the cold outline of the hills, and although the roosters were crowing cheerfully, the sun had not yet risen. In the hollows the mists lay like lakes, and every stone and rock was wet and shining as though it had been washed in readiness for the coming day. The gravestones shone upon us like freshly scrubbed doorsteps. It was a most dismal spot, and I was so cold that I was afraid I would shiver, and Fiske might think I was nervous. So I moved briskly about among the graves, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. Under the circumstances the occupation, to a less healthy mind, would have been depressing. My adversary, so it seemed to me, carried himself with a little too much unconcern. It struck me that he overdid it. He laughed with the local surgeon, and pointed out the moon and the lakes of mist as though we had driven out to observe the view. I could not think of anything to do which would show that I was unconcerned too, so I got back into the carriage and stretched my feet out to the seat opposite, and continued to smoke my cigar.

Incidentally, by speaking to Lowell, I hurt Von Ritter's feelings. It seems that as one of the other man's seconds I should have been more haughty with him. But when he passed me, pacing out the ground, he saluted stiffly, and as I saluted back, I called out: "I suppose you know you'll catch it if they find out about this at

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Washington?" And he answered, with a grin: "Yes, I know, but I couldn't get out of it."

"Neither could I," I replied, cheerfully, and in so loud a tone that everyone heard me. Von Ritter was terribly annoyed.

At last all was arranged and we took our places. We were to use pistols. They were double-barrelled affairs, with very fine hair-triggers. Graham was to give the word by asking if we were ready, and was then to count "One, two, three."

After the word "one" we could fire when we pleased. When each of us had emptied both barrels, our honor was supposed to be satisfied.

Young Fiske wore a blue yachting suit with the collar turned up, and no white showing except his face, and that in the gray light of the dawn was a sickly white, like the belly of a fish. After he had walked to his mark he never took his eyes from me. They seemed to be probing around under my uniform for the vulnerable spot. I had never before had anyone look at me, who seemed to so frankly dislike me.

Curiously enough, I kept thinking of the story of the man who boasted he was so good a shot that he could break the stem of a wine-glass, and how someone said: "Yes, but the wine-glass isn't holding a pistol." Then, while I was smiling at the application I had made of this story to my scowling adversary, there came up a picture, not of home and of Beatrice, nor of my past sins, but of the fellow's sister as I last saw her in the moonlight, leaning against the pillar of the balcony with her head bowed in her hands. And at once it all seemed contemptible and cruel. No quarrel in the world, so it appeared to me then, was worth while if it were going to make a woman suffer. And for an instant I was so indignant with Fiske for having dragged me into this one, to feed his silly vanity, that for a moment I felt like walking over and giving him a sound thrashing. But at the instant I heard Graham demand, "Are you ready?" and I saw Fiske fasten his eyes on mine, and nod his head. The moment had come.

"One," Graham counted, and at the word Fiske threw up his gun and fired, and the ball whistled past my ear. My pistol was still hanging at my side, so I merely pulled the trigger, and the ball went into the ground. But instantly I saw my mistake. Shame and consternation were written on the faces of my two seconds, and to the face of Fiske there came a contemptuous smile. I at once understood my error. I read what was in the mind of each. They dared to think I had pulled the trigger through nervousness, that I had fired before I was ready, that I was frightened and afraid. I am sure I never was so angry in my life, and I would have cried out to them, if a movement on the part of Fiske had not sobered me. Still smiling, he lifted his pistol slightly and aimed for, so it seemed to me, some seconds, and then fired.

I felt the bullet cut the lining of my tunic and burn the flesh over my ribs, and the warm blood tickling my side, but I was determined he should not know he had hit me, and not even my lips moved.

Then a change, so sudden and so remarkable, came over the face of young Fiske, that its very agony fascinated me. At first it was incomprehensible, and then I understood. He had fired his last shot, he thought he had missed, and he was waiting for me, at my leisure, to kill him with the second bullet.

I raised my pistol, and it was as though you could hear the silence. Every waking thing about us seemed to suddenly grow still. I brought the barrel slowly to a level with his knee, raised it to his heart, passed it over his head, and, aiming in the air, fired at the moon, and then tossed the gun away. The waking world seemed to breathe again, and from every side there came a chorus of quick exclamations; but without turning to note who made them, nor what they signified, I walked back to the carriage, and picked up my cigar. It was still burning.

Von Ritter ran to the side of the carriage.

"You must wait," he protested. "Mr. Fiske wishes to shake hands with you. It is not finished yet."

"Yes, it is finished," I replied, savagely. "I have humored you two long enough. A pest on both your houses. I'm going back to breakfast."

Poor Von Ritter drew away, deeply hurt

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and scandalized, but my offence was nothing to the shock he received when young Lowell ran to the carriage and caught up my hand. He looked at me with a smile that would have softened a Spanish duenna.

"See here!" he cried. "Whether you like it or not, you've got to shake hands with me. I want to tell you that was one of the finest things I ever saw." He squeezed my fingers until the bones crunched together. "I've heard a lot about you, and now I believe all I've heard. To stand up there," he ran on, breathlessly, "knowing you didn't mean to fire, and knowing he was a dead shot, and make a canvas target of yourself—that was bully. You were an ass to do it, but it was great. You going back to breakfast?" he demanded, suddenly, with the same winning, eager smile. "So am I. I speak to go with you."

Before I could reply he had vaulted into the carriage, and was shouting at the driver.

"Cochero, to the Barracks. Full speed ahead. Vamoose. Give way. Allez vite!"

"But my seconds," I protested.

"They can walk," he said.

Already the horses were at a gallop, and as we swung around the wall of the graveyard and were hidden from the sight of the others, Lowell sprang into the seat beside me. With the quick fingers of the sailor, he cast off my sword-belt and tore open my blouse.

"I wanted to get you away," he muttered, "before he found out he had hit you."

"I'm not hit," I protested.

"Just as you like," he said. "Still, it looks rather damp to the left here."

But, as I knew, the bullet had only grazed me, and the laugh of relief Lowell gave when he raised his head, and said, "Why, it's only a scratch," meant as much to me as though he had rendered me some great service. For it seemed to prove a genuine, friendly concern, and no one, except La Guerre, had shown that for me since I had left home. I had taken a fancy to Lowell from the moment he had saluted me like a brother officer in the Plaza, and I had wished he would like me. I liked him better than any other young man I had ever met. I had never had a man for a friend, but before we had finished breakfast I believe we were better friends than many boys who have lived next door to each other from the day they were babies.

As a rule, I do not hit it off with men, so I felt that his liking me was a great piece of good fortune, and a great honor. He was only three years older than myself, but he knew much more about everything than I did, and his views of things were as fine and honorable as they were amusing.

Since then we have grown to be very close friends indeed, and we have ventured together into many queer corners, but I have never ceased to admire him, and I have always found him the same—unconscious of himself and sufficient to himself. I mean that if he were presented to an Empress he would not be impressed, nor if he chatted with a bar-maid would he be familiar. He would just look at each of them with his grave blue eyes and think only of what she was saying, and not at all of what sort of an impression he was making, or what she thought of him. Aiken helped me a lot by making me try not to be like Aiken; Lowell helped me by making me wish to be like Lowell.

We had a very merry breakfast, and the fact that it was seven in the morning did not in the least interfere with our drinking each other's health in a quart of champagne. Nearly all of our officers came in while we were at breakfast to learn if I were still alive, and Lowell gave them most marvellous accounts of the affair, sometimes representing me as an idiot and sometimes as an heroic martyr.

They all asked him if he thought Fiske had sufficient influence at Washington to cause the Government to give him the use of the Raleigh against us, but he would only laugh and shake his head.

Later, to La Guerre, he talked earnestly on the same subject, and much to the point.

The news of the duel had reached the palace at eight o'clock, and the president at once started for the barracks.

We knew he was coming when we heard the people in the cafés shouting "Viva," as they always did when he appeared in public, and, though I was badly frightened as to what he would say to me, I ran to the door and turned out the guard to receive him.

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He had put on one of the foreign uniforms he was entitled to wear—he did not seem to fancy the one I had designed—and as he rode across the Plaza I thought I had never seen a finer soldier. Lowell said he looked like a field marshal of the Second Empire. I was glad Lowell had come to the door with me, as he could now see for himself that my general was one for whom a man might be proud to fight a dozen duels.

The president gave his reins to an orderly and mounted the steps, touching his chapeau to the guard and the shouting citizens, but his eyes were fixed sternly on me. I saw that he was deeply moved, and I wished fervently, now that it was too late, that I had told him of the street fight at the time, and not allowed him to hear of it from others. I feared the worst. I was prepared for any reproof, any punishment, even the loss of my commission, and I braced myself for his condemnation.

But when he reached the top step where I stood at salute, although I was inwardly quaking, he halted and his lips suddenly twisted, and the tears rushed to his eyes.

He tried to speak, but made only a choking, inarticulate sound, and then, with a quick gesture, before all the soldiers and all the people, he caught me in his arms.

"My boy," he whispered, "my boy! For you were lost," he murmured, "and have returned to me."

I heard Lowell running away, and the door of the guard-room banged behind him. I heard the cheers of the people who, it seems, already knew of the duel and understood the tableau on the barrack steps, but the thought that La Guerre cared for me even as a son made me deaf to everything, and my heart choked with happiness.

It passed me in a moment, and in manner he was once more my superior officer, but the door he had opened was never again wholly shut to me.

In the guard-room I presented Lowell to the president, and I was proud to see the respect with which Lowell addressed him. At the first glance they seemed to understand each other, and they talked together as simply as would friends of long acquaintance.

After they had spoken of many things, La Guerre said: "Would it be fair for me to ask you, Mr. Lowell, what instructions the United States has given your commanding officer in regard to our government."

To this Lowell answered: "All I know, sir, is that when we arrived at Amapala Captain Miller telegraphed the late president, Doctor Alvarez, that we were here to protect American interests. But you probably know," he added, "as everyone else does, that we came here because the Isthmian Line demanded protection."

"Yes, so I supposed," La Guerre replied. "But I understand Mr. Graham has said that when Mr. Fiske gives the word Captain Miller will land your marines and drive us out of the country."

Lowell shrugged his shoulders and frowned.

"Mr. Graham—" he began, "is Mr. Graham." He added: "Captain Miller is not taking orders from civilians, and he depends on his own sources for information. I am here because he sent me to 'Go, look, see, and report.' I have been wiring him ever since you started from the coast, and since you became president. Your censor has very kindly allowed me to use our cipher."

I laughed, and said: "We court investigation."

"Pardon me, sir," Lowell answered, earnestly, addressing himself to La Guerre, "but I should think you would. Why," he exclaimed, "every merchant in the city has told me he considers his interests have never been so secure as since you became president. It is only the Isthmian Line that wants the protection of our ship. The foreign merchants are not afraid. I hate it!" he cried, "I hate to think that a billionaire, with a pull at Washington, can turn our Jackies into Janissaries. Protect American interests!" he exclaimed, indignantly, "protect American sharpers! The Isthmian Line has no more right to the protection of our Navy than have the debtors in Ludlow Street Jail."

La Guerre sat for a long time without replying, and then rose and bowed to Lowell with great courtesy.

"I must be returning," he said. "I thank you, sir, for your good opinion. At my earliest convenience I shall pay

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my respects to your commanding officer. At ten o'clock," he continued, turning to me, "I am to have my talk with Mr. Fiske. I have not the least doubt but that he will see the justice of our claim against his company, and before evening I am sure I shall be able to announce throughout the republic that I have his guaranty for the money. Mr. Fiske is an able, upright business man, as well as a gentleman, and he will not see this country robbed."

He shook hands with us and we escorted him to his horse.

I always liked to remember him as I saw him then, in that gorgeous uniform, riding away under the great palms of the Plaza, with the tropical sunshine touching his white hair, and flashing upon the sabres of the body-guard, and the people running from every side of the square to cheer him.

Two hours later, when I had finished my "paper" work and was setting forth on my daily round, Miller came galloping up to the barracks and flung himself out of the saddle. He nodded to Lowell, and pulled me roughly to one side.

"The talk with Fiske," he whispered, "ended in the deuce of a row. Fiske behaved like a mule. He told La Guerre that the original charter of the company had been tampered with, and that the one La Guerre submitted to him was a fake copy. And he ended by asking La Guerre to name his price to leave them alone."

"And La Guerre?"

"Well, what do you suppose," Miller returned, scornfully. "The General just looked at him, and then picked up a pen, and began to write, and said to the orderly, 'Show him out.'"

"What's that?" Fiske said. And La Guerre answered: "Merely a figure of speech; what I really meant was 'Put him out,' or 'throw him out!' You are an offensive and foolish old man. I, the president of this country, received you and conferred with you as one gentleman with another, and you tried to insult me. You are either extremely ignorant, or extremely dishonest, and I shall treat with you no longer. Instead, I shall at once seize every piece of property belonging to your company, and hold it until you pay your debts. Now you go, and congratulate yourself that when you tried to insult me, you did so when you were under my roof, at my invitation." Then La Guerre wired the commandantes at all the seaports to seize the warehouses and officers of the Isthmian Line, and even its ships, and to occupy the buildings with troops. "He means business," Miller cried, jubilantly. "This time it's a fight to a finish."

Lovell had already sent for his horse, and together we started on a gallop for the palace. At the office of the Isthmian Line we were halted by a crowd so great that it blocked the street. The doors of the building were barred, and two sentries were standing guard in front of it. A proclamation on the wall announced that, by order of the president, the entire plant of the Isthmian Line had been confiscated, and that unless the company paid its debts to the government within two weeks, the government would sell the property of the company until it had obtained the money due it.

At the entrance to the palace the sergeant in charge of the native guard, who was one of our men, told us that two ships of the Isthmian Line had been caught in port; one at Cortez on her way to Aspinwall, and one at Truxillo, bound north. The passengers had been landed, and were to remain on shore as guests of the government until they could be transferred to another line.

Lowell's face as he heard this was very grave, and he shook his head.

"A perfectly just reprisal, if you ask me," he said, "but what one lonely ensign tells you in confidence, and what Fiske will tell the State Department at Washington, is a very different matter. It's a good thing," he exclaimed, with a laugh, "that the Raleigh's on the wrong side of the Isthmus. If we were in the Caribbean, they might order us to make you give back those ships. As it is, we can't get marines here from the Pacific under three days. So I'd better start them at once," he added, suddenly. "Good-by, I must wire the Captain."

"Don't let the United States Navy do anything reckless," I said. "I'm not so sure you could take those ships, and I'm not so sure your marines can get here in three days, either, or that they ever could get here."

Lowell gave a shout of derision.

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"What," he cried, "you'd fight against your country's flag?"

I told him he must not forget that at West Point they had decided I was not good enough to fight for my country's flag.

"We've three ships of our own now," I added, with a grin. "How would you like to be Rear-Admiral of the naval forces of Honduras?"

Lowell caught up his reins in mock terror.

"What!" he cried. "You'd dare to bribe an American officer? And with such a fat bribe, too?" he exclaimed. "A Rear-Admiral at my age! That's dangerously near my price. I'm afraid to listen to you. Good-by." He waved his hand and started down the street. "Good-by, Satan," he called back to me, and I laughed, and he laughed, and he rode away.

That was the end of the laughter, of the jests, of the play-acting.

After that it was grim, grim, bitter and miserable. We dogs had had our day. We soldiers of either fortune, had tasted our cup of triumph, and though it was only a taste, it had flown to our brains like heavy wine, and the headaches and the heartaches followed fast. For some it was more than a heartache; to them it brought the deep, drugged sleep of Nirvana.

The storm broke at the moment I turned from Lowell on the steps of the palace, and it did not cease, for even one brief breathing space, until we were cast forth, and scattered, and beaten.

As Lowell left me General La Guerre, with Aiken at his side, came hurrying down the hall of the palace. The president was walking with his head bowed, listening to Aiken, who was whispering, and gesticulating vehemently. I had never seen him so greatly excited. When he caught sight of me he ran forward.

"Here he is," he cried. "Have you heard from Heintz?" he demanded. "Has he asked you to send him a native regiment to Pecachua?"

"Yes," I answered, "he wanted natives to dig trenches. I sent five hundred at eight this morning."

Aiken clenched his fingers. It was like the quick, desperate clutch of a drowning man.

"I'm right," he cried. He turned upon La Guerre. "Macklin has sent them. By this time our men are prisoners."

La Guerre glanced sharply at the native guard drawn up at attention on either side of us. "Hush," he said. He ran past us down the steps, and halting when he reached the street, turned and looked up at the great bulk of El Pecachua that rose in the fierce sunlight, calm and inscrutable, against the white, glaring masses of the clouds.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"Heintz!" Aiken answered, savagely. "Heintz has sold them Pecachua."

I cried out, but again La Guerre commanded silence. "You do not know that," he said; but his voice trembled, and his face was drawn in lines of deep concern.

"I warned you both!" Aiken cried, roughly. "I warned you yesterday; I told you to send Macklin to Pecachua."

He turned on me and held me by the sleeve, but like La Guerre he still continued to look fearfully toward the mountain.

"They came to me last night, Graham came to me," he whispered. "He offered me ten thousand dollars gold, and I did not take it." In his wonder at his own integrity, in spite of the excitement which shook him, Aiken's face for an instant lit with a weak, gratified smile. "I pretended to consider it," he went on, "and sent another of my men to Pecachua. He came back an hour ago. He tells me Graham offered Heintz twenty thousand dollars to buy off himself and the other officers and the men. But Heintz was afraid of the others, and so he planned to ask La Guerre for a native regiment, to pretend that he wanted them to work on the trenches. And then, when our men were lying about, suspecting nothing, the natives should fall on them and tie them, or shoot them, and then turn the guns on the city. And he *has* sent for the niggers!" Aiken cried. "And there's not one of them that wouldn't sell you out. They're there now!" he cried, shaking his hand at the mountain. "I warned you! I warned you!"

Incredible as it seemed, difficult as it was to believe such baseness, I felt con-

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vinced that Aiken spoke the truth. The thought sickened me, but I stepped over to La Guerre and saluted.

"I can assemble the men in half an hour," I said. "We can reach the base of the rock an hour later."

"But if it should not be true," La Guerre protested. "The insult to Heintz ——"

"Heintz!" Aiken shouted, and broke into a volley of curses. But the oaths died in his throat. We heard a whirr of galloping hoofs; a man's voice shrieking to his horse; the sounds of many people running, and one of my scouts swept into the street, and raced toward us. He fell off at our feet, and the pony rolled upon its head, its flanks heaving horribly and the blood spurting from its nostrils.

"Garcia and Alvarez!" the man panted. "They're making for the city. They tried to fool us. They left their tents up, and fires burning, and started at night, but I smelt 'em the moment they struck the trail. We fellows have been on their flanks since sun-up, picking 'em off at long range, but we can't hold them. They'll be here in two hours."

"Now, you'll believe me!" Aiken shouted. "That's their plot. They're working together. They mean to trap us on every side. Ah!" he cried. "Look!"

I knew the thing at which he wished me to look. His voice and my dread told me at what his arm was pointing.

I raised my eyes fearfully to El Pecachua. From its green crest a puff of smoke was swelling into a white cloud, the cloud was split with a flash of flame, and the dull echo of the report drifted toward us on the hot, motionless air. At the same instant our flag on the crest of Pecachua, the flag with the five-pointed, blood-red star, came twitching down; and a shell screeched and broke above us.

Now that he knew the worst, the doubt and concern on the face of General La Guerre fell from it like a mask.

"We have no guns that will reach the mountain, have we?" he asked. He spoke as calmly as though we were changing guard.

"No, not one," I answered. "All our heavy pieces are on Pecachua."

"Then we must take it by assault," he said. "We will first drive Garcia back, and then we will storm the hill, or starve them out. Assemble all the men at the palace at once. Trust to no one but yourself. Ride to every outpost and order them here. Send Von Ritter and the Gatlings to meet Alvarez. This man will act as his guide."

He turned to the scout. "You will find my horse in the court-yard of the palace," he said to him. "Take it, and accompany Captain Macklin. Tell Von Ritter," he continued, turning to me, "not to expose his men, but to harass the enemy, and hold him back until I come." His tone was easy, confident, and assured. Even as I listened to his command I marvelled at the rapidity with which his mind worked, how he rose to an unexpected situation, and met unforeseen difficulties.

"That is all," he said. "I will expect the men here in half an hour."

He turned from me calmly. As he re-entered the palace between the lines of the guard he saluted as punctiliously as though he were on his way to luncheon.

But no one else shared in his calmness. The bursting shells had driven the people from their houses, and they were screaming through the streets, as though an earthquake had shaken the city. Even the palace was in an uproar.

The scout, as he entered it, shouting for the president's horse, had told the story to our men, and they came running to the great doors, fastening their accoutrements as they ran. Outside, even as La Guerre had been speaking, the people had gathered in a great circle, whispering and gesticulating, pointing at us, at the dying horse, at the shells that swung above them, at the flag of Alvarez which floated from Pecachua. When I spurred my horse forward, with the scout at my side, there was a sullen silence. The smiles, the raised hats, the cheers were missing, and I had but turned my back on them when a voice shouted, "Viva Alvarez!"

I swung in my saddle, and pulled out my sword. I thought it was only the bravado of some impudent fellow who needed a lesson.

But it was a signal, for as I turned I saw the native guard spring like one man upon our sergeant and drive their bayonets into his throat. He went down with a dozen of the dwarf-like negroes stabbing

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and kicking at him, and the mob ran shrieking upon the door of the palace.

On the instant I forgot everything except La Guerre. I had only one thought, to get to him, to place myself at his side.

I pushed my horse among the people, beating at the little beasts with my sword. But the voice I knew best of all called my name from just above my head, and I looked up and saw La Guerre with Aiken and Webster on the iron balcony of the palace.

La Guerre's face was white and set.

"Captain Macklin!" he cried. "What does this mean? Obey your orders. You have my orders. Obey my orders."

"I can't," I cried. "This is an attack on the palace. They will kill you!"

At the moment I spoke our men fired a scattering volley at the mob, and swung to the great gate. The mob answered their volley with a dozen pistol-shots, and threw itself forward. Still looking up, I saw La Guerre clasp his hands to his throat, and fall back upon Webster's shoulder, but he again instantly stood upright and motioned me fiercely with his arm. "Go," he cried. "Bring the Gatlings here, and all the men. If you delay we lose the palace. Obey my orders," he again commanded, with a second fierce gesture.

The movement was all but fatal. The wound in his throat tore apart, his head fell forward and his eyes closed. I saw the blood spreading and dyeing the gold braid. But he straightened himself and leaned forward. His eyes opened, and, holding himself erect with one hand on the railing of the balcony, he stretched the other over me, as though in benediction.

"Go, Royal!" he cried, "and—God bless you!"

(To be concluded.)

AN IDYL OF THE WOOD

By Arthur Colton

JANET and I went jesting
To the wood, to the wood,
In a visionary, questing,
Idle mood.
"Ah, my heart," I said, "it teaches
I shall find among the beeches
A white nymph in the green reaches
Of the wood."

"Oh, you will! Then I'll discover,
In the wood, in the wood,
A faery prince and lover,
Or as good.
He shall kneel and——"
"Now I spy light!
She shall meet me in the shy light
Of the twittering leaves and twilight
Of the wood."

"And I'll say, 'Here love convinces
Of his powers, of his powers,'"
"And he'll say, 'Thou shalt be Princess

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Of the Flowers.'"
"And I'll whisper, 'Though thou shinest
As a goddess, love's divinest,
Loveless, lovely, lo, thou pinest
In thy bowers.'"

And she laughed with, "Farewell, poet,"
And I said, "Farewell, maid,
Seek love alone and know it
Unafraid."
Was it hours I went unwitting,
Fancy into fancy fitting,
Pallid flowers and dim birds flitting,
As I strayed?

Till at length where, in profusion
Low and wet, wild and wet,
Fern and branch in shy confusion
Wooed and met,
There I saw her lifting, peeping—
"Dryad?"—"Prince?"—came whispering, creeping.
Then her eyes were lit and leaping.
'Twas Janet!

Lit and leaping with suggestions.
"Why, it's you!—Why, it's you!"
"Yes, but, Jenny, now the question's
Is it true?
Am I princely to your seeming?
You, the dryad of my dreaming,
Born of beech-leaves and the gleaming
Of the dew?"

And we put it to the testing
Of a kiss, of a kiss,
And the jesting and the questing
Came to this.
"Tested, tried, and proven neatly,
I should call it true completely."
And Janet said, softly, sweetly,
"So it is."

Oh, the glamour and the glimmer
Of the wood, of the wood,
Where the shadow and the shimmer
Smile and brood,
Where the lips of love laugh folly,
And the eyes of love are holy
In the radiant melancholy
Of the wood!

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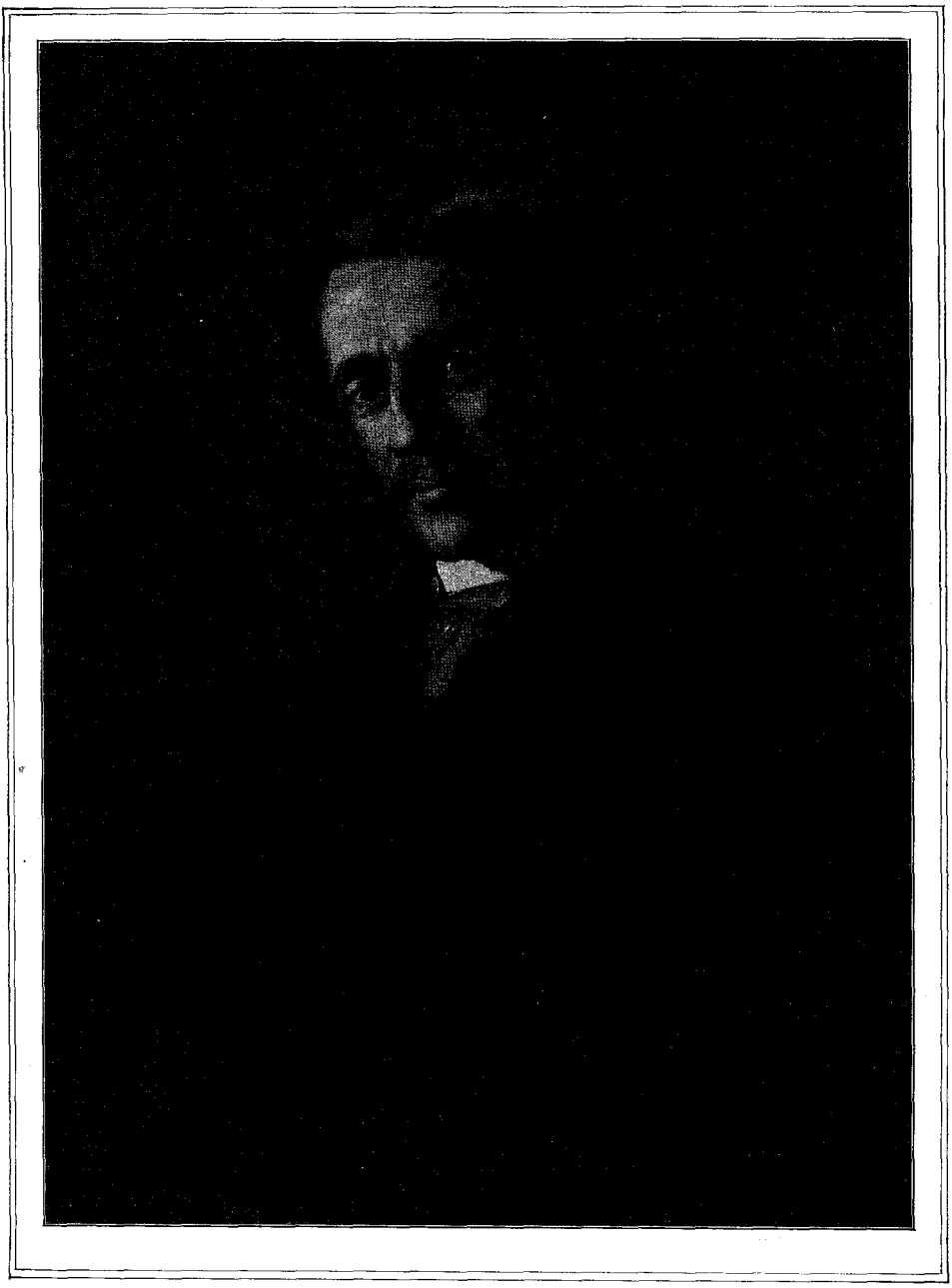

Frank R. Stockton.

From an unpublished portrait [1897] by Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith.

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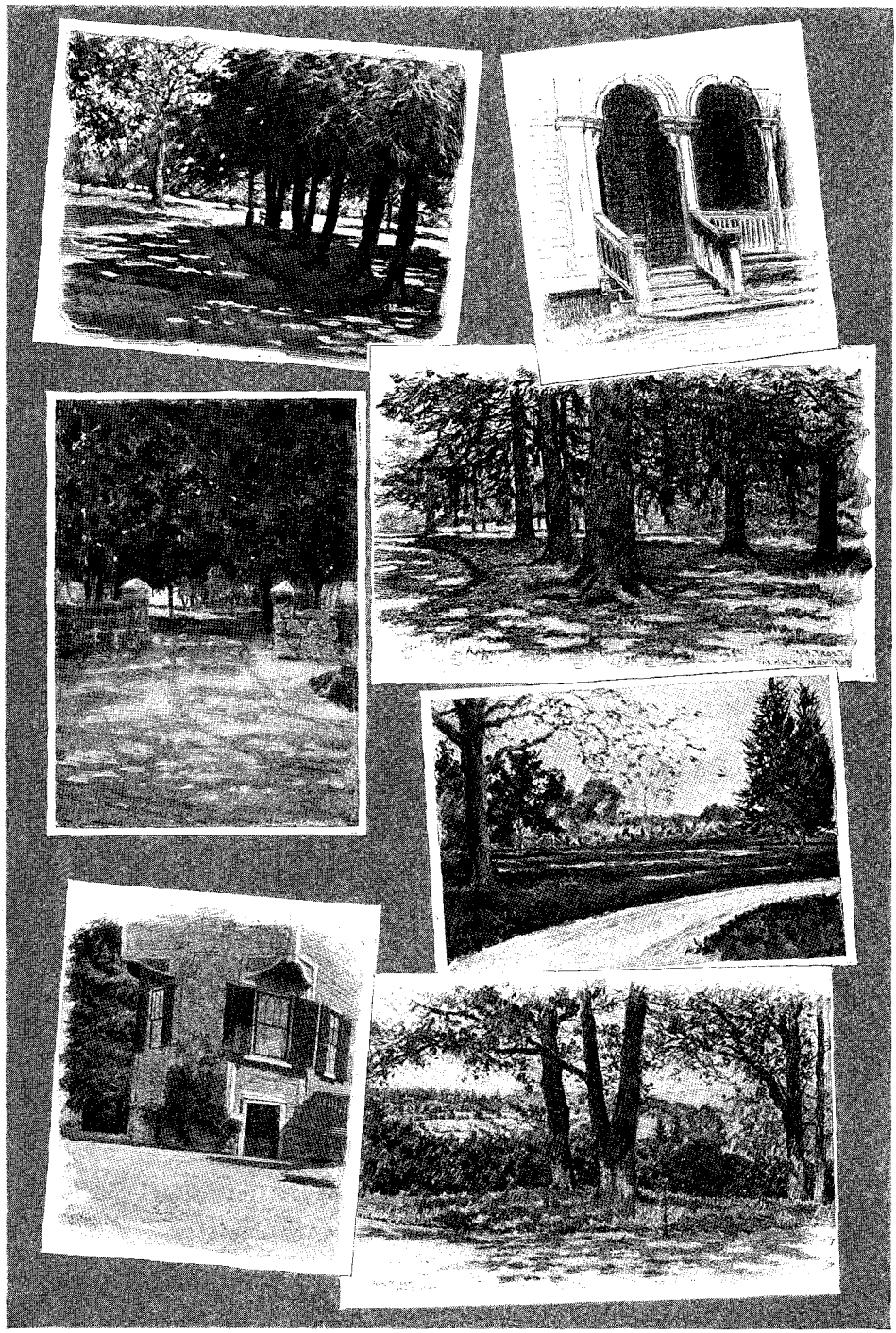

Mr. Stockton's Former Home at Convent, N. J.—From the sketch-book of his friend and neighbor A. B. Frost.

The croquet ground.
The entrance.
The study windows.
The front porch and doorway.
A favorite spot of Mr. Stockton's.
The meadow, from the lawn.
View from the study windows.

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THE STRANGER CHILD

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Now the night is dark,
  Now the house is still;
Comes a little stranger child
  Toiling up the hill.

Listens at the door,
  Peers within the pane,
Reaches for the broken latch
  Rusted with the rain.

Murmurs in the dark,
  Sobs beneath his breath,
Whispers to the empty rooms,
  Quiet, now, for death.

Wanders through the lane
  Where the rosebush grew,
Tries to reach the cobwebbed sill
  Drenched and dark with dew.

Calls—and calls in vain!
  For the man, alone,
Dies before a dying fire,
  Hears no human tone.

Only his soul's voice
  Calls the dull roll through;
Good so often long to wait,
  Ill so quick to do.

Only his soul's eyes,
  Shamed and tired of all,
Watch the red life ebb and flow,
  Watch the last sands fall.

And the little child
  Clinging to the sill,
Weeps and stretches tiny hands,
  Weak for good or ill.

Slow the dying coal
  Drops from out the fire;
Slowly sinks the house of clay,
  Empty of desire.

Through the creaking blind
  Slips the spirit now,
Shudders at the stranger child,
  "Thou? my lost youth, *thou?*"

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THE POINT OF VIEW

The Passing of the Individual.

I HAVE a friend who has worked for near half a century at an exacting profession. He was well instructed and, in certain lines, is learned, so that his work and his writings have given to him a distinct reputation. In his time he has had success, such as many a beginner would look forward to with envy. But his means now are limited, and the leaden apprehension as to the few remaining years in which earnings are likely still more to dwindle hangs heavily upon him. "I suppose," he says grimly, "that it will be fairly well with me if I die soon enough." From his point of view he is one of a multitude of victims of the "modern tendency." He holds that the combinations of capital and of enterprise on a large scale have impaired and threaten to destroy the importance of the individual. The incentives to individual effort and its rewards are disappearing. On the one hand, everything tends to specialization; on the other, specialties are becoming subordinate to an inexorable system. The trail of organization is over all. Men are becoming, not mere machines, but minute parts of great machines. The inspiration of initiation is vanishing. Each human wheel must turn its given number of times on its fixed axle each day until it is thrown aside and another is fitted in its place. And the more perfectly each individual performs the task he has succeeded in obtaining the less likely he is to get a better. From all this my friend predicts the slow deterioration and final decay of that free and varied intellectual energy the exercise of which is a delight in itself, and the love of which in the past made the professions what they were, and are no longer.

It is of no use to point out to my friend the statistics that tend to show that the world's case is not so desperate, and that the variety of original work required by the vast undertakings of the day was never approached before, while the earnings of labor tend to increase and the average well-being advances. He declares that averages are cheats. One human life of experience and observation, a long and convincing life, such as his own, is more instructive than a quarto volume of statistics. Doubtless the man who works with his hands may get more meat for his belly; and the wealth of the big men, divided by the total of the population may yield a higher quotient than it would have yielded when he was a young man. But the great saving element of society, the middle class, the members of which fought their way up from comparative poverty, not to wealth, but to competence and the chance for refined comfort for themselves and advance for their children, is slowly dying out. There is no room for it in the "modern" scheme. Society tends inevitably toward an upper class of the very rich and a lower class of mere workers, all engaged, high and low, in money-getting and money-spending. Under the blighting influence of this process mental activity tends toward narrowness first, and then toward waste so far as concerns what is worth striving for in life.

It cannot be denied, at least I cannot deny, that there is some sad reason in what my friend says. The weary lines of care in his fine old face, the helpless resentment in his voice, are convincing evidence that the "modern" conditions have been hard on one worthy spirit. I may hold, as I do, that there never was a time when like conditions were not modern, and when the hand of society has not been cruel and heavy in dealing with such natures. It may seem to me, as it does, that his theory of the tendency at present working in the life of the race is mistaken, and that to-day, as much as at any period in the time that separates us from "our ancestors, chiefly arboreal," the change from their conditions to ours is still going on. The fact remains that men of his type, intelligent, instructed, of essentially high aims and refined tastes, do often enter on the years of declining earning and of legitimate desires that do not decline, with the tormenting fear or the terrible reality of poverty to accompany them to the grave. It is not easier to bear because, *mutatis mutandis*, the like fate has always lurked within

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the shadow of age. Nor, apart from those consolations of religion, not to be reasoned about, which are given to the beloved while the sleep of years creeps over them, is there any great comfort to be found for the sufferers. My friend but manifests the last infirmity of noble mind when he rebels and charges on the modern tendency those ills which, come whence they may, are menacing his peace. His arguments may be rejected or refuted; the pathos of the situation remains. And one may rightly long, if one cannot pray, for the hastening of the time when the process of improvement shall provide a better place for the class to which he belongs.

A Foreign Accent.

MUCH has been said—more, I fancy, than has been written—about "accent" in speaking a language; often without conspicuous care for clearness of definition. Some persons use the word in what may be called the English sense, as defined by Worcester: "The modulation of the voice in speaking, the manner of speaking"; others, again, in the French sense, as equivalent to "brogue" or "foreign accent." A significant example of the too frequent clash between these two meanings was unwittingly given by a certain American lady in Paris, when a complimentary Frenchman told her that her husband spoke French "*absolument sans accent*" (wholly without accent), and she replied, with a touch of loyal indignation: "Without accent! Why, I supposed he had a superb accent!" Let me use the word here only in the first of these two senses, which I take to be the true English one.

Although there can be little doubt that differences of accent in speaking originated in differences of race, it seems to me that this matter is now, and long has been, more a geographical than a racial one.

Not only is there exceedingly little pure racial blood left in the world, but the geographical contiguity of two peoples may, and generally does, exert a considerable influence upon the accent of both. My attention was first drawn to the subject some eighteen years ago, on my way from Munich to Paris. The train was making a "five-minutes' stop" at a small way-station in Germany, near the French border, and I had stepped out to get a glass of beer, when I noticed an amusing incident. A man, dark of skin, and with the close-cropped black hair and heavy mustache of the typical lower-class Frenchman—stepped up to the refreshment-counter, and said (in the broadest German brogue) to the damsel enthroned thereat: "*Bourrais ch'afoir ung beu te vromache?*" (Could I have a bit of cheese?); to which the damsel replied (with a strong, *grasseyant* French accent that defies phonetics): "*Ich verstehe kein Französisch*" (I don't understand French). The man with the Teutonic accent could speak no German, while the woman with the Gallic accent was equally helpless in French! In the matter of accent, both had far overstepped the common boundary of their respective countries.

It is noticeable in German-speaking countries how, the nearer you approach certain frontiers, the more closely you find the accent approximating that of the country beyond the frontier. Thus, in Austria and the German cantons of southern Switzerland you find the trilled Italian *r* distinctly prevalent—in sharp contrast to the more throaty *r* of Central and parts of North Germany. In Baden, on the other hand, a general throatiness of speech prevails, the *r* in particular vying with the worst French *grasseyement*. In passing from Saxony to Bremen, you are struck with the loss of unctuousness in the local speech; there is something of British downrightness in it, the *r* losing nearly all its "burr." But, in France, the throaty Parisian *r* is more and more lost, the farther south you go, being replaced by (even an exaggeration of) the Italian and Spanish *r*.

The Jamaican negro, though for generations under English dominion, and frequently hearing pure English spoken, has absorbed absolutely none of the idiosyncrasies of British speech, save the redundant or defective cockney *h*—which is not a matter of accent at all, but merely a trick, immediately imitable by anyone. *Per contra*, I have heard an English planter in Jamaica—born and bred on the soil, though of pure Anglo-Saxon stock—in whose otherwise pure English I could now and then detect a Jamaican inflection. Where two opposite influences are at work, the accent gives in to the stronger and more dominant.

But now, to look at the subject from a point of wider view, let us examine some significant phenomena observable in Europe. Take the whole northern Mediterranean coast, say from Gibraltar to Smyrna, in Asia

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Minor. In passing from Spanish, through Provençal French, Italian, the various dialects of the eastern coast of the Adriatic, Athenian Greek, Turkish, on to the corrupt Romaic of the European inhabitants of Anatolia, one meets with unquestionably many minor shades of accent; but, on the whole, the general similarity is found to be more striking than the diversity. All these accents have a certain family resemblance. So much so that they all can be recognized as belonging to one and the same general class, which I will call the Hispano-Italian. The salient characteristics of this class of accents are: The *r* trilled on the tip of the tongue, and a predominance of pure (unmodulated) vowel-sounds. The one important exception to this is that, after getting not far down the Dalmatian coast, the ear begins to catch the highly and delicately modulated Oriental *o*—a sound between our *o* and our diphthong *aw*, but more fluctuating than either—which reaches its perfection in Greece and Anatolia. Indeed, this peculiar *o* is almost the only element of "brogue" in Smyrniote French.

Again, in passing from central and northern France through all the German-speaking countries in which the accent has not been influenced by propinquity to Italy, one finds another general class of accent. No doubt, manifold differences are to be met with; on leaving France, for instance, one bids farewell to the nasal vowels. But still, as in the former case, the general similarity is more striking than the diversity; a family resemblance is distinctly recognizable. Only on the Slavic border do you begin to detect signs of Oriental influence. The "burring" *r* (whether actually produced with the uvula, or with the tongue) has at least a throaty sound; pure vowel-sounds still predominate, the close *ü* is omnipresent; all these accents have a common character of unctuousness, very different from those of the Hispano-Italian class. This second class I will call the Franco-Germanic.*

Still a third class, different in general character from both the foregoing, is represented by English alone. Its salient characteristics are: a striking paucity of pure, unmodulated vowel-sounds, and an *r* wholly free from either trill or "burr."

These three great classes of accent in speaking cover all Europe; by which is not meant that any one of them is found in conspicuous purity over a large area of country; for the most part, two are found in combination. But, without too nice a care for very accurate boundaries, it may be said that every one of them is confined to its particular zone, running east and west. In Scandinavia and along the north shore of Germany—that is, roughly speaking, east of England—we find the Franco-Germanic accent more or less influenced by the English.† In the Slavonic countries, as also in Hungary, one finds a combination, in varying proportions, of the Franco-Germanic with the Hispano-Italian; also (as in Greece and Anatolia) distinct traces of Oriental (Asiatic) influence.

* It may be thought that the French accent should come in a class by itself; indeed, the total absence of syllabic quantity differentiates French from all other European languages. But I think careful examination will show my classification to be correct. Here is a significant instance in point: An American friend of mine, who is somewhat noted for the purity of his accent in French, German, and Italian, once confessed to me that he found it exceedingly difficult to keep his French and German accents distinct: a shade of Gallic accent would now and then creep into his German, and *vice versa*. But neither his French nor his German had the slightest influence upon the purity of his Italian.

† I should be curious to know whether the English influence extends as far east as the north of Russia; but here I have no documents to go by.

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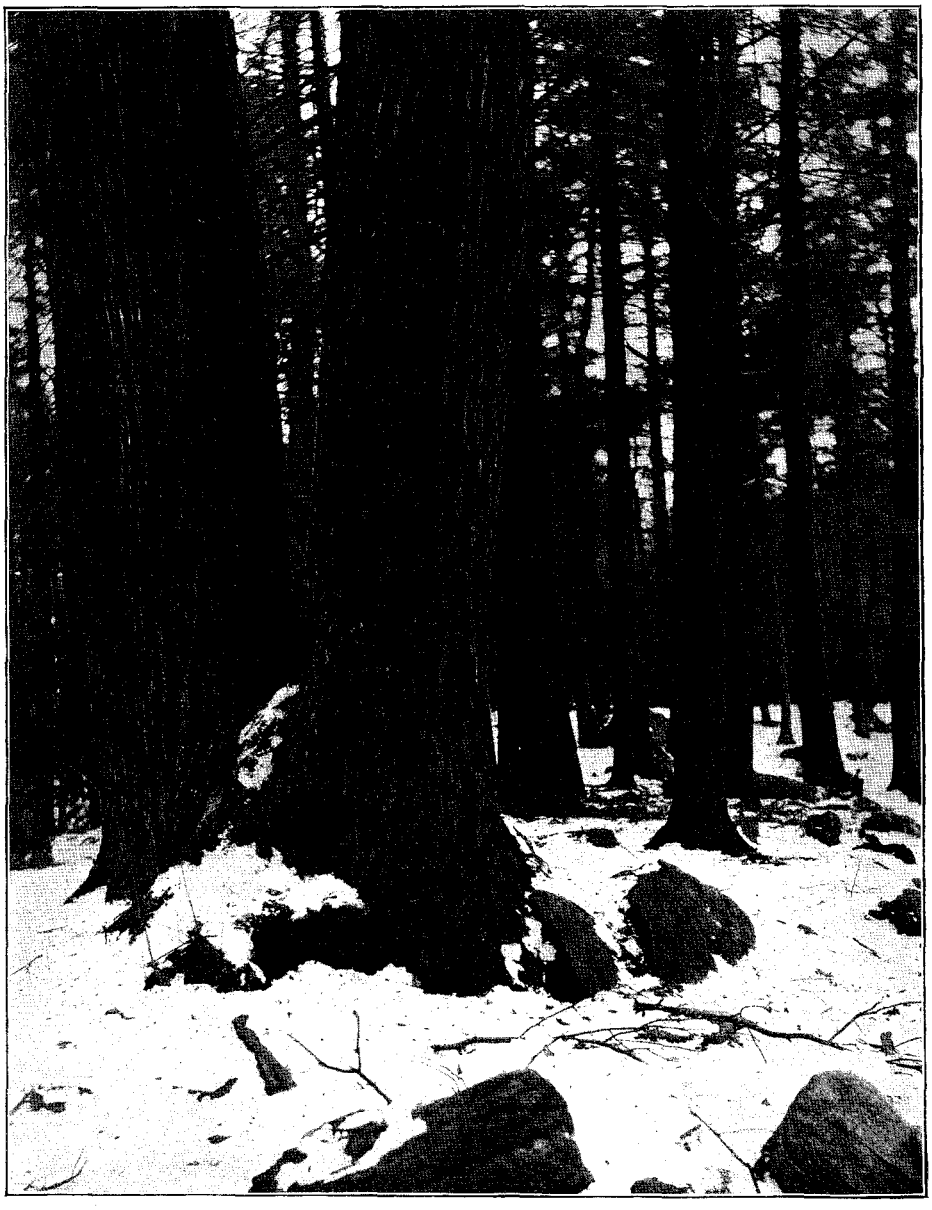
THE FIELD OF ART



ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY ONCE MORE

THESE two landscapes, from negatives taken by Mr. J. B. Carrington, are instances of a kind of success which is within reach of the photographer. It appears that where pure landscape is concerned there do not exist those hindrances which make the "artistic photograph" in figure work a dream. The immobility of the trees is not forced, nor an unnatural state of their being. These landscapes are not remarkably fortunate in composition, but the out-of-door feeling is there, and the sense of the lovely natural conditions.

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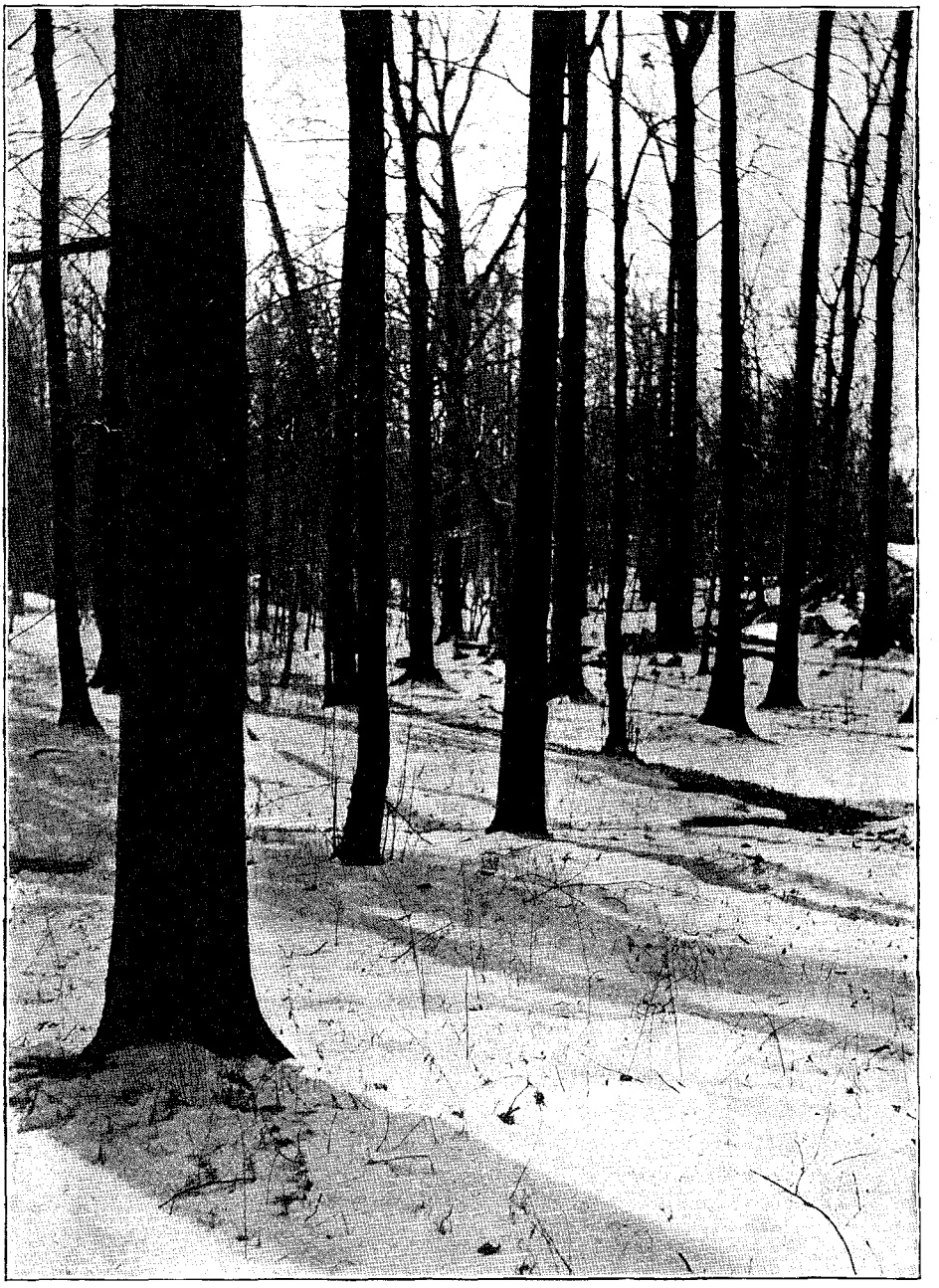

There is also in each of them the irregular mosaic-pattern, of subdued white and of mottled gray, and beautifully distributed. The purer white of the top of each panel (the sky) echoes admirably the less brilliant whiteness of the sinking snow, mottled, in one instance, by broken rocks showing through it and, in the other, by diagonal stripes of shadow. The channelled columns of the trunks tie the simple composition together. So much, at least—such effects as these—landscape photography may always give.

R. S.

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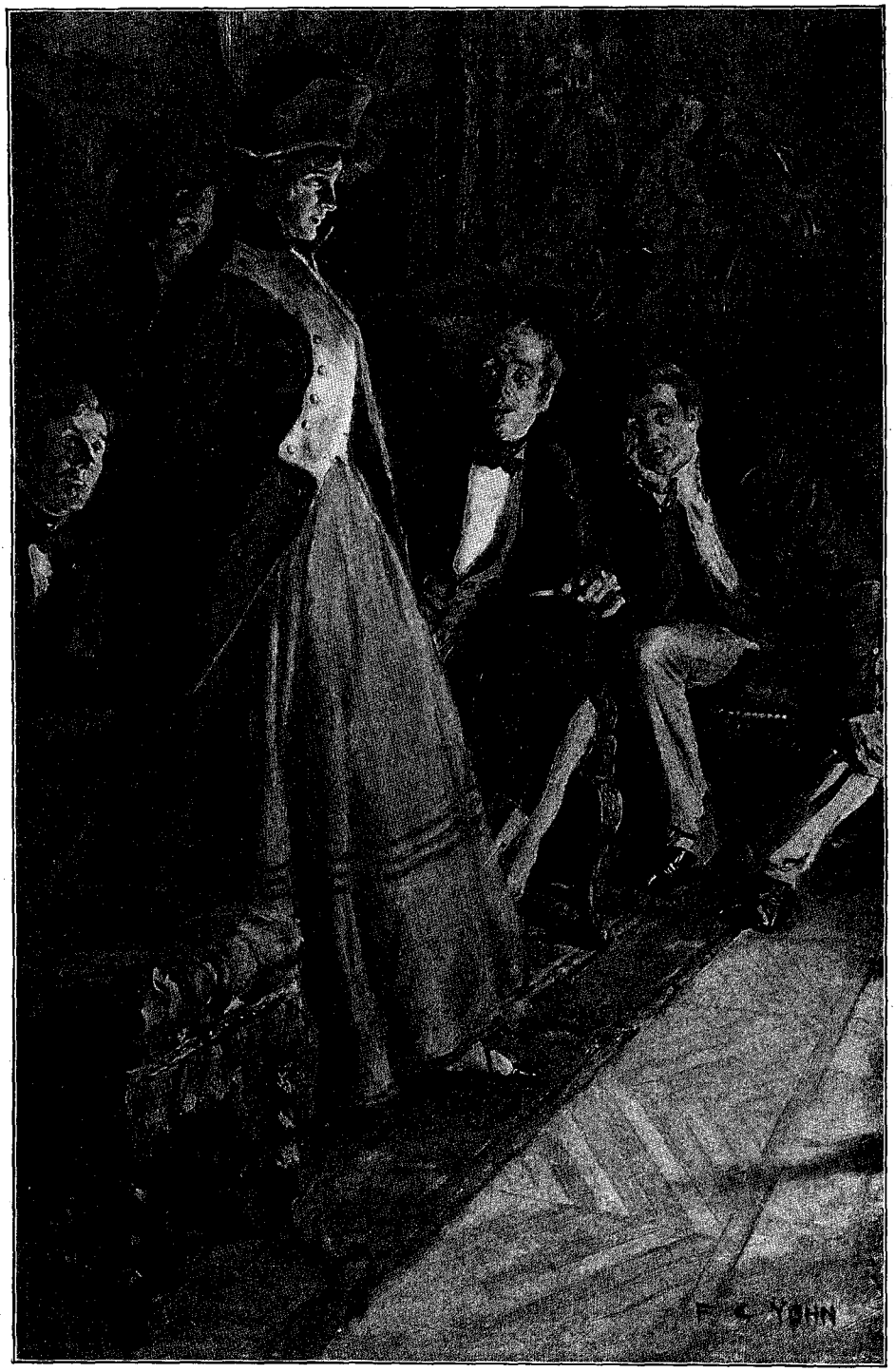

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"LOOK, THEN, DADDY—DIDN'T HE STAND LIKE THIS AT RATISBON?"

—"Vive l'Empereur," page 279.

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